THE

METROPOLITAN.

SAVINDROOG.*

BY M. RAFTER, ESQ.

CHAPTER I.

THE DURRUMSALLA.

THE tract of jungle, or forest land, which extends between Seringapatam and Bangalore offers, even at this day, a gloomy and uncultivated aspect: but at the period of which we are about to treat it presented a wild and singular picture of the predatory life and manners of a race of warriors, now fast decaying before the progress of civilization, and the advancement of industry and science. Long ere the energy and talents of Hyder had set aside the weak and effeminate dynasty of the Hindoo monarchs of Mysore, such was the unsettled state of that impenetrable region, that although a nominal sovereignty was claimed by those princes over its savage fastnesses, yet even in the immediate vicinity of the formidable fortress of Srirungaputtun, or, as the name is modernised, Seringapatam, their power was scoffed at, and their peaceable subjects frequently plundered, or led into captivity, by the hardy freebooters who roved the wilderness, and acknowledged no right but the sword,—no law but the strongest arm and the stoutest heart.

To this defiance of restraint and wholesome authority the nature of the country was particularly well adapted. A close and almost impenetrable jungle, the savage haunt of tigers, wolves, and other beasts of prey, embraced in its sylvan girdle numerous Droogs, or towering rocky eminences, fortified after the rude manner of the times: each being the stronghold and seat of government of some Polygar, or predatory Chief; who kept hollow truce with his neighbour, and main-

* We have great pleasure in commencing this interesting production from the pen of Mr. Rafter, a gentleman long resident in the East, and whose varied talents will be too apparent to our readers to need any eulogy from us. The succeeding portions will appear regularly in our numbers.—ED.

tained around him a hardy crew of lawless freebooters, ever ready to levy contributions on the inhabitants of the open and cultivated country.

Against these dangerous and troublesome neighbours the Rajpoot princes of Mysore had long maintained a sanguinary but unequal warfare. On the plains and in the open country, it is true, they were always victorious; but, with a few splendid exceptions, they almost invariably failed when they attempted to pursue their deadly enemies into their pathless wilds: while the latter, who boasted the remote antiquity and warlike character of the Bheel race,* affected to look upon the Rajpoots as *novi homines*, or interlopers on their paternal domains; and, consequently, as fit and becoming victims to be offered up at the shrine of their sanguinary goddess Doorga.

Of all these Droogs, or hill forts, the most pre-eminent was Savindroog, or the Rock of Death, so called not only from its impregnable nature, but also from the *malaria*, or pestilential vapour, which arose from the close and impervious jungle that lay around it, and over which it towered above half a mile in perpendicular height, from a base of eight or ten miles in circumference. The lord of this terrific rock, at the period of our story, was Kempé Goud, a bitter and an enterprising foe of the reigning Rajah of Mysore, from whom he had sustained many serious losses and defeats; and from his headstrong passions, and implacable ire, arose the stirring and adventurous scenes we are about to relate.

It was verging towards noon, and the orb of day was holding his brilliant course through the heavens, shining with an intensity unknown except within the tropics. Limpid streams were sparkling down the rugged sides of the wood-covered hills, flinging their light and silvery spray from rock to rock, over which the graceful bamboo spread its feathery branches; while many-coloured flowers crowned the overhanging crags, waving, like the banners of elfin warriors, in the sluggish air. The cocil, or nightingale of Hindoostan, was nestling among the leafy bowers of the mango tree, and, while draining its rich nectareous juice, poured forth in hurried strains, as if inebriated, her soul-entrancing melody. The dove had taken shelter in a thicket of odoriferous shrubs, and was faintly cooing to his companion. The vulture was pluming his haggard wings by the margin of a lake profusely overspread with the lotus. The hawk, overcome by the noonday heat, had ceased to persecute the timid hill Chicore;† and the crane, exhausted by the meridian sun, stood idly by the plashy rill, his watchful eye half closed in sleep, and no longer searching out his finny prey. Even the fatal Cobra Capella, yielding to the sleepy influence of the hour, folded his terrific crest in unwilling truce; while the drowsy bee, couching in the hollow petals of the lotus, was humming himself to his mid-day repose.

* The Bheels are regarded as unquestionably the original inhabitants of the country, and driven to their present fastnesses, and miserable way of life, by the invasion of those tribes, wherever they may have come from, who profess the religion of Brahma.—*Heber's Journey.*

The Brahmins themselves acknowledge that they are not natives of India, but that they descended into the plains of Hindoostan through the pass of Heridwar.—*Wilford.*

† Red-legged partridge.

A general silence reigned in the jungle, except where on a verdant mound that sloped upwards from the crystal bosom of a tank, an extensive and regular pile of building rose in stately grandeur, adorned with a variety of grotesque sculpture and painting, peculiar to the age and the country.—It was one of those hospitable structures, which in many parts of the Deccan go under the name of Durrumsalla, or a place of rest for travellers; and which owe their origin to the unfeigned piety, or the death-bed repentance, of some wealthy mortal, who thus erects a monument of his benevolence, or attempts to bargain with the deity for the pardon of unatoned transgressions.

Situated on an open spot, in the midst of that wild and trackless waste which circled the dreaded fortress of Savindroog in its mazy fold, the Durrumsalla offered at all times a delightful retreat to wandering pilgrims and way-faring travellers; who gladly sought its shelter from the fervours of the mid-day sun, or when the jungle echoed with the howling of its savage denizens. The crystal tank which stood beside it, forming part of this truly benevolent establishment, and reflecting the umbrageous wood in its peaceful bosom, offered to the weary traveller the means alike of slaking his thirst, and of performing his devotions. On the lofty flight of granite steps which led down its four sides deep into the water, might be seen at all hours of the day, males and females, in the performance of their religious ablutions, indiscriminately availing themselves of the refreshing fluid, and carrying it off in their earthen or brazen vessels for culinary and other purposes. Two lofty portals at opposite sides of the Durrumsalla led into a spacious quadrangle, in the centre of which stood an open temple of hewn granite, whose ponderous roof, supported by slender and graceful pillars, was sculptured with the twelve signs of the zodiac; a species of ornament common to ancient edifices of this description, and from the resemblance of which to those now universally in use, it is supposed that the knowledge of these arbitrary symbols was derived from the East. On a massy pedestal beneath lay a ponderous marble Bull, the Vahan, or vehicle, of Siva, the Destroying personage of the Hindoo Triad; and from the quantity of oil, and the profusion of flowers strewn around his massy form, it was to be inferred that the worship of the sanguinary deity took precedence of all others in this savage wilderness.

It was a gay and a noisy scene inside the Durrumsalla, for many travellers had casually met together within its sheltering walls. Beneath a noble Verandah, which ran round the four sides of the quadrangle, the natives of distant countries, and the most bigoted sectarians of the Trimurti creed,* were associated together as on a neutral ground of mutual accommodation. Here was no griping innkeeper, no bustling waiter, and no pert chambermaid, to minister to the wants, or drain the purses of the wayfaring sojourner. Each guest came provided with his own means of refection and repose; and either with his own hands, or by means of his servants, cooked his simple meal, and spread his still more simple mat where he chose, uncontrolled and unquestioned; at liberty to come and go, free from

* The Hindoo doctrine of the Triad, Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva.

all pecuniary demands. Some lay sleeping on the ground, some smoked their hookahs in quiet unobtrusive gravity: some were grinding their curry-stuff, whilst others were cooking their mullakatauny, and chatting on the dangers and difficulties of their respective journies through this dreaded region, infested alike by wild beasts and predatory Bheels, both equally ruthless and terrific.

In one part of this common chamber might be seen a haughty Sirdar, or military chieftain, reclining on his rug; his lance and tulwar leaning against a pillar, and his lackered shield hanging at his charger's saddle bow. Behind him, in meek and humble attendance, stood his Hookah burdaur, with the fresh and fragrant weed renewing every now and then the chillum of his chief; who, half slumbering over the silver tube which he held to his lips, seemed too indolent, or too proud, even to gaze upon his fellow-travellers. Under the same protecting shade a rich Mussulmaun Sirroff, or banker, spread his Persian carpet on the marble-like floor of highly polished chunam; and while he counted his beads, as if heaven alone occupied his thoughts, he plainly shewed a lurking love for Mammon by bending his keen and careful look on the fat, cream-coloured oxen which drew his hackery, and shook the silver bells of their burnished harness as they chewed their gram in silent enjoyment. The open space of the quadrangle was occupied by a motley collection of carts, camels, and bullocks, reposing from their morning's labour; while peons, coolies, dubashes, and maty boys were hurrying backwards and forwards, making some necessary arrangements in the equipages of their masters, or preparing the savoury tiffin. The confusion of tongues was stupendous, and the numerous petty quarrels that arose amongst these angry serving men, occasioned a variety of laughable incidents, which happily left no lasting impressions either moral or physical; though they continued without intermission until all were more profitably employed at the mid-day meal.

Apart from all, on a ragged mat, and chewing his betel in gloomy abstraction, sat a wandering Yogie, or religious mendicant; his attenuated form, proudly erect, powdered over with sacred ashes, and displaying unequivocal marks of direful penance. Heedless of the busy throng that surrounded him, he seemed altogether absorbed in the contemplation of his deity: the only indications he gave of existence being by the sound of a little brazen gong suspended from his wrist, which he occasionally struck with a bar of the same metal; muttering at the same time some unintelligible sounds which the ignorant mistook for the inspirations of his god.

Before the venerable man, in an attitude of deference and profound attention, stood a youth, whose handsome features and elegant form might serve as a model for a statuary. With an anxious and imploring look he gazed on the grim visage of the sage, as if watching an opportunity to communicate some important intelligence, or to prefer some humble suit, through his intercession to the deity. It was long, however, before the imperturbable features of the Yogie relaxed from the celestial reverie in which he was absorbed; but he did at length bestow something like a favouring smile on his attentive votary; who eagerly seized the auspicious moment, and, bending his knee to the

ground, addressed the favoured of heaven in a deprecating voice as follows:

"Holy father! may a sinful rover of the jungle crave a boon at your sacred hand?"

No answer was returned to his humble request by the gloomy ascetic, who, though apparently lost in profound abstraction, was peering anxiously from under his shaggy eyebrows at the supplicant, as if he sought to penetrate the nature of his profession and the object of his wishes.

"Deign, venerable man," exclaimed the youth, "to grant my request, and read in my Nisib, whether good or evil still remains in the cup of my destiny."

The sage stretched forth his withered arm towards the brow of the youth, and drawing the skin of his forehead into wrinkles, with his long scraggy fingers, affected to read therein the will of fate.

"The horses and camels are at hand," the Yogie at length, after a long pause, exclaimed in oracular accents, "and the Bheels skulk in the desert."

"Holy father!" cried the youth, somewhat impatiently, "all this I know; but I would fain learn if it be the will of God that Lillah shall ever again return the love of her adoring and forsaken Vega."

"Lillah," replied the sage in a hollow voice, "is fair as the morning sun, but false as the Seiraub of the desert."

"Alas!" cried the youth in plaintive accents, "your words holy father are true, though painful to my heart."

"But the dagger of the Betrayed," said the Yogie, "shall drink the heart's blood of the traitress."

"May Doorga forbid!" hastily exclaimed the youth with a shudder of horror. "The hand of Vega never could deface the perfection of Nature's handy work."

"And the matchlock of the rival," continued the sage, "shall penetrate the brain of the slayer."

"Alas, holy father!" cried Vega, while perspiration hung in profuse drops on his agitated forehead; "this is a fearful destiny you reveal to my terrified soul: but tell me, I implore you ——"

"Seek no further," replied the Yogie sternly, "to lift the veil of fate—the hour of destiny approaches—the hand of death is raised, but the victim is ready, and his blood shall sprinkle the doomed land of the destroyer ——"

The youth gazed with mingled awe and curiosity on the mysterious expounder of destiny, whose hitherto immovable frame was now strongly agitated by contending emotions, as he poured forth his dark oracular sayings. In a supplicating voice Vega again besought his attention, but the Yogie waving his hand sternly exclaimed:

"Begone! child of a devoted race! Begone! for the battle is at hand! Hark! hear you not the neighing of their steeds, and the ringing of the hollow turf beneath their iron tread? Hear you not the brazen blast of the trumpet as it booms on the dying breeze? Dullard, begone; and tell thy ruthless Chief to seek a better scout than thee."

The youth sprang to his feet, and threw himself into a listening

attitude, as if he sought to catch the sounds which had apparently already reached the ears of the sage. Suddenly he gave a start of joy, and putting his bent finger into his mouth, he poured forth a whistle so loud and shrill that every inmate of the Durrumsalla turned hastily to see whence it came. Then with a bound as light and active as the antelope when flushed in his covert by the Cheeta, the love-sick Vega sprang through the gateway of the building, and disappeared amidst the surrounding foliage.

Scarcely had the inmates of the Durrumsalla recovered from the surprise occasioned by this little scene when the jungle echoes rang with a rude and martial clangour, which shook the hospitable edifice to its foundation, and effectually roused its half slumbering occupants. The brazen blasts of many trumpets rent the air, and the hollow peal of Royal Nagras, or huge kettle drums, was borne on the breeze, interspersed with the loud neighing of gallant chargers, and the stern marshalling of manly voices. Springing at once to their feet, the affrighted inmates of the Durrumsalla, fully believing that innumerable hordes of ferocious Bheels were pouring down from their hills to destroy them, seized on such weapons as most readily presented themselves, and hurried forth; some to defend the entrances of the building, and others to seek concealment in the labyrinths of the surrounding jungle, but all panic struck and dismayed at so unexpected and terrific an event.

CHAPTER II.

THE SOUWARRIE.

But the scene which now presented itself bore rather a pacific than a warlike character; and, to the exceeding great comfort of the affrighted travellers, displayed all the gorgeous and glittering pageantry of a Royal procession, instead of the rude and ferocious onslaught of the predatory Bheels.

Emerging from the dun shadows of the jungle, a troop of armed and mounted men galloped over the verdant turf, their lances glittering in the sun, and their gaudy pennons floating on the breeze; while at their head a youthful chief, of gay and gallant bearing, rode forward on one of those "moon-coloured" steeds of Arabia so highly prized in the East. Next came two stately camels with gorgeous trappings and golden banners, their richly clad riders striking at measured intervals the Royal Nagras, that were slung before them. These were followed by a band of trumpeters mounted on Toorki steeds, flinging their brazen blasts on high, and rousing the echoes of the forest; and then a stately elephant appeared, waving his trunk upwards, as if in salutation of the distinguished personage he carried. The housings of this noble animal were of crimson cloth richly embroidered, and hung in many an ample fold down his gigantic sides. The howdah which crowned his back was adorned with the richest gilt carving, and was lined with gold and silver tissue. A venerable Brahmin sat within, on cushions of brocade; but, though lances were

gleaming around him, and many a shining brand and coat of mail sparkled in the sun, he rather resembled a sage Vakeel, bound on some diplomatic mission, than the leader of a hostile band in search of fame and spoil. A train of camels, laden apparently with costly merchandize, or Royal presents, next issued from the obscurity of the forest, the bosky glens resounding with the music of their numerous bells; and the procession was finally closed by a gallant band of matchlockmen, whose strange attire and foreign air denoted them to be strangers in the Deccan.

It was a lovely sight presented by this gay and goodly pageantry, especially to the affrighted inmates of the Durrumsalla, who now flocked out upon the green, and crept from their hiding holes, delighted with the gallant troopers as they came sparkling through the forest gloom, like stars shining through the veil of night. The air was impregnated with a delicious balm, as the variegated flowers which sprang from the verdant sod were crushed under the hoofs of the prancing steeds. The Palm tree reared on high its tall bare trunk and leafy head, and amidst clustering vines the areka showed its elegantly slender stem and silvery bark. The Talipot* displayed over the surrounding foliage its proud diadem, rich with countless blossoms; and the orange and the lime tree lent their mingled perfumes to the breeze. Amidst the sylvan scenery the sacred Burgut† spread its leafy bowers and endless shade; and the bending Nargil,‡ soaring upwards from its slender roots, waving on high its matted leaves and clusters of milky nuts. A countless variety of other trees overshadowed the verdant turf; and between their stems were seen flowery glades and alleys winding into the heart of the forest, brilliant at times with rosy light, and anon lost in deepening shade. High above the leafy screen of the jungle, and softened in the airy distance, the lofty summit of Savindroog was seen, proudly scowling on the landscape, and presenting to the mind an image of some ruthless tyrant shaking his chains in triumph over conquered nations.

As the gorgeous Souwarrie, or military cortege, drew near to the Durrumsalla, and appeared to view its friendly shade with much complacency and inward gratulation, the Chobdars, a noisy race, whose business it is to herald in their masters with all the "pride, pomp and circumstance" of high sounding dignities, rushed forward, and with loud and haughty voices proclaimed the numerous titles of their respective lords. Of these the first in rank and consequence was the "Wise in Council and venerable of years, the unequalled sage Oodiaver Sahib, Vakeel, or Ambassador extraordinary of the mighty and puissant Rajah of Mysore;" while the leader of his martial retinue was designated as "The sword of battle and the Refuge of the weak, Morad Khan Bahaudar Jung."

* The Talipot is a species of palm, like the palmyra, when not in blossom; but when it is crowned with its flower, it is the most magnificent of vegetables. From the centre of its bushy head rises a stem of twelve or fifteen feet, which puts out on every side a number of small branches, covered with a delicate straw coloured flower, having the appearance of one grand blossom on the top of the tall palm, whose graceful stem, like a pillar crowned with fan-like leaves, forms the most beautiful support for its elegant superstructure. — *Mrs. Graham's Journey in India.*

† The Banyan tree ‡ The Cocoa nut tree.

He (not the sage but the soldier) was a gay and handsome youth as ever laughed at wrinkled care; or, sure of conquest, bent his knee in homage to a lady bright. The excessive neatness of his dress and person, redolent of countless perfumes, confessed the anxious solicitude with which his toilette had been attended to. The darkness of his roving eye, indicated the care with which the jetty kohol* had been that morning drawn by the bodkin's point inside the lids; and his black moustache and curling beard seemed perfectly fresh from the experienced hands of his favourite Hirjam. Shining with oil of roses, a love lock dangled on the cheek of the youthful hero, who wore a silken robe covered with rich embroidery, under which appeared a vest sparkling with jewels. His slender waist was bound with a snow-white belt or girdle, suspended from which by chains of silver hung a golden hilted scimitar. His target was covered with the skin of the rhinoceros, which, by a peculiar process, was rendered as clear and transparent as crystal; and it was further adorned with bosses of silver, unstained by the toils of camp or battle. He rode a light moon-coloured charger, of the fleet and docile breed of Yemen, whose mettle he displayed with grace and skill in many a curvet and demivolt, while every pace and action of the noble animal evinced his pure descent and gentle blood.

Young Morad was a native of that sunny clime, where love and the "liquid ruby" inspired the muse of Hafiz. Gay, volatile and brave, a truant disposition had led him to reject the service of his native country, to seek for fame and fortune in other lands; and after roving through many regions, he now held the rank of Sirdar in the service of Mysore: for, even at this early period, the princes of that heaven-descended line, as they affected to call themselves, encouraged that resort of foreign adventurers to their Court which ultimately ended in their own subversion, by the enterprising, though short-lived, dynasty of Hyder Ali.

The mounted troop commanded by the chivalrous Persian, on the present occasion, consisted of Rajpoots; than whom more gallant men or more devoted soldiers were unknown in the "Golden Chersonese." Their arms consisted of lances, shields and scimitars; and they were dressed in brilliant shawls and tissues, with muslin turbans snowy white, and quilted poshauks, or breast pieces, sabre proof. The quaint attire of the matchlock-men was more coarse and plain. Impelled by their predatory habits, these adventurous spirits had quitted their native Afghanistaun, for the service of Mysore; glad to exchange their northern toils and poor fare for the more genial clime and luxurious living of the south. The native insolence of their predatory habits, however, remained in all its pristine rudeness; and formed a singular contrast to the mild and gentle manners of the children of Brahma. They wore a high conical cap of cloth, with a woollen caftan,

* "The women," says Russell, (and he might have added the dandies also) "blacken the inside of their eyelids with a powder named the black Kohol."

This operation is performed by dipping first into the powder a small wooden bodkin, of the thickness of a quill, and then drawing it afterwards, through the eyelids, over the ball of the eye.—*Shaw's Travels.*

closely drawn round the waist by a cotton shawl of gaudy colours. A white camees hung in numerous folds down to the knee; and long trowsers and sandals completed the dress. Short crooked swords or scimitars hung by their sides; they carried a creese in the girdle, and a matchlock over the shoulder.

Such was the gay appearance presented by the martial retinue of the venerable Brahmin; but he himself displayed, in person and manners, a singular contrast to his showy attendants. With all that lofty scorn of external splendor which constitutes the real pride of Brahma's eldest born, he exhibited in his own dress an extreme, though neat simplicity. But, though his mien was mild and humble, there was in his character all the wily subtilty and stubborn tenacity of his race: while the solemn gravity of his manner, and the sententious style of his conversation, when he deigned to open his lips to any one under the rank of royalty, passed with the multitude for the very quintessence of wisdom.

The venerable Oodiaver was a Pundit of learned fame, and was held in high estimation at the Court of Mysore, particularly by the female branches of the royal family; for his gossiping qualities were of the first-rate order. He was particularly endeared to the Maha Ranee* for the excessive interest he always took in the affairs of the Begum,† and the anxiety he displayed in ministering to her slightest wishes. It is true she was a princess of unequalled loveliness and merit; but this, perhaps, did not weigh so much with the venerable sage as the accidental circumstance of her birth, which rendered her the undoubted heiress of the wealthy and flourishing kingdom of Mysore. However this be, certain it is that he was chosen, on the present occasion, by the queen, as her confidential ambassador to the sacred shrine of Mailgotah, on a mission of great delicacy and importance: and it was on his journey to that heaven-built temple that he now delayed his stately march; to repose, during the fervours of the day, beneath the greenwood shade, and in the dangerous vicinity of Savindroog.

The brilliant cortege of the Brahmin having come to their halting-ground, and the venerable man having descended from his howdah, and taken temporary shelter under a spreading tamarind, where his silver chair and Persian carpet were placed by his Dubash, the encampment was formed for the day. The camels, on a given signal, bent their pliant knees; and, being relieved from their respective burthens, the lascars pitched the tents upon the sloping green, that lay between the Durrumsalla and the tank: the troops piled their arms beneath the trees; and the Rajpoots having ranged their horses in a line, and tethered them with head and heel ropes, tied on their nose bags, and left them to enjoy their gram. The elephant, having plucked off some tender branches from the surrounding trees for a *bonne bouche*, was confined to a picket by a very slight chain round the leg; barely sufficient to indicate that he was under constraint, but inadequate to prevent him from roving, if rebelliously disposed to do so. There the noble animal, by way of recreation, alternately swinging

* The Queen. † The Princess.

one of his gigantic legs backward and forward, swallowed his balls of gram, or munched his green forage with contented docility: while the children of the Mohout, or driver, played in perfect security and confidence round his formidable trunk; or ran backwards and forwards, in all the unrestrained glee of childhood, between his legs and under his enormous body.

While these dispositions were making for the comfort of the brute creation, the cooks were equally busy in their department, preparing the midday meal for the rational portion of the expedition; which important and savoury operation was brought to a happy conclusion soon after the sun had past the meridian.

CHAPTER III.

THE JAGGERY POT.

The difference of Caste which prevails amongst the Hindoos is, perhaps, the most arbitrary distinction in existence, and pervades all classes of that singular and primitive people; controlling, not only their religious observances, but also their social and domestic arrangements, even in their most minute and common-place transactions.

In conformity with this solemn and most sacred obligation, the Rajpoot troopers of the Brahmin's body-guard very carefully drew a circle round that portion of the sod which they destined for their mess table, to prevent the intrusion of some unhappy Pariah, whose shadow alone, if it happened to fall on their food, would be quite sufficient to pollute it for ever. They next poured libations of pure water to Rama, an avatar of Vishnu, their tutelar deity: then sitting down in circular groups on the grass, and throwing light muslin screens over their heads, as if the eyes of the spectators alone were sufficient to defile their dinner, they silently and hastily despatched their frugal fare; consisting of rice and vegetable curry, fruits, and other such innocent food, the preparation of which had never occasioned the destruction of animal life. Their simple banquet was crowned with draughts of water from the tank, which, however turbid or discoloured in appearance, these pious people hold to be at all times equally pure and wholesome, being one of the greatest boons bestowed by heaven upon man, and therefore incapable of contamination.

Not so easily satisfied, however, was that sensual crew of sturdy Afghaun matchlock-men, who formed the rear guard of the Brahmin's retinue, and who looked with the most sovereign contempt on the proceedings of their Hindoo companions in arms. Their cooks were men of taste and science; and versed in all that culinary skill which enables the Amphitryons of Toorkisthaun to lay before their guests a succession of some scores of dishes, differing in quality and flavour, but all equally *appétissant*. Accordingly, some skins being spread on the verdant turf, a savoury banquet was soon displayed thereon, consisting of spiced pillaws, rich cabobs, highly seasoned stews, fish, flesh, and vegetable curries, mullikatauny, and all the other et cæteras of a splendid tiffin.

The guests being seated, a youthful page went round the circle with ewer and basin, and all having performed the customary ablution, they said their "Bismillah," or grace before meat, and fell to with an appetite and good will, very much enhanced by their morning's march. Unlike their temperate fellow soldiers, the matchlock men had an utter abhorrence of all beverage of an aqueous nature, and therefore seasoned their food with copious draughts of sherbet, expressed from a variety of delicious fruits; occasionally even transgressing the orders of the prophet, (of whose tenets, by the way, they are the most lax of all observers) by tossing off sparkling bumpers of Sendi wine, which, being made from dates, is of a racy but intoxicating nature.

When their appetite was, at length, sufficiently satisfied, these jovial fellows uttered their "Hamdellilah," or God be praised, with a most edifying piety; and while some of them reclined on the verdant and flowery couch with which nature had supplied them, to indulge in a short repose, the others closed in to a circle, to enjoy the feast of reason and the flow of soul, in the manner most approved of at military messes in general. The Culleaun, a sort of hookah used on such jovial occasions, was then passed round from mouth to mouth, with the true spirit of good fellowship; while droll stories and jests more pregnant, perhaps, with sprightliness than wit, were bandied from one to another, as they smacked their lips over the sparkling Sendi. Music, also, both vocal and instrumental, lent its charms to grace this festive board; and each in turn touched the lute, and warbled forth some strain of love or war, in which the enthusiasm of the moment enabled them to pass by good naturedly all errors of rhyme or reason; while the jungle echoes rang again as all joined uproariously in the chorus of the following

ROUNDELAY.

When the beetle's drowsy horn
  Winds across the silent lea,
Ere the rosy-finger'd morn
  Throws a bright tint o'er the sea:
When the moon her orb displaying
  Beams upon the lonely night
And the wolf dog loudly baying
  Seems to mock her silver light;—
Then we soldiers, ever cheery,
  O'er the rugged mountain roam,
Briskly dancing, never weary,
  To the merry peal of the hollow drum.

Now the song, the joke, the story
  Swell around and cheat the way;
Feats of love and deeds of glory
  Grace the merry Roundelay.
Peals of laughter, care beguiling,
  Round their genial magic spread,
Till the day-star sweetly smiling
  Tints the gray cliff's mossy head:
Then we soldiers, ever cheery,
  O'er the rugged mountain roam,
Briskly dancing, never weary,
  To the merry peal of the hollow drum.

When the sun is fiercely beaming
O'er the snowy tented field,
Of the morrow seldom dreaming,
We to balmy slumber yield.
Or, beneath the shady bowers,
In the jungle we recline;
Strewing life's dull path with flowers,
Cull'd from love and rosy wine.
Thus we soldiers, ever cheery,
O'er the rugged mountain roam,
Briskly dancing, never weary,
To the merry peal of the hollow drum.

The sound of such unwonted mirth and jollity, rousing the echoes of the wilderness, called forth the inmates of the Durrumsalla; to witness orgies which their frugal life and abstemious habits led them to consider as little short of sacrilege and profanation. They drew round the revellers in groups, to listen to their merrymaking; but they stood at a cautious distance, lest the profane touch of these Pariahs in practice, as well as in creed, should sully the sacredness of their caste, and subject them to extraordinary penances and purifications.

With a clear and mellow voice the song was taken up by a somewhat pensive member of the band, who wore a gold ring in his ear, the pledge of fidelity on the part of his distant sweetheart; for whom he roamed through many regions in search of wealth and fame. But, though all admired his musical voice, they found his matter too sentimental, and silently voted him a bore, till one, the wildest of the band, seized the lute and, with eye on fire and bolder voice, sung forth the praises of that sparkling fount which inspires the bards of every age and country.

"Send the bumper round!—
I've roamed thro' many regions,
Where I, alas! have found
As many false religions.
The Brahmin swears his cow
Yields nectar fit for heaven;
To such a faith to bow
I never shall be driven;
For mine's the jovial creed,
So free from silly doting,
That bids the red grape bleed,
To keep the liver floating!

The Moslem is a fool
Who swears, by Hara's mountain,
That nought can save the soul
But Zem-Zem's holy fountain.*

* Mount Hara, near Mecca, on the top of which is a cave, where they pretend Mahomed usually retired to perform his devotions; and hither, they affirm, the greatest part of the Koran was brought him by the Angel Gabriel.

The miraculous well at Mecca is called Zem-Zem, from the murmuring of its waters; and many fancy that, in the interval between death and resurrection, the souls of Believers remain in that holy fountain.—*Sale's Koran.*

The Koran says in wine
We find the source of evil:
Such faith is not divine,
But surely from the devil.
Now mine's the jovial creed,
So free from silly doting,
That bids the red grape bleed,
To keep the liver floating!

The sons of rich Cathay,*
Those foes of mirth and laughing,
Are always, night and day,
Their sickly beverage quaffing.
Had I Azrael's† spear
Instead of fire and slaughter,
To shorten their career
I'd plunge them in hot water:
For mine's the jovial creed,
So free from silly doting,
That bids the red grape bleed,
To keep the liver floating!

The Tartar, silly ass!
Whose fate good cheer denies him,
Swears nothing can surpass
The drink his mare supplies him.‡
Ere such my lips should bilk,
To Beelzebub I'd sink it,
'Tis nought but ass's milk,
And none but fools should drink it.
Oh! mine's the jovial creed,
So free from silly doting,
That bids the red grape bleed,
To keep the liver floating!"

Mingled laughter and applause echoed long and loud through the green avenues and bosky dells of the forest at the conclusion of this Bacchanalian carol; and cups were drained to the health of the gay Troubadour, while he was saluted on every side with cries of "Ai Shawash!" "Ah! well done!" or, more literally, "Ah, be our king!" the usual expression of admiration amongst the Afghauns. Elated by the general tribute of incense, Bahauder Hafiz, for so he was designated amongst his companions, from his martial and his merry temperament, became equally boisterous and facetious in his mood; laughing, singing, and telling droll stories, until his voluntary subjects fancied they were the happiest mortals under the sun and he the merriest monarch.

This was the jovial state of affairs when a new personage appeared upon the scene; who approached the merry makers, with a doubtful look and a humility of aspect, as though he seemed to think that so lowly a guest might be deemed an impudent intruder in so brilliant and so gay a sphere. The new-comer carried an earthen vessel in his

* China. † The Angel of Death.

‡ The Kalmucs have great plenty of milk, butter, and cheese, but *mare's milk* is the most esteemed, and from it they make a strong spirit to which they are partial.—*Description of Tartary.*

hand, with a crooked knife and a leathern thong; from which it might be inferred that he was no higher in degree than one of those humble dwellers of the greenwood who derive a subsistence from the sale of Jaggery, one of the most seducing of intoxicating vegetable juices. This delicious beverage they extract from the very summit of the Palmyra tree, whose lofty stem, totally denuded of branches and foliage, they mount, by means of a leathern band round the feet, with singular agility: then making an incision in the trunk with a crooked knife, the liquor slowy exudes, and, when just drawn, is almost as pleasant to the taste as that celestial beverage which, in the language of Feringisthaun, is designated mild Champagne.

There was, however, something sinister which could not be altogether overlooked in the appearance of the forester. His short and sinewy frame, which was naked to the waist, and well rubbed with cocoa nut oil, displayed great agility and strength, and there was, at times, a stern ferocity in his look which seemed unconsciously to proclaim acquaintance with a bolder trade than that of a jaggery seller. His scowling brow and rugged features displayed many a trace of dark and evil passions, while his single eye, for fate had left him only one, gleamed in lurid and sinister flashes. His voice resembled the sullen grunt of the wild boar when the dogs have him at bay; and though he now essayed to bring forth its mildest and most musical tones, yet they struck harsh and rugged on the ear, where they left an impression by no means favourable to the speaker.

"May it please the Sahibs," said the Jaggery man, sidling up towards the revellers, "may it please their lordships to grant the humblest of their slaves a moment's audience?"

"Ho! ho!" cried one of the matchlock-men, in a tone of derision, "who, in the prophet's name, have we got here?"

"'Tis a Ghoul of the desert," said another, "willing to partake of our festivity, or Eblees himself, come to act as Master of the revels."

"Alas! Sahib," said the stranger, "I know not the persons you mention, and who are, doubtless, your lordship's particular friends and acquaintances."

"So they are, forester," said Hafiz Bahauder, laughing. "There the infidel had the true believer on the hip, and merits a cup of Sendi for his waggery."

"May it please the Burra Sahib," said the woodman, "wine is forbidden to the poor Hindoo, but nature has given him instead a draught more pure than Pouban water, which Kartikeia* himself often sips when arming for the crash of battle."

"By the honour of my five wives!" exclaimed Hafiz Bahauder, "I should like to taste that boasted beverage of thine, though, in general, I am not in the habit of mixing my liquor."

"Your wishes shall be gratified, Sahib," said the stranger, "and for that purpose have I ventured to intrude on your lordships. I'm an humble dweller of the forest, and it has seldom fallen to my lot to listen to such minstrelsy as I have this morning heard in this solitary place, compared to which the flute of Crishna himself is rude and discordant."

* God of War.

"Mashallah! praise be to the prophet!" exclaimed one of the Afghauns, "the savage really seems to have an ear for music."

"It was delightful," cried the forester with enthusiasm, "and, in gratitude for the treat, I humbly beg your lordship's acceptance of the only recompense in my power; the contents of my Jaggery Pot, fresh and delicious from the tree."

"Beshrew your hospitality," said another of the Afghauns, "I like it not: neither can I brook with any patience the squinting of your single eye, which throws a damp upon my spirit as a cloud overshadows the sun. So, prithee, abscond, and leave us to enjoy our meal in peace."

"Nay, nay," cried Bahauder Hafiz, interposing his voice potential, "you wrong him, Ali Khan, you wrong the hapless infidel, and belie your own manhood by dreading the influence of his evil eye.—What, though he may be wicked himself, the proverb cannot touch his jaggery pot, which I dare swear contains some right delectable tipple."

"Meddle not with it," exclaimed several voices at once, "Touch it not Hafiz, but send the cooly back to his wilderness, lest his wicked eye should lead us into peril and misadventure."

"Now by that ancient sage," cried Hafiz, piqued into obstinacy, "By that ancient sage who first expressed the nectar juice from the ruby grape, and showed us a short cut to happiness, I'll taste the beverage of this woodman undaunted by his evil eye. He comes so like those jovial souls who hang their wine kegs round their necks in laughter-loving Kaferistaun,* that, may I go an infidel out of the world, but I'll hug his jaggery pot, even though he were the Ghoulee Beeabau,† or guardian demon, of this infernal wilderness."

Then filling a crystal cup with the sparkling beverage, he drained it to the dregs; and swore, by his father's soul, that the wine ordained to kiss the lips of the faithful in paradise was nothing to be compared to the celestial liquor he had just quaffed.

The agreeable doctrine of Hafiz Bahauder, powerfully enforced as it was by his example, produced such an effect on his companions as might have been expected, from men more than half inclined to break a resolution which interfered with their enjoyment. They accordingly, each in his turn, took a copious draught of the divine beverage, loading the donor with compliments for his hospitality; until at length the jaggery pot was exhausted of its precious contents, the exhilarating effects of which were every moment becoming more apparent, in the increasing jollity and vociferation of the merry party.

The valour of the Matchlock-men rose in proportion with their merriment. Ere the Jaggery Pot was fairly drained of its contents every man was a host in himself; and feats of individual heroism were recounted by all, which, however marvellous and improbable they might appear to the listeners, had, at least, one devout believer in the hero of the tale himself.

* In Kaferistaun the use of wine is so prevalent, that every Kafer has a *Khig*, or leathern bottle of wine about his neck: they drink wine instead of water.—*Memoirs of Baber.*

† The Afghauns believe each of the numerous solitudes and deserts of their country to be inhabited by a lonely demon, whom they call the "Ghoulee Beeabau," or Spirit of the waste.—*Elphinstone's Caubul.*

"You may boast of your deeds," said Bahauder Hafiz, elevating his voice above the general hubbub, "but may I die an infidel if I did not once cut off a squadron of the enemy's horse, and with my single matchlock laid half of them on the ground, forcing the remainder to surrender at discretion."

"I count not much on the merit of a combat with human beings," interposed Ali Khan; "of such trivial matters we can all of us boast our share; but, comrades, I was once surrounded in the jungle by three ferocious tigers, each as big as a young elephant——"

"Talking of elephants," interrupted another of the revellers, "I'll tell you what happened to me once when hotly pursued by one across a sandy desert, where not an object was to be seen except the earth and sky. Finding that the brute was gaining on me, I jumped nimbly up a lofty tree ——"

"Ha! ha! ha!" shouted one who had still some small remains of sobriety left, "how, in the Prophet's name, could you find a tree in a sandy desert where not an object was to be seen but the earth and sky?"

"Do you doubt my word?" cried he of the elephant, laying his hand on the hilt of his creese: "by the soul of my grandfather——"

"Peace, comrades, peace," exclaimed Bahauder Hafiz, cutting short the half-uttered threat. "Waste not your valour upon one another, but listen to the gallant proposition I am about to make."

"Hear him! hear him!" cried several voices; "listen to the bold Bahauder!"

"You all know," continued the latter, "that this gloomy forest belongs to the robber Kempe Goud and his plundering companions."

"Yes, yes," replied the Afghauns; "yonder is the summit of his droog peeping over that clump of cocoa-nut trees."

"The Rajah, our royal master," continued Bahauder Hafiz, "has set a reward on the scoundrel's head."

"Three lacks of rupees," cried another, rubbing his hands at the pleasing ideas it excited, "Mashalla! that would be a prize!"

"It is ours, my friends," exclaimed Bahauder Hafiz, starting up in the fervour of his enthusiasm. "Follow me, in the Prophet's name, and I will insure you an easy conquest over this robber and his ragamuffin crew."

Here the gallant speaker was interrupted by a burst of discordant laughter, that sounded like the unearthly merriment of a gratified demon. Looking round to see whence it proceeded, the astonished Afghauns beheld their new friend of the Jaggery Pot shaking his sturdy sides, and grinning in ghastly glee apparently at their expense.

One common impulse seemed to actuate the whole band to chastise, if not altogether to annihilate the presumptuous wretch; and springing to their feet, they rushed, or rather staggered towards the object of their vengeance, threatening to tear his naked body piecemeal for his insolence.

The motions of the Afghauns, however, instead of alarming the woodman, seemed to inspire him with fresh merriment; and as the foremost approached in headlong haste to have the first blow at the victim, he shifted his position, and by a dexterous trip laid him sprawl-

ing on the earth. Another and another followed his example, as they came up in succession, until the whole body at length threw themselves upon him to crush him at once and put an end to his exploits.

A scene then ensued which baffles description. The naked body of the Hindoo being well rubbed with cocoa-nut oil, eluded the grasp of his over-anxious and tottering assailants; and nature having endowed him with uncommon strength and agility, he fought his way through the disorderly throng, gliding like a snake between their legs, or springing like an antelope over their backs; upsetting some, bestowing kicks and buffets upon others, and returning into the midst of the mêlée, as if he enjoyed the sport; while the blows aimed at him by the drunken and bewildered Afghauns fell upon one another, and occasioned a variety of single combats, in which the general vengeance against the original cause of discord was absorbed and forgotten.

Satisfied with the confusion he had caused, the woodman now stood apart and viewed the struggling Matchlock-men with a scowling brow. Absorbed apparently in deep mysterious musings, his eye glared on the disorderly crew, like the snake whose deadly glance bewilders and fascinates ere it strike its prey. At length, when he beheld the revellers, overcome by the potations they had imbibed, and exhausted by their fruitless exertions, extended on the greensward in helpless imbecility, he slunk away, and disappeared amidst the shady recesses of the jungle: while the temperate occupants of the Durrumsalla, who had witnessed the singular occurrence, fled, disgusted at the riotous scene; and gathering up their travelling incumbrances, pursued their several ways through the intricacies of the forest.

CHAPTER IV.

THE GOLDEN MOORUT.

While the doughty Afghauns were thus drowning the cares of life in a merry bowl, the venerable Brahmin, and the Commandant of his guard of honor were sitting in social chat within a cool and shady bower, somewhat retired from their boisterous fellow-travellers. The youthful Sirdar was sipping his coffee with great gusto; and as, according to the Persian proverb, coffee without tobacco is meat without salt, he held in his hand the long silken tube of his hookah, whose silver tip he applied to his lips in such expressive silence that every care of life seemed changed by the fragrant steam into visions of waking bliss. At length he interrupted his agreeable musings, and addressing his venerable companion, said:

"What is the name, I pray you, of yon stupendous rock, whose hoary head riven asunder, as if by some tremendous earthquake, seems to shoot its double pinnacle upwards even to the seventh heaven?"

The Brahmin, who for some time past had been chewing his betel*

* This habit is even more inveterate and general amongst the Hindoos than snuff-taking is in Europe, men and women equally partaking of the enjoyment.

The betel nut is cut into small squares, and wrapped up in the leaf, together with some chunam. It is warm and pungent in the mouth, and has the immediate effect of staining the tongue, mouth, and lips, of a fiery orange colour.—*Heber.*

with a cloudy brow, and in a thoughtful mood, was roused by the Sirdar's question, which seemed to call forth some painful recollections, and with a boding sigh he replied:

"That fearful hill which soars to what you are pleased to call 'the seventh heaven,' and whose name alone is held in abomination by our sacred race, is Savindroog, or the Rock of Death."

"Mashalla!" cried the Persian, with a gesture of surprise, "then I see for the first time a very celebrated fortress, of which I have heard many marvellous stories."

"It is," continued the Brahmin, "the nest of as fierce a band of plundering Bheels, as ever infested the pathless jungle; whose ruthless chief may Vishnu keep within his hold until we have cleared his dreary territories, or perchance we may rue the day we ever entered them."

"Then all this gloomy forest," rejoined the Persian, "is, as I surmised, the terrific land of Kempé Goud, the doughty robber of the jungle."

"Hush! hush!" cried the startled Brahmin; "in the name of the deity whose title it is sacrilege to pronounce, speak not thus so lightly of one whose shadow alone is like the armour of Rama who guides the destiny of battles."

"Nay, nay," exclaimed the Sirdar laughing, "most reverend Vakeel, methinks you have small cause for dread, while I stand between you and this marauder of the desert; for though I quaff the flowing bowl, and love the musky tresses of sportive maidens, my ardent soul finds still greater pleasure in the clash of arms."

"That may well be," said the cautious Brahmin, "but you are young, gallant Sirdar, and lack experience methinks in matters of serious warfare."

"My years are few," replied the Persian, "but my experience is a thousand years old: for since that proud and festal hour when the razor was first laid upon my chin,* amidst my native tribe, all glorious war has been my trade, and never have I flinched from its most perilous behests: then fear not, should the robber bring even myriads of his mountain scum; for with my gallant Rajpoots and trusty Afghauns, I shall quickly hunt them back into their shades again."

"Thrice valiant Khan," said the Brahmin, in a mild but half-sarcastic mood, "accept my gratitude and thanks for your valorous intentions; but I fear you are little acquainted with the wily nature of the foe you now set at defiance. The dogged pride and countless arts of Kempé Goud have long set at nought the mighty power of our sovereign Rajah; though hunted from rock and dell, like the tiger cat, and chased over and over to his jungle dens by the gallant Kistna, who, under the Rajah's authority, now wields the avenging sword of Mysore."

"He is a gallant soldier, I confess," said the Persian, "but after all he is nothing but an ignorant infidel, unacquainted with the great principles of war, as practised on the other side of the Indus, where I have learned the glorious trade, and acquired an immortality of fame."

* Among the Toorki tribes the time of first applying the razor to the face is celebrated by a great entertainment.—*Memoirs of Baber.*

"I confess," said the Brahmin, smiling furtively, "that the name of so renowned a Sirdar as yourself is a tower of strength, yet I humbly hope that the thousand-titled deity will clear our pathway from Kempé and his Bheels, for I, though all unworthy, am now the honoured bearer of a golden Moorut* to his awful shrine."

"A golden calf!" cried the Persian, while his sides shook with thoughtless laughter, "a golden Moorut, quotha! O holy prophet, ever wise and blest! most truly hast thou said that the works of unbelievers are vain as the watery vapour of the desert, which often allures the eye of the traveller, but flies at his approach from his parched and thirsty lips."

"The reproach of your prophet," said the Pundit mildly, "does not apply to the children of Brahma; for we are devout and stedfast believers in the one true and eternal God."

"You may believe what you like," said the Persian, superciliously, "but may I die an infidel if you have got the right way of showing your belief. Now had your sagacity but taken the sacred track to Mecca, to offer up your orisons at that holy stone, black with the kisses of innumerable pilgrims,† though originally white as the snowy Caucasus, it would better suit your venerable years than this same idol pilgrimage in which we are now so profanely embarked."

"The light," meekly replied the Brahmin, "which illumines your faith as well as mine, doubt not to be an emanation of the Deity, in whose all just and impartial eyes all creeds are equally wise and good."

"Bah! Bah!" cried the Persian scornfully, "do you mean to say that your religion, with its sixty millions of deities, is equal to that of the Prophet who received the Koran from the Angel Gabriel himself, and read it at sight, though he had never before so much as learned his Alphabet!"

"Yea," said the Brahmin, "my creed teaches me that all religions emanate from the same source, being modified according to the manners and customs of different countries. And although, to keep us from vain wishes and unholy thoughts, our weak and wavering sight requires these symbols of the Power divine, which are rudely fashioned and of mortal mould, yet we, the first born of Brahma, hold this faith unshrinkingly that God is One and only One."

"Alla Kerim!" exclaimed the Sirdar with a haughty air, "it boots but little to discuss the rules of faith which guide others, while mine is dangling by my side. From Hara's cave the text was delivered to the prophet, whose name be ever blest, 'The sword is the key of hell and heaven,' and until the Angel opens the gate of eternal life to my view, the sword alone shall be the faith of Morad."

"A most sanguinary and unholy creed!" exclaimed the Brahmin, "for the eternal author of all forbids us to destroy that animal life which we can neither give nor restore."

"Well, well," said the Persian impatiently, "a truce with creeds,

* An image of the deity.

† The holy stone of Mecca was at first whiter than milk, but grew black from the touches and kisses of so many people; the superficies being only black, and the inside still remaining white.—*Sale's Koran.*

most reverend sage: leave polemics to pragmatical Moollas and the pundits of the temple; and tell me now, I pray thee, whose deadly sin, or maiden vow hath caused this wise embassy of ours, through the gloomy territories of this incarnation of Eblees?"

"Neither girlish vow, nor deadly sin," replied the Vakeel, "has sent us hither, most valorous Sirdar; but fond maternal love to win a blessing on a darling child. Ere long the Festival of Spring will attract to the Court of Mysore the rulers of many lands, to seek the lovely hand of the Begum; whose free, unbiassed choice must name, amongst the crowd of assembled suitors, the object of her love, and the future heir of the Rajah, whose only child she is."

"There is a chance for a soldier of fortune!" exclaimed the Persian, playing with the love lock that dangled on his cheek. "Why should not the sceptre of Mysore be wielded by a follower of the prophet?"

"The prayer of the Maha Ranee," continued the Brahmin with a smile, "that her lovely daughter may be so guided in her choice as to become a happy bride, I now, unworthy minister that I am, bear to the sacred shrine of Vishnu; where, on the lofty height of Mailgotah,* the god became incarnate, and built the temple that bears his hallowed name."

"What!" cried the Persian in a tone of ridicule, "your god became a man and a bricklayer!"

"Nay," said the Brahmin, "recollect that your Prophet was a camel driver: but a truce, as you say, with creeds, and let me explain the purport of my mission, which it is necessary that you should be acquainted with. Still further to incline towards the Begum the aspect of the heavenly powers, I am directed to place a golden Moorut on the altar of the god; and I am further charged with costly presents to the sacred Brahmins of the temple."

"Ay! ay!" said the Persian scoffingly, "Heaven may be won in all religions by bribing the Doorkeepers."

"However that be," said the Brahmin, "sure I am that offerings never yet were laid on the altars of the heavenly deities, in favour of a lovelier flower than the fawn-eyed maid of Mysore."

"Her fame resounds on every side," exclaimed the gay Sirdar with amorous fervour, "and many a cup of Shiraz wine our royal Shah has filled at Ispahaun to the charms of the ever blooming Lachema. I saw her once within her bower, when chance had half withdrawn her veil, and methought she smiled on me favouringly, but let that pass. She is in truth a flower of surpassing loveliness, worthy to grace the Haram of a Khan; and I, though in my native land, sage Oodiaver, I must tell you, that many a fairer maid than she has sought the honor of my love, even I would yield my liberty as an offering at the shrine of your sweet pagan queen."

"A princely offering," said the Brahmin, shaking his head with cool contempt, "a mighty gift, indeed, would be the honor of your love! but let me warn you, valiant Sir, not to fix your soaring thoughts

* Mail cotay is one of the most celebrated places of Hindoo worship, as having been honored with the actual presence of an Avatara, or incarnation of Vishnu, who founded one of the temples.—*Buchanan's Journey through Mysore.*

so high; such wild remarks as these are unfair for you to make, and unfit for me to listen to. What! talk in this light ribald tone of the peerless Fawn of royal Mysore, as a flower only fit to grace the Haram of a Khan! and you that Khan! Young sir, be sage, and look not beyond your proper sphere. Seek not to vie with monarchs, nor rashly incur needless dangers, like that proud bird which soared too high, and singed his pinions with the sun."

"Nay, now," rejoined the haughty Persian, "you only tempt me to the prize; and when this wise pilgrimage of ours to yonder grim and holy deities, shall be brought to a happy conclusion, Inshallah! you may find that, though one of Iran's wildest rovers, I know how to curb the rivalry of the Begum's pagan swains. Nay, were she as perilous to gain as the terrible cave of Jumsheed,* I would freely brave the dangers of the exploit to win the paradise that awaits the successful adventurer."

"Alas! alas!" exclaimed the Brahmin, moved at once to pity and contempt, "how vain to talk to youthful vanity and pride! if, doughty Sir, you thus give the reins to your overweening fancy, and dream, even in your most feverish slumbers, of what is so infinitely beyond your reach, why then, with equal reason may yon croaking raven hope to wed the Bird of Paradise."

"What! this to me!" screamed the Persian starting to his legs, while fury gleamed from his eye balls, and his hand convulsively grasped the hilt of his scimitar. "'Tis well, old man, that your feeble age protects you from my burning wrath, or right speedily your withered trunk should feel the edge of my avenging sword. But shrink not poor craven from my vengeance, you have nothing to apprehend from me: for I pity your feebleness and respect your hoary head, and I leave you to that lingering and contemptible death which best becomes your false and foolish religion."

* Near Candahar is a cave, called the cave of Jumsheed, to the end of which it is impossible to penetrate, apparently on account of a torrent which obstructs the passage; but the Afghauns relate that after advancing a certain distance, one hears the roar of winds, and the rushing of waters, and that all progress is soon stopped by a wheel armed with swords, which is whirled round with such force and velocity, as threatens to annihilate everything that approaches it. Some bold adventurers, however, have overcome these obstacles, and reached a most enchanting garden in the bowels of the earth. They describe the verdure of this delicious region, its bowers, woods, and lawns; its transparent streams, and its flowers of a thousand brilliant hues, as far surpassing any scene that the human imagination can figure; while the exquisite fruits, the perfumed breezes, and the ravishing music which for ever resounds, are equal to the warmest picture of the Mahommedan paradise.—*Elphinstone's Caubul.*

A LYRIC.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

If ye would keep your spirit's youthfulness
Fresh, and as healthy as when Time did press
Its lean hand on your tearless eylids lightly—
Avoid the court—the crowd,
Where truth is unavowed,
Where falsehood looketh fair and smileth brightly!

Let not Ambition, showering golden dust
O'er shapes of clay, to mould the flattering bust
Which freakful Fame to tempt her votary showeth,
Wean thee from quiet thought,
By peaceful leisure taught,
To reap the useless harvest strife bestoweth!

Seek not the unsubstantial praise of men,
Whose breaths have summer's warmth to-day, but when
The morrow cometh hath the winter's chillness;
In sorrow, sickness, sin,
What comfort can ye win
From worldly laud to soothe the spirit's illness?

Look higher than the earth for light to guide
Your steps across the mountain, where abide
Hate—Pride—Desire,—life's haunting sprites of error
Heed not the gaudy lure
Of meteor-lamps impure,
Which take their rise from sources dark of terror!

Let love your treasure, not your torment, be—
In pureness sought, and kept, and holily
From earthly worship held; not given for only
The hours of festal pride—
But sweet and sanctified,
Alike in busy world or desert lonely!

'Tis strange that we, though warned and suffering oft,
Should still pursue illusive voices, soft
And, as the froth of fountains, evanescent;
From right to wrong we turn,
Clutch at the false, and spurn
The glorious Future for the worthless Present!

When gewgaws tempt not, we torment ourselves
With subtle cares, that come like cunning elves
To fret us, gibbering with discordant faces;—
Like wild-wood birds we are,
We flee from hearths afar,
To build our nests of thorns in desert places!

THE CRITICAL MOMENT.

BY HUMPHREY HOGARTH, ESQ.

From the eccentric union of the money-funding, fashion-hunting "Nation of shopkeepers," with the glory-dreaming, pleasure-loving, "politest people of the world," have sprung many odd moral and social phenomena, which twenty-seven years of endearments, disturbed by only an occasional bed-room or cabinet quarrel, have brought to hardy maturity. Of these, none in a small way is more remarkable than that nondescript thing yclep'd an English boarding-house, specimens of which are to be found, thick as autumnal leaves, strewing the *beau quartier* of Paris. In these curious institutions, founded and presided over by, in many instances, patriotic British ladies, who have left their country for their country's good, and devoted to the accommodation and enlightenment of errant, peccant, or ignorant compatriotes, are to be discovered matters little dreamt of in the philosophy of sages, who have not made the peculiar mysteries of the incontinent capital of the continent a part of their ethical course. To be admitted into the bosom of a delightful little coterie, without questions asked and *sans ceremonie*, when you deemed yourself in a foreign clime, friendless and alone, is a surprise as agreeable as it is unexpected; to see a smoking sirloin of beef, a table supplied with a decent change of knives and forks, and peradventure to inhale the aromatic fumes of a genuine plum-pudding, when you reckoned such luxuries as "mockeries of the past alone," is a blessing as captivating as it was unlooked for; to enjoy a dish of fragrant tea, and join in a rubber of whist in the evening, instead of being forced to stroll eternally through the Palais Royal, or to sit yawning in the theatres, listening to gibberish which you can make neither head nor tail of, and which, the more to spite you, you see sets all but yourself into convulsions of merriment, is the acmé of felicity—the *summum bonum* of comfort. Here are a few of the temptations that allure the loitering traveller to enter into these inviting refuges of the destitute; and such in truth they are, that few, even of those gifted individuals who can see an inch or two before their noses, can resist yielding to the persuasive influence. An English society, with its roots, branches, and flowers, growing up in full luxuriance in the very heart of the French territory is a production as interesting as it is exotic—although an honest botanist might have a scruple of conscience in classing it with any known genus; a dialect composed of that which is common-place and flippant in the English tongue, interlarded with the choice familiar phrases elaborately extracted from the old grammars, and which might have been French fifty years ago, but which most assuredly are *not* French at present, is to all intents and purposes a foreign languuge as *distingué* as it is grotesque—is as *comme il faut* as it is facile of acquirement; a latitudinarianism of manners

including all the sweet liberties of old England, and all the yet sweeter licences of young France, without any of the absurd restrictions of either, is a system of life, a theory of existence, as pleasant as it is ingenious. Here are the curiosities which amuse the leisure, retain the heart, and charm the spirit of those who have commenced their boarding-house novitiate. While—but pshaw! we are not going to write the history of the Parisian boarding-houses—at least not at present. Let us to our narrative.

Within a snug little salon, sacred from the approach of man—at least according to ordonnance—adjoining the long cold *salle à manger* of one of the receptacles of itinerant pleasure-seekers above alluded to, not one hundred miles—as those sagacious journalists say who desire to give the libel hunter a smart run—from the Place de la Madeleine, honoured with the witty sobriquet of "The Cabinet," on account of its being the retreat where those ministers of the destinies of man, the petticoat junta, held their private consultations, wove their gossamer-webbed intrigues, confided their deep-laid cabals, and, in fine, carried on in unconstitutional oligarchical irresponsibility their inexplicable closetings, sat three young mortals of the purer sex. When we say young, let us not be misunderstood. It is now, as we are informed and believe, admitted by universal assent, that, by courtesy at least, if not by common law, every lady is of right entitled to be esteemed young, and to enjoy all the estate, right, title, interest, &c., which appertains by prescription to juvenility, until such time as she, in strict form of law, and according to the statutes in such case made and provided, has been duly "granted, bargained, and sold, assigned, transferred, and set over." Lest, however, our reader should go beyond or fall short of the exact truth, and in order that there should be *nullus error* in a point dangerous of misconception, we will confide to his secret ears—of course requesting that it will go no farther—that the youngest of these graces had just completed her eighteenth year, that the second had attained—it may be had a trifle passed—the goal of that ominous quarter of time's cycle vulgarly called five-and-twenty, and that the third, according to her own acknowledgment, which we are too polite to question, was "going on" to that "certain age," the most uncertain in the life of ladies, which astronomers never could agree upon, and therefore judiciously have resolved to grant as a postulate—we mean thirty-five. Having relieved our mind of this embarrassing and ungracious though imperative duty, we proceed with greater lightness of spirits and personal ease to indulge the reader with a more intimate acquaintance with the fair ones whom we have perhaps too honestly introduced to his notice. But first it will be desirable to say a word or two anent the whereabouts in which we have discovered them.

The salon was an apartment of about fifteen feet square, wainscotted in panels, and having the floor, of originally handsome *parquet*, three quarters covered with a piece of carpet, that, although in the service some years, had ever luckily escaped, however richly deserving of it, the military punishment of flogging. A table, covered with an undoubted, if not immaculate damask, occupied the centre, and upon this three separate breakfast equipages, consisting each of a

bowl of *café au lait*, a pint "black bottle" of wine, a half-yard of bread, and a plate of *fricassée de poulet*, or *fricandeau*, were laid. An ordinary French fire-place, in which half-a-dozen pieces of wood blazed red and high, opposite the entrance, and a small German stove on the right of it in full play, raised the temperature of the cabinet to a point that would be certainly dangerous in case the matters handled in it were of an inflammable nature, but which, were lucifer matches, infernal machinery, and articles liable to spontaneous combustion, or to ignite upon the touch of insignificant sparks, excluded, would be exceedingly comfortable. A couple of well-pressed loungers, a large screen, and a few chairs, completed the furniture of the closet —for we do not reckon as such, properly so called, the little door on the left so nicely fitted and corresponding with the wainscot panels as not to be noticed unless by instructed eyes, and which leads—no matter where, as we have no business there at present, and it is but fair courtesy not to pry more curiously into the private affairs of our angelic sisters than absolute necessity urges. *Verbum sap.*; and lest a misconstruction should be put upon our mention at all of this postern, we think it best to avow frankly that our motives in pointing it out were simply to show our complete knowledge of the locality, and kindly to give our reader a hint as to where he will find a safe hiding-place in case any danger of his being caught in the ladies' interdicted quarters should suddenly approach.

We now turn our attention to the object which, was not the age of chivalry and of gallantry notoriously extinct, would have in the first instance, and entirely, absorbed it. The two elder of the divinities, into whose presence we have intruded in flagrant breach of the established laws of the *locus in quo*, had for some time chatted and eaten, and eaten and chatted so sedulously, that of the *fricandeau* which lately offered its tempting beauties to the one not a wrack remained, and of the whilere plump and palate-tickling *fricassée de poulet* two bare cross-bones and a death's head alone were left upon the cold, cold plate of the other—a type of the fate which too frequently awaits superior attractions when exposed to the ravening desires of appetite—a touching *memento mori* of a young and tender chicken cut off in the springtide of its joys! The wine had equally gone the way of the flesh—the dull dead vessels which lately held its cheerful spirit alone resting, to denote that it had ever existed; and now the respective bowls of *café au lait* were quickly evaporated by the aid of large table-spoons, and long pieces of bread soaked therein, and conveyed to the general receivers by the nimble digits of the fair operators. Far different the destiny of the viands placed for the use of the youngest maiden. She had picked up upon the end of her fork a delicious morsel of the young bird's bosom—white as her own —applied it to her lips, and replaced it on the plate without almost tasting its sweetness. She had poured a little wine into her glass, diluted it with water, raised it half way to her mouth, and returned it to the table untouched. She had snatched up "*La Dernière Aldini*," of George Sand, and read—if turning over leaves be proof of reading—with a velocity astonishing even in these steam-power and Archimedian-screw-propelling days, and then flung it away

from her as contemptuously as she might a miserable lover who had once tolerably amused, but who now insufferably wearied and disgusted her. She had plunged a piece of bread into her café with a violence not usual to her habitual placidity, and, as though forgetting in the act itself her first intent, pushed café and bread from her, jerked the chair on which she sat from the table towards the fire, and throwing herself back in it, resigned herself apparently either to a troubled sleep, or to some very agitating reflections.

There was one fact discoverable in the operation of that *déjeûner* which would certainly strike an acute observer as remarkably anomalous, and that fact was—and it is an irrefragable evidence of the utter ingratitude of victuals—that while she who disdained and neglected the good things that offered themselves to her service was in person the very incarnation of maidenhood, as plump and as juicy as a snipe, and doubtless as luscious of flavour, if one could have oscular demonstration—the others, who paid every attention and respect possible to the viands, might have had fifty outstanding joint bonds in the hands of as many Shylocks, without the least fear that execution would be done on one, so impossible would it have been for even a Jew to levy a single pound of flesh upon their personal partnership estate. This being one of those eccentric facts which puzzle the otherwise omniscient pates of learned doctors, and we being squeamishly apprehensive of being thought of the faculty of professors of female economy, we are deterred from attempting to give our own notion of its latent cause, which perhaps we otherwise should. The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong; why, therefore, should *embonpoint* be invariably to the great of stomach?

To make amends for our intrusion on the dames, we will now assay their portraits, and if these be found a little flattering, let it be recollected that we have to deprecate their resentment, which, without some salve, would be implacable against us, perhaps fatal to our very existence. We have never yet known a florid, complimentary portrait, drawn in dash-off style, and coloured with an undaunted hand, fail of conciliating even the most offended of God's "last best work;" we take up the brush, then, with resolution and assured success. Miss Hebe Marlinspike, the eldest, was—we cautiously make use of the "was," as being a sort of neutral tense; not present, it is true, yet not altogether past—what would be called by Englishmen in general a splendid woman—that is, a fine, tall, broad-shouldered person, with bone and muscle gloriously developed, and with a proud and independent bearing—the complete reverse, in fact, of those poor narrow-chested, hip-swollen creatures, whom Praxiteles, Titian, and other old foozles have ridiculously fancied as goddesses, and whose whole characteristics are timidity and fawning dependence. Her features, large and regular, and unrestricted in their definition by any unequal pinguosity, stood out in the boldest relief, and, lighted by her large blue orbs, bore the decided stamp of conscious power, if not of dignified defiance. Her look was piercing and confident, her voice loud, and inclining to the harsh, and in every motion of her body there was that possession and self-esteem which are such noble things surely to behold in beings born to command and to be obeyed,

but which, alas! are, like valuable black-letter law, only to be acquired by the temper-souring, brow-wrinkling lucubrations of the long, long *viginti annorum*. The interest at once awakened by these striking outlines could not fail to be further excited by the milky paleness that distinguished her face and neck. From the roots of her hair to the confines of her morning wrapper—which, to do her justice, checked the libertine eye from advancing beyond her throat—not the faintest tint of any kind interfered with the absolute dominion of the chalky white. This sort of complexion is, we believe, strictly peculiar to Englishwomen resident in France, and it would be hopeless to attempt so to describe it as to give the English reader a precise idea of its effect. We shall only remark, that of course it must be esteemed beautiful, as it is cultivated pretty generally, and as it always conveys the impression that the creature wearing it has had her inward as well as outward woman daily washed with soap and water, which, not to speak of cleanliness and health, induces the appearance that not thick, red, vulgar blood, but thin, colourless, pellucid lymph, courses through her transparent veins.

Miss Louisa Rowbottom, although at least ten years younger than Miss Marlinspike, would not appear at first sight to be much her junior. She was the completest living subject for anatomy that an osteologist could desire to examine. Her shoulder-tops, drawn together so closely as to almost kiss, gave her admirer an exact facsimile of a trussed crane, while her chest, jammed in between them, raised a wonder in his mind how the food which we have seen her swallow could find a passage, much less a resting-place, in such a strait. Her waist, if tenuity of waist be a beauty, was a marvel and a show. Her limbs, as far as might be guessed from the folds of her drapery, were symmetrical with the visible parts we have sketched, and her hand had but one fault to complete its petite perfection—it was not dimpled. Over her features, small, delicately chiselled, and waxy, lay that shadow of soft melancholy which those who have sucked poetry with their mother's milk, and afterwards have been forced to chew hard stale prose, are apt to acquire; and the modesty of her person generally may be conceived from the fact, that across her mystically hidden bosom her collar bones stood, like two sharp carving-knives, ready to cut to pieces any adventurous hand that should dare advance beyond them.

The youngest, Miss Victoria Frump, was in most points the reverse of her two companions. She was short, fat, and usually what is termed "fair red and white." This day, however, she could not conscientiously claim that designation, as her cheeks, neck, and bosom—which last she did not veil with anything like the propriety of Miss Marlinspike or Miss Rowbottom—were all of the same cloudy aspect, neither red nor white, but a yellowish drab, streaked in the manner that we town folks sometimes see our "fresh butter" in the morning, when our purveyor, instead of the pure white unction, foists upon us "salt Dutch," half scalded and half washed. Bating this temporary suspension of her natural carnation, Miss Victoria Frump was as desirable a little dumpling as one would desire to have placed before one of a Christmas Day or Easter Sunday, to

crown the pleasures of a sumptuous feast. According to French custom—that is, the French custom current in the English boarding-houses of Paris—the dishabille of the three ladies was truly *sans gêne*. Miss Marlinspike's feet, thrust into embroidered slippers, were unencumbered with stockings, and from time to time twinkled with ruby lustre from beneath her agitated petticoat; Miss Louisa's hose, ungartered, and probably unsustained by any great circumference of calf, hung loose and wrinkled about her ankles, and both maidens' brows were ornamented with clustering curl papers which a poetic imagination, if in a high complimentary mood, might liken to the graceful vine-leaves surrounding two Corinthian capitals of Parian marble. Miss Victoria's hair, partly twisted into a sailor's knot on the top of her cranium, and partly kept from falling over her face by the easy expedient of converting her ears into a pair of holdfasts, was, as indeed her whole being, internal and external, in most admired disorder. It will be but just, before we proceed further, to communicate to our reader all we know ourselves concerning the antecedents of these fair ones, so that we may have no advantage over him in the unfolding of the forthcoming events. This will be shortly done by informing him that Miss Marlinspike was a fixture in the boarding-house at least since the revolution of 1830, records beyond that period not being extant; that Miss Rowbottom was another for about half that time; and that Miss Frump was but a new moveable, lately imported with her mamma from the London manufactory. With that intuitive perception for which women are remarkable, they had discovered that some relationship or connexion existed between them—although it would have bothered the House of Lords itself to trace the special pedigree they decided on—and then they became, as was but natural, affectionate and inseparable companions. Miss Frump had gone the previous evening with her amiable parent to a ball which had been talked of for many days before, leaving the boarding-house with a face as round and as red as a rose, and she had returned at an unwonted early hour, and she had tumbled and tossed in bed until summoned to breakfast, and until five minutes before she appeared in "the cabinet" with the lily visage we have before remarked. What wonderful changes will a single little incident of an evening, aided, it may be, by a slight disarrangement of bile, sometimes work upon the physiognomies of impressionable and sensitive maidens!

The two more experienced damsels saw, as soon as she entered the cabinet, that all was not happy with their dear friend, and they had their surmises, no doubt, as to the cause of her disorder; but though they burned to learn the secret of her chagrin, they knew too well the temper they had to deal with to press for an explanation at once. They bided their time, as we have seen, wisely using the *déjeûner* as a double stop-gap, taking care the while to note minutely the various phases which the passion of Victoria exhibited, and communicating their observance of them to each other by nods, winks, and hems, which they edged in between the pauses of their aforementioned chat. At length the crisis of her fit having arrived, when it was painfully palpable that the poor girl longed as heartily to unburthen her griefs to her friends as they did to relieve her of part of the

weight, which occurred at the precise moment when Miss Marlinspike's last spoonful of *café* sunk into eternal night; that kind soul, approaching her chair to Victoria, thus opened the delicate investigation:

"What in the name of patience can have happened, ma chère Victoire, that drove you back, last evening, from the ball at so ridiculous an hour, and that has given you this morning a face as pale and as insipid, par exemple, as a boiled leg of mutton wanting the caper sauce?"

It rarely happens that an ill-cooked compliment, such as that served up by Miss Marlinspike, improves the looks of the person to whom it is presented. In this instance it had the effect of rendering Victoria's countenance very like indeed to the sheepish thing suggested. She turned poutingly from her interrogator, and suppressing both a tear and a sigh, by a great effort, merely answered, "Nothing."

"O do, dearest Victoria," exclaimed Louisa coming to the assistance of cousin Hebe, and placing her arm round the waist of the afflicted Victoria—"tell us what has occurred. You know we are friends—indeed all but sisters. Do, darling Vic!" and she kissed her friend affectionately.

A rock could not have resisted such an appeal. Victoria had nothing of flint in her composition,—she was all softness,—her sorrows thus gushed forth:—

"You know what pains I took to dress, and how anxious mamma was that I should look well last night?"

"Yes, yes," lisped both listeners, simultaneously, each taking a hand of the narrator in one of her own, and drawing as close to her as possible.

"That was, you must know, because I was to be introduced to a gentleman—a—a—Oh! a very nice young gentleman, with immense estates, and handsome, and the son of a baronet, that mamma and Madame Mari have been planning to get for me as a husband."

"And have you then congéed Monsieur Auguste?" demanded the honest pair, with the air of astonishment and revolt at the idea of such a barbarity.

"O, name him not, I beseech you," cried Victoria, her anguish bursting forth in loud sobs,—"I am ruined by that hateful wretch!"

"Ruined! Mon Dieu! Est il possible?" actually screamed the twin sisters, each dropping the hand she held, and moving away from poor undone Victoria.

"Yes," continued the girl, heedless of retiring friendship; "as he had no invitation to the ball himself, not being acquainted with Madame Mari, nothing less would content him than to see me *en grande toilette* before my departure—which you are aware he did—and to stick to my skirts until he saw me absolutely seated in the carriage."

"Yes, yes, we know," breathed the deeply-interested angels of sympathy, again pressing close to Victoria, and supporting her with their loving wings.

"Well, during that time he took an opportunity to present to me the horrid miniature of himself which he has so long been boring me about, and which, with that ridiculous sentiment that all Frenchmen affect, placing round my neck with his own hand, he prayed I might

wear during the *soirée*, to prevent the image of any other stealing towards my heart. Of course I humoured the fool in what I then thought a favour of no consequence, and, allowing the delicate gold chain by which it was suspended to be seen as a pretty foil upon my neck, hid the ugly daub itself from sight in the bosom of my robe. 'Adieu!' cried the wretch at parting—'Je suis si faché dat I cannot have de grande extase to valtz vid you to-nigh.' 'Et moi aussi—J'en suis bien fachée, Monsieur Auguste,—I should wish of all things you were coming,' replied I, glad to get rid of him by so simple a little fib. The ball was splendid. The music, dresses, ornaments, refreshments, company—all magnifique. I think it was, without exception, the réunion the most recherchée that I have seen since I came to Paris. I was delighted. Mamma said I looked 'quite a duck,' and I am certain that I felt sure of making a conquest. At length Mr. Standish made his appearance, and was introduced to me. How my heart beat! such a handsome man! so tall—elegant—complimentary and seductive! He engaged me to dance. We talked and laughed during the entire set, so as to put the quadrille parties into terrible confusion, to our great mirth and their inexpressible vexation. I never felt half so pleased with any man before, and he told me over and over again that until then he had not found one lady who came up to his beau ideal of a wife. I was engaged by him for the next waltz. This measure I concluded was definitive. I was wrapt in Elysium. He never left my side a moment, unless it were to render some little attention to mamma. In the meantime music became the order. Some pieces were played, and a duet or two sung. My time for 'showing off' came. I was so elated with my success, that I felt not the slightest diffidence, and, led forward by Mr. Standish, and seated at the harp, I ran over the strings with the nonchalance of a professor, and began to hum an air preparatory to my grand display. I saw Mr. Standish's eyes sparkling with pleasure; he was evidently proud of me, and I was as vain of him as if he were already mine. At length collecting all my power, and determined to make a hit, I struck the first notes of 'Di piacere;' and, as the thrilling words, 'Mi balza il cor,' rushed from my lips with a truth and force I had not thought I possessed, and, as my impassioned glance encountered his at the instant, I saw his face literally glowing with rapture, and I felt my own brain tingling with the tumultuous inspirations of assured triumph. Enthusiastic applause followed my performance, and I was led back to my seat by Mr. Standish, who showered upon me words of praise that I believe none but he could utter. Dancing recommenced, but according to mamma's advice, conveyed to me in a whisper, I declined any other partner than Mr. Standish, and he preferring the 'sweet converse of the soul,' we continued our delicious *tête-à-tête*, much to the scandal, I dare say, of the mawkish demoiselles present, who, you know, are not permitted to say more to a man than 'Oui, oui, monsieur,'—'No, no, monsieur,'—'Monsieur il faut que vous vous addressiez à maman.' 'Shall we take a promenade? this salon is insufferably warm?' demanded Mr. Standish of me; a request with which I willingly complied. Leaning on his arm, and drinking in the intoxicating sounds of his sweet and eloquent tongue,

whose words he illustrated by shedding the almost dazzling light of his love-lit eyes upon mine at each emphasis, we passed and repassed through the long suite of apartments careless of what was thought of, or of what persons noticed us. There was a charming little conservatory adjoining one of the salons, filled with exquisitely odorous plants, and thither, after we had promenaded, he drew me. There was not a soul to interfere with our communion. Seating himself beside me, and gently insinuating his arm round my waist, he redoubled his pleasing efforts; his thoughts acquired an intenser warmth, and his manner partook of the freedom of an all but accepted lover. He asked me if I were engaged--if I had ever loved—encouraged—thought of any man before that blessed evening? To these questions—impertinent though they were—I, of course, strenuously answered, No. His bliss was sublime! 'I have found at length,' he cried, kissing my hand, 'what I had despaired of meeting,—an artless and a talented girl, unspoiled by the contagion of the world—one worthy to be the wife of an honest man. Tell me, dearest, dearest Miss Frump,—may I,—oh, may I hope?' Pronouncing these last words in those abrupt and fervid gusts which evinced that each was a pulse of a heart feverish with anxiety, surcharged with impetuous hope, his hand—which I know not how had, during our discourse, played about my shoulder, keeping time with the impulses of his spirit, tugged and tugged at the chain that surrounded my neck, and that I had stupidly forgotten to take off, as soon as Auguste was out of sight—until, lo! the abominable miniature jumped forth, and stopped the floodgate of his passion with a sudden shock that made us both tremble like aspens."

"Quel contre-temps!" ejaculated Miss Marlinspike. Miss Rowbottom's effort at the enunciation of even an interjection failed—*vox faucibus hæsit*, so overmastering was her horror.

The unhappy Victoria resumed:—

"'What's this? who's this?' demanded he, with a sharp suppressed voice, whose tones pierced my very marrow. I knew not whether I was dead or alive. 'It is—it is—nobody,' was all I could mutter; and then, summoning all my resolution, added with a tremendously forced smile, 'that is, only my cousin.' 'It is not usual to wear a cousin's miniature, nor to consider a cousin nobody, Miss Frump,' remarked he in a cool, sarcastic manner, seating himself again by me, but at a much more respectful distance. I plunged into an elaborate explanation, the best that my imagination could supply, and was upon the point of regaining the position I had lost, when—O fatality!—I don't think I can finish."

"O go on—go on, for pity's sake,—I shall die unless you conclude," cried Louisa, with supplicating hands and eyes, her voice having broken loose in a cataract.

"When, who should stand before us, but the detestable Auguste himself."

"How, Auguste? O, quel horreur!" shrieked the electrified maidens.

"Yes, there he was—the ghoul! just at the critical moment—face to face with his ugly self. There could be no mistake. The long

wear during the *soirée*, to prevent the image of any other stealing towards my heart. Of course I humoured the fool in what I then thought a favour of no consequence, and, allowing the delicate gold chain by which it was suspended to be seen as a pretty foil upon my neck, hid the ugly daub itself from sight in the bosom of my robe. 'Adieu!' cried the wretch at parting—'Je suis si faché dat I cannot have de grande extase to valtz vid you to-nigh.' 'Et moi aussi—J'en suis bien fachée, Monsieur Auguste,—I should wish of all things you were coming,' replied I, glad to get rid of him by so simple a little fib. The ball was splendid. The music, dresses, ornaments, refreshments, company—all magnifique. I think it was, without exception, the réunion the most recherchée that I have seen since I came to Paris. I was delighted. Mamma said I looked 'quite a duck,' and I am certain that I felt sure of making a conquest. At length Mr. Standish made his appearance, and was introduced to me. How my heart beat! such a handsome man! so tall—elegant—complimentary and seductive! He engaged me to dance. We talked and laughed during the entire set, so as to put the quadrille parties into terrible confusion, to our great mirth and their inexpressible vexation. I never felt half so pleased with any man before, and he told me over and over again that until then he had not found one lady who came up to his beau ideal of a wife. I was engaged by him for the next waltz. This measure I concluded was definitive. I was wrapt in Elysium. He never left my side a moment, unless it were to render some little attention to mamma. In the meantime music became the order. Some pieces were played, and a duet or two sung. My time for 'showing off' came. I was so elated with my success, that I felt not the slightest diffidence, and, led forward by Mr. Standish, and seated at the harp, I ran over the strings with the nonchalance of a professor, and began to hum an air preparatory to my grand display. I saw Mr. Standish's eyes sparkling with pleasure; he was evidently proud of me, and I was as vain of him as if he were already mine. At length collecting all my power, and determined to make a hit, I struck the first notes of 'Di piacere;' and, as the thrilling words, 'Mi balza il cor,' rushed from my lips with a truth and force I had not thought I possessed, and, as my impassioned glance encountered his at the instant, I saw his face literally glowing with rapture, and I felt my own brain tingling with the tumultuous inspirations of assured triumph. Enthusiastic applause followed my performance, and I was led back to my seat by Mr. Standish, who showered upon me words of praise that I believe none but he could utter. Dancing recommenced, but according to mamma's advice, conveyed to me in a whisper, I declined any other partner than Mr. Standish, and he preferring the 'sweet converse of the soul,' we continued our delicious *tête-à-tête*, much to the scandal, I dare say, of the mawkish demoiselles present, who, you know, are not permitted to say more to a man than 'Oui, oui, monsieur,'—'No, no, monsieur,'—'Monsieur il faut que vous vous addressiez à maman.' 'Shall we take a promenade? this salon is insufferably warm?' demanded Mr. Standish of me; a request with which I willingly complied. Leaning on his arm, and drinking in the intoxicating sounds of his sweet and eloquent tongue,

whose words he illustrated by shedding the almost dazzling light of his love-lit eyes upon mine at each emphasis, we passed and repassed through the long suite of apartments careless of what was thought of, or of what persons noticed us. There was a charming little conservatory adjoining one of the salons, filled with exquisitely odorous plants, and thither, after we had promenaded, he drew me. There was not a soul to interfere with our communion. Seating himself beside me, and gently insinuating his arm round my waist, he redoubled his pleasing efforts; his thoughts acquired an intenser warmth, and his manner partook of the freedom of an all but accepted lover. He asked me if I were engaged--if I had ever loved—encouraged—thought of any man before that blessed evening? To these questions—impertinent though they were—I, of course, strenuously answered, No. His bliss was sublime! 'I have found at length,' he cried, kissing my hand, 'what I had despaired of meeting,—an artless and a talented girl, unspoiled by the contagion of the world—one worthy to be the wife of an honest man. Tell me, dearest, dearest Miss Frump,—may I,—oh, may I hope?' Pronouncing these last words in those abrupt and fervid gusts which evinced that each was a pulse of a heart feverish with anxiety, surcharged with impetuous hope, his hand—which I know not how had, during our discourse, played about my shoulder, keeping time with the impulses of his spirit, tugged and tugged at the chain that surrounded my neck, and that I had stupidly forgotten to take off, as soon as Auguste was out of sight—until, lo! the abominable miniature jumped forth, and stopped the floodgate of his passion with a sudden shock that made us both tremble like aspens."

"Quel contre-temps!" ejaculated Miss Marlinspike. Miss Rowbottom's effort at the enunciation of even an interjection failed—*vox faucibus hæsit*, so overmastering was her horror.

The unhappy Victoria resumed:—

"'What's this? who's this?' demanded he, with a sharp suppressed voice, whose tones pierced my very marrow. I knew not whether I was dead or alive. 'It is—it is—nobody,' was all I could mutter; and then, summoning all my resolution, added with a tremendously forced smile, 'that is, only my cousin.' 'It is not usual to wear a cousin's miniature, nor to consider a cousin nobody, Miss Frump,' remarked he in a cool, sarcastic manner, seating himself again by me, but at a much more respectful distance. I plunged into an elaborate explanation, the best that my imagination could supply, and was upon the point of regaining the position I had lost, when—O fatality!—I don't think I can finish."

"O go on—go on, for pity's sake,—I shall die unless you conclude," cried Louisa, with supplicating hands and eyes, her voice having broken loose in a cataract.

"When, who should stand before us, but the detestable Auguste himself."

"How, Auguste? O, quel horreur!" shrieked the electrified maidens.

"Yes, there he was—the ghoul! just at the critical moment—face to face with his ugly self. There could be no mistake. The long

black locks à la republique,—the Vandyke tuft,—the moustache,—the real and the counterfeit—all was there. To make matters worse, the coxcomb, addressing me in the most familiar style, cried, ' Aha, Mademoiselle Victoria, I have found you at las. I was résolú to giv you von agréable surpris. Vous voyez dat I am com to de bal. Un de mes amis has don me de honneur to present me to Madam Mari.' During this impertinence I felt ready to expire, or to kill, if I knew how, the destroyer of my prospects. ' You are the cousin of mademoiselle, I presume?' calmly inquired Mr. Standish. ' Pardonnez-moi, monsieur, I hav not dat vera grand plaisir.' ' Permit me, Miss Frump, to re-conduct you to your mamma,' said Mr. Standish, with the utmost sangfroid offering me his arm, and cutting short the further explanations of the Frenchman. From that moment everything to me is a chaos. I know not how I retired from the ball,—how reached home,—how I am alive; but this I know, that I am irretrievably undone."

" Tut, tut, child. It is certainly one chance lost," cried Miss Marlinspike, soothingly; " but you have many others before you. At all events, you are still secure of Monsieur Auguste; he can easily be satisfied."

" What! have an artist—a painter,—a poor acreless mounseer, after having been within an ace of catching an expectant baronet, and an independent jointure? I shall go distracted. And as to mamma, I am sure I don't think she will ever rise from her bed after it. Never before was a poor girl's fortune so crossed at the critical moment!"

" Ah, Victoria dearest," sighed Louisa piteously, " all poor girls have their critical moments; yours has been bad enough—but it might have been worse. I, too, have had mine!"

" You don't say so?" cried little Vic, brightening up, and with a gesture strongly indicative of the truth of Rochefoucault's libellous maxim:—' That there is something in the misfortunes of even our dearest friends, not altogether displeasing to us.'—" O, Louisa love, like a darling as you are, do tell us all about your critical moment!"

Louisa shook her head dubiously, held her friends a moment in anxious suspense, and whispering, " she'd ne'er consent," consented—on condition that her story should be conserved in the most inviolable secresy. She unfolded her tale thus.

MY MOTHER.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

How freshly now, in life's departing year,
Rises, time hallow'd, on my memory,
(When all its blossoms else are in the sere,)
The flow'r that perfumed my bright infancy—
My mother! She was beautiful to view;
Lovelier than aught I've ever seen beside,
With eyes of that deep, earnest, intense blue,
That in the violet's bosom doth abide.
My mother's voice was musical and soft,
Like matin bird, it stole upon my rest;
(When in the ambient air it sings aloft
To greet the sunbeam that illumes its crest.)
It sank like melody in *all* she said:
But still its tones sank deepest, most profound,
When in the silence of the night she pray'd,
While list'ning angels hover'd *mute* around.
My mother's heart was pitiful and mild,
Full of sweet hope, and happy blissful thought,
Like to the summer-one of a young child,
That e'en in dreams no winter-cloud hath caught.
My mother's death was lovelier than her life,
Though that was pure as mortal's well could be;
No weak impatience—no remorse—no strife—
Disgraced its *awful* calm serenity.
Freighted with blessings—while she smiling slept,
Friends watching—Death her angel-spirit freed;
And but that all around me sudden wept:
I had not known that she was dead indeed.
Now I am aged, and the sins and cares
Of life my erring footsteps oft beset;
I mind me more of my dead mother's pray'rs—
The pray'rs she, tearful, bade me ne'er forget—
The pray'rs, she said, would teach me how to live
As she had done, in guileless purity;
Would teach the nothingness all earth could give:
And Oh! far better, teach like *her* to die.
My mother! though in youth's unguarded hour
I did forget those pray'rs in pleasure's smile,
Yet then, methought, from heav'n thou hadst the pow'r
To snatch me from the fascinating wile;—
Yes! thou who joy'd so at my infant birth,
Who watch'd my growth with such unceasing care,
Though taken first to Paradise from earth,
Will still protect me till I join thee *there!*

THE BACHELOR OF FIFTY.*

Louis d'Epenoy, giving his arm to Mademoiselle du Boissier, ascended the hall-steps, at the top of which appeared a servant, holding in each hand a lighted taper. This personage, grave and silent as a mute in a Turkish seraglio, preceded the couple, whose arrival he had evidently expected, and lighted the way as they entered the house. Having traversed the vestibule, ascended the staircase, and passed through several apartments whose mysterious obscurity was but faintly dispelled by the lights borne before them, the *démoiselle à marier* and her ravisher at length reached an inner drawing-room, of small dimensions, but brilliantly lighted, and warmed by a sparkling fire.

The luxurious furnishing of this room, its perfumed and voluptuous atmosphere, the warm mythological scenes depicted on the walls, the good taste and high finish of all its details, recalled to the mind those boudoirs of the time of Louis XV., so justly celebrated in the annals of courtly gallantry. Its appearance was calculated to tranquillize or to scare, according to the character of the victim it received. In spite of the respectful protestations of her ravisher, Mademoiselle Alphonsine seemed most alive to the latter feeling when the silent attendant closed the door, and left her alone with d'Epenoy. She started up like a frightened dove, and, rushing to the window, suddenly opened it; then turning to the young gallant, who watched her with astonished eyes,

"Monsieur," she said, with melodramatic effect, "know that, between death and infamy, a woman such as I chooses without hesitation."

"Why, this is as good as a scene in Ivanhoe," cried d'Epenoy, highly amused; "but though you are young, and beautiful, and virtuous as Rebecca, I confess that in audacity I cannot support a comparison with Brian de Bois Guilbert. Alas! the equals of those chivalrous Templars exist not in these degenerate days. My weak head, aching from the effects of two miserable bottles of champagne, will prove that but too clearly to-morrow. Ah, those Templars! they were, indeed, lions in boldness! But this is not the question now," pursued Louis, pressing his hand to his burning forehead. "Let us return to the order of the day. Order! order! as our honourable deputies delight to shout. The order of the day! It is this—but first allow me to shut the window."

"Monsieur, not a step nearer!" cried Mademoiselle Alphonsine, in a flurry of modesty.

"As you please, Mademoiselle," answered d'Epenoy, resuming his position with his back to the fire. "You are fond of the night air, it would appear, whilst I enjoy a fire even in July. However, this difference of taste need not interrupt our conversation. This house is the property of one of my friends, who has placed it at my disposal on the

* Continued from vol. xxxiii. p. 276.

present occasion. My tale would be long were I to enumerate all the horrors of which it has been the scene, since the days of the libertine who built it, during the regency. From the window by which you stand, you may perceive that we are in the centre of a forest. Here are no intrusive neighbours, no spies, no surveillance of police to control or take note of our deeds; in this luxurious boudoir, rape, murder, assassination might be perpetrated, and the crime remain for ever unrevealed."

"You wish to frighten me," said the spinster, with a tremulous titter, "but I cannot suppose you intend—"

"To assassinate you, sweet damsel? Far from me be such barbarous thoughts! But come now to the fire, the cold night-air is more dangerous than I."

Whether from a feeling that the dangers she dreaded to her virtue were illusory, or that the keenness of the March wind triumphed over her sense of propriety, Mademoiselle Alphonsine closed the window, and approached the fire. Louis d'Epenoy politely drew forward an arm-chair, and requested her to be seated.

"Now, Monsieur," said she, with dignity, "will you at length condescend to explain the motive of the unintelligible fraud that has been practised upon me?"

"Fraud! abduction! ravisher! Your choice of expressions is somewhat outrageous; but that matters little. Let us proceed to what is of more importance. I suspect that somewhere in your house is a paper to which I attach considerable importance. That paper I must have. To this end, you must write to your *femme-de-chambre*. You will have the goodness to tell her that, as you cannot return home this evening, you require certain articles which you will name, and, amongst the rest, the *billet* of which I speak. If it be under lock and key, as I suppose, you will entrust the key to my care. This letter written, I return to Paris. In two hours I shall be again here, and will restore you to liberty; but, until my return, you must consent to remain in this luxurious prison as hostage for the *billet*. Do you consent to my terms?"

This explanation, understood from the first mention of the *billet*, redoubled Mademoiselle Alphonsine's antipathy for Madame Gastoul.

"She has bewitched them all!" thought she; and, having never in her life succeeded in bewitching any one, she looked upon such unlawful acts as exceedingly abominable.

"You will find writing materials here," resumed Louis, pointing to a devonport placed in the corner of the chimney.

Suddenly inspired by hatred, and greedily seizing on the opportunity to revenge herself, Mademoiselle Alphonsine turned towards d'Epenoy a countenance on which amazement was admirably counterfeited.

"To what paper do you allude?" said she. "You surely do not mean a letter written by Madame Gastoul?"

"That very letter, as you well know," replied Louis briefly.

"This is strange enough," resumed Mademoiselle du Boissier. "It is true that chance threw into my hands a letter written by that lady, but it has already been reclaimed."

"By whom?"

"By the person who was leaving my apartment as you entered it."

"By M. de Morsy?"

"By M. de Morsy. He claimed the letter from me with the manner of a person authorized to make the demand, and, in my inexperience in matters of the sort, I restored it to him."

"Ah, Marquis, this is going a little too far!" cried d'Epenoy, striding furiously about the room. "You have been a spy, and I had nothing to say; but you are now a thief, and such a theft as this is an abuse of the privilege your grey hairs confer upon you. Mademoiselle," continued he, suddenly arresting his steps, "I entertain for you the most profound respect, but I know from experience that, with women, one must play a close game. You will be kind enough to remain here. Your apartment is prepared: you will have but to ring the bell, and a *femme-de-chambre* will attend to obey your orders, and provide everything for your accommodation. I must return to Paris."

"What, Monsieur!—and leave me here alone?"

"Yes, *parbleu!* If M. de Morsy has really received from you the paper in question, I will return to-morrow to deliver and re-conduct you to your own roof; if otherwise, remember my ultimatum—I will detain you as a hostage until you restore the letter I claim."

"This is abominable! Is this the way you treat a lady? Do you know, Monsieur, the risk you run?"

"What risk, may I ask?"

"I shall seek redress for this forcible detention."

"Forcible detention!—another pettifogging law-term. But no, Mademoiselle, you will seek no redress, you will keep the whole affair as secret as the grave."

"I shall appeal to the laws, I tell you."

"In that case I will do so too."

"You!"

"Without the slightest hesitation. Of what can you accuse me? Of the abduction of your amiable self! I will retort the charge, and accuse you of carrying me off."

"Scandalous!"

"As scandalous as you please; but I shall act as I have had the honour to tell you."

"Such a charge is absurd."

"Absurd—in what? a handsome young fellow may be carried off, as well as a pretty woman, and it has very nearly happened to myself before now. There is not a judge, with a grain of common sense, but would condemn you on the first view of the case. Think, besides, what will my mother, your best friend, say, when she learns that you have carried off her son? You must no longer trust to her to procure you a husband."

"Monsieur, your conduct is unworthy of a gentleman," cried Mademoiselle Alphonsine, provoked beyond all patience at this last insult.

"My conduct is a little in the style of the regency, I grant; but yours, in possessing yourself of that letter, is not quite irreproach-

able; so far we are quits. If you wish for supper, you have but to ring the bell. Here is a piano, there is a book-case. In a word, you are in a house which contains everything you can require; never has woman complained of the hospitality it affords. Allow me to remark, by the way, that any attempt to corrupt the servants will be useless: they know their duty, and would keep their own fathers or mothers close prisoners, if such were their orders. Good evening, Mademoiselle; I shall do myself the honour to visit you to morrow."

D'Epenoy bowed carelessly and left the room, before Mademoiselle du Boissier, giddy and confused by a scene so like a dream, had time to oppose his departure. Having given orders for the safe keeping of his prisoner, he re-entered his carriage, and returned rapidly to Paris, where, however, he did not arrive until an hour after midnight. It was too late to attempt to see M. de Morsy. D'Epenoy therefore went at once to bed, and did not recover from the soporific effects of the wine he had drunk until eleven o'clock. He rose immediately, and without waiting for breakfast ran to seek the marquis. Although the hour was still early, another person had been there before him—it was M. Gastoul. At eleven o'clock the candidate for the representation of Limoges appeared in M. de Morsy's drawing-room, more busy and more important than ever.

"Great news!" said he as he entered. "Our deputy is not dead, but, what amounts to the same thing, his resignation was announced to the president yesterday. It will be communicated to the Chamber to-day, and within a week the electoral college will be summoned. What were you about all yesterday? I looked for you everywhere without success. My affair goes on rapidly. I have been with the committee, and my interview with them was highly satisfactory. I am certain of their support. My circular, with some slight modifications, met with their entire approbation. You know they always insist upon some trifling verbal alterations, just to show their power. Where I had written 'movement,' they preferred 'progress,' and for the 'glorious three days,' they substituted 'the immortal revolution of 1830.' I made no objections to such insignificant corrections; but once a member of the Chamber, I shall tell them a different tale. Now I am plagued with a new difficulty: every one is of your opinion that I ought to set out at once for Limoges."

"You have no choice upon the subject," said the marquis.

"I am quite aware of it; but Madame Gastoul has, somehow or other, got it into her head, that I promised to remain in Paris until the month of June, and will not listen to a word I have to say."

"Madame Gastoul is too reasonable not to yield, when the necessity is so obvious."

"You do not know my wife; she is a charming person, but as headstrong as ———; yesterday I passed two hours in explaining my position to her, without the slightest success."

"If you wish it, I will try whether my eloquence will have any better effect," said the marquis with a faint smile.

"That is exactly what I was about to request of you. Madame Gastoul has great respect for your opinion, and I trust she will yield to your remonstrances. She is at home now, if you will do me the pleasure to make the attempt."

"It is very early," said M. de Morsy, looking at the clock.

"My wife will excuse ceremony; she will admit you, I am sure. If you go later she will probably be out."

The marquis, who only waited for a reasonable hour to make his visit to Madame Gastoul, required very little pressing. He promised the future deputy to use every effort in his behalf, and ordering his carriage, drove at once to the Rue de Provence.

Notwithstanding her anxieties, and the hatred she had so recently vowed to her too watchful lover, Madame Gastoul received him with the utmost graciousness. Confident in her power over the marquis, and making light of the spirit of resistance he had latterly displayed, she flattered herself that she should find in him a useful auxiliary against her husband, little dreaming that his services were already promised on the other side. She was therefore the first to enter upon the great question of their return to Limoges.

"I am always delighted to see you," said she, "and more particularly so to-day. M. Gastoul will soon be at home, I have no doubt, and in spite of your wilfulness the other day, I hope you will endeavour to make him listen to reason."

"Madame," replied the marquis, "my first object is to bring you back to reason. This boldness, which in another might surprise you, will appear less strange as coming from a spy."

This last word, spoken with emphasis, brought a sudden blush to Madame Gastoul's cheek.

"A spy!" said she falteringly; "my lips have never uttered such a word."

"But has your pen never written it?"

At this question, which implied a full acquaintance with a jest, of which she supposed d'Epenoy and herself alone possessed the key, the lady, totally confounded and unable to reply, cast down her eyes in silence. Touched by her embarrassment, the marquis had not the cruelty to pursue his revenge farther, and instead of profiting by his advantage, his generous heart reproached him with the unkind feeling to which he had already yielded.

"The spy," continued he, with a melancholy smile, "although you treat him very ill, is incapable of entertaining rancour or animosity against you. On the contrary, he hopes to make his presence acceptable to you to-day, for he is the bearer of good news."

"What news?" asked Madame Gastoul, taking courage to raise her eyes to his face.

M. de Morsy drew a small sealed paper from his pocket, and presented it in silence to the lady. She broke the seals mechanically; but when she had unfolded the envelope, and discovered her two letters to d'Epenoy, her agitation was so excessive, that the marquis, seeing her turn pale, supported her with his arm, and placed her in a chair.

"Be calm, my child," said he, with that accent of resigned and indulgent tenderness, which the aged alone can feel; "the danger is obviated, and you have now no cause for alarm. Mademoiselle du Boisseir will not dare to reveal what she knows; I will be answerable for her silence. M. d'Epenoy, too, will be prudent, I trust; at any

rate, his indiscretion is no longer dangerous, since here are your letters. For myself, your own heart will do me the justice to believe that I will never betray you."

"What must you think of me?" said Madame Gastoul, hiding her blushing face with both her hands, "how you must despise me!"

"I, who love you—as if you were my child," cried M. de Morsy; "*I* despise you!"

"Have I not deserved it? Ah, until this moment I never felt the enormity of my fault."

"Say rather, of your imprudence; your conduct has been nothing more than imprudent. And what woman of your age, and in your circumstances, has not, on some occasion, been carried away by her warm and inconsiderate feelings? Do not exaggerate wrongs which may so easily be repaired, but remember the danger you have to-day escaped, and let that remembrance be your safeguard for the future! What might have been the consequence, if these letters, instead of falling into the hands of a devoted friend, had remained in the possession of an unscrupulous enemy, or of a man whose discretion is at least questionable? Are they not enough to ruin a woman's reputation for ever? and you, how would your proud heart have writhed, under the disdain of a censorious and pitiless world!"

"You are right," said Madame Gastoul musingly; "and you alone give me wise and prudent counsels."

M. de Morsy tenderly pressed the hand she extended towards him, and continuing in a tone of urgent intreaty—

"Since you acknowledge the wisdom of my advice," said he, "follow it, for heaven's sake! To prolong your stay in Paris, is to incur a danger, to which you are now fully awakened. Its fevered atmosphere has already tarnished the serenity of your mind. Think again of those pleasant evenings in the country, when our existence was so tranquil, our pleasures so pure. You were happy there—are you so here? Have you no wish to revisit your family, by whom your return is so anxiously desired? your home, so sad and solitary in your absence: your garden, whose flowers bloom in vain; your poor dependents, who fear lest you should have forgotten them? Return, madame, return, I beseech you. I have restored these letters to you unconditionally; to have recovered them, what sacrifice would have appeared too great? Loving, admiring you too much, to owe your consent to motives of selfish interest, I address myself rather to the noble instincts of your heart. O tell me, that in expecting from you one resolute and courageous effort, I have not shown a foolish confidence in your character, your reason, your virtue! You will return,—is it not so?"

"You are my only true friend," said Madame Gastoul, carried away by the feelings of the moment; "I will return."

As she pronounced these decisive words, the door opened, and Louis d'Epenoy, whose heightened colour and hasty manner announced a coming storm, entered the drawing-room.

The conversation between Madame Gastoul and the marquis was interrupted just when the lady, whose agitation had a little subsided, began to feel some longing to satisfy her curiosity. Amongst the facts

unexplained, but concerning which no doubt could be entertained, connected with the letters she had recovered, one, more than all the rest, struck her immediately with equal surprise and indignation. The man, on whom she had weakly bestowed her affections, had either lost, or had allowed himself to be robbed, of the billet she had written him. This misdeed, whether caused by negligence or indiscretion, was one of those which a woman with difficulty pardons.

Already irritated against d'Epenoy, the displeasure of Madame Gastoul was redoubled on seeing him enter her drawing-room so *mal-à-propos*, and with so little ceremony. Assuming a distant and stately attitude, she received him with cold politeness, and turned her eyes in the direction of the clock, whose index scarcely yet marked the hour of noon. Notwithstanding his agitation, he understood this silent hint that his visit was untimely. A little disconcerted by a reception, which the presence of the marquis rendered doubly mortifying, he strove manfully to conceal his vexation.

"Madame," said he, with a forced smile, "I trust you will excuse the liberty I take in making my visit at so early an hour, which I should not have ventured upon, but that seeing M. de Morsy's carriage at your door, I concluded you were already visible."

Madame Gastoul bowed slightly in acknowledgment of this apology, but vouchsafed no further answer. Then turning towards the marquis—

"And you," she said, as in continuation of a conversation interrupted by d'Epenoy, "shall we see you soon in the Limousin?"

"At the end of May," replied M. de Morsy; "unless the lawsuit, which detains me in Paris, should be protracted beyond that period."

"I shall, then, be there two months before you. You shall see that the interval is not wasted. I intend the kiosk on the little island to be finished before your arrival. We will dine there the first time you come to see us."

"What, madame, are you about to return to Limoges?" asked Louis, utterly astounded at what he heard.

"Yes, monsieur," replied Madame Gastoul, briefly.

"Soon?"

"As soon as possible."

"This is, indeed, a sudden change.—Only a day or two ago your intentions were very different.—Surely you told me that you wished to remain in Paris during a part of the summer?"

"I have changed my plans."

The laconic replies of Madame Gastoul, the peremptory tone in which they were uttered, and the haughty looks which accompanied them, enchanted the marquis, as much as they mortified d'Epenoy.

"What crotchet can she have got into her head now?" thought he. "This is some new trick of that confounded old Marplot!"

Louis cast a sidelong glance at M. de Morsy, and perceived that he listened to the lady's words with an approving smile.

"Monsieur," said he, burning with passion, "I have just been at your house; I wished to have a few moments' conversation with you."

Before the marquis had time to reply, Madame Gastoul rose.

"Your conference may be held here," she said. "I will dress in the mean time; on the day before one leaves town, one has a thousand things to do."

"Your departure is, then, fixed for to-morrow?" cried d'Epenoy, with ill-suppressed vehemence.

"That will depend on M. Gastoul. For my part, I would we were already gone. Paris is delightful, but real happiness is to be found but at home. M. de Morsy, will you have the kindness to accompany me in my drive? I should forewarn you, however, that you will probably not be relieved from your attendance until dinner-time."

"I am entirely at your orders, madame," said M. de Morsy, smiling.

D'Epenoy could not misunderstand the motive of so pointed an arrangement.

"It is a polite way of telling me that I have no chance of seeing her again to-day," thought he. "What can I have done to offend her?"

Notwithstanding his ill-humour, he turned a suppliant look upon the lady, who, instead of being softened by this mute appeal, said to him in a cold and ceremonious tone,

"As I shall not, perhaps, have the pleasure of seeing you again before my departure, I will take this opportunity, monsieur, of making my adieux."

D'Epenoy bowed; his heart was boiling over with disappointment and anger; when he raised his head, the reclaimed coquette was already leaving the room.

"Are you satisfied?" asked she, in a low tone, of M. de Morsy, who had accompanied her to the door.

"You are an angel," said he, and his countenance was radiant with delight and gratitude.

Having reclosed the door, he returned slowly towards the disgraced lover, whose dismissal he had at last succeeded in obtaining.

"You had something to say to me?" asked he in a friendly tone; for in the joy of his success he had almost forgiven his rival; "speak, my dear Louis, I shall be most happy if I can render you any service."

M. d'Epenoy, considering this courteous address in the light of an insufferable sarcasm, smiled bitterly as he replied—

"No, monsieur, I have no favour to request at your hands; but I think you owe me some explanation. You are the friend of my mother; I know the respect to which you are in consequence entitled, and I trust that I shall not swerve from it. Should I, unintentionally, express myself with more warmth than our relative position warrants, I intreat your indulgence beforehand: but, if I have sufficient command over myself to speak in the measured terms I wish, my moderation will be highly meritorious, for there is nothing so difficult to digest as well-founded indignation."

"Are you, then, angry?" inquired the marquis, placidly.

D'Epenoy seemed to be employing that recipe for cooling mental irritation, which consists in thinking seven times of what one is about to say, before speaking.

"I think I shall not transgress the respect due to you," said he, at last, "when I declare that I would willingly give half my fortune that you were of the same age with myself."

"And I, my friend," replied the old man, smiling sadly, "would give, for the same purpose, everything I possess in the world; even though my renewed youth were coupled with the condition of a drive in your company to the Bois de Boulogne, or to Vincennes."

"You own, then, that I have just grounds for complaint? but let us proceed regularly. Allow me, in the first place, to ask you a simple question: did Mademoiselle du Boissier yesterday evening intrust a letter to you?"

"She did so."

"Now, will you have the goodness to inform me, what has become of that letter, which I claim as my legitimate property?"

"It is in the hands of a person, whose rights in this respect are to the full as incontestable as your own."

"As I supposed! it is to you, then, that I owe the reception I have just experienced. You contemplate your work, no doubt, with great complacency: but excuse me, if I tell you in what light I view your interference. The treatment I have met with at your hands, during the last three months," pursued d'Epenoy, growing warmer and warmer, "is scandalous and intolerable. Well then, yes! I love Madame Gastoul! It is a privilege any one may claim, and, morbleu! you claim it as well as I."

"Louis, you are not serious," said M. de Morsy, gravely.

"Monsieur, I am serious: I am not blind. We are, then, declared rivals—so far I have nothing to complain of. Do you try to advance your suit, and leave me to forward mine. All I ask is a fair field, and no favour; and this is the way in which such affairs are conducted amongst men of the world. But is this the course you have pursued towards me? Make yourself as agreeable as you can, I will not interfere with you; only I request that you will treat me with equal fairness. The chances will then be the same for both."

"There will still be a difference of five-and-twenty years between us," said M. de Morsy, checking a sigh at the recollection.

"What has that to do with the matter?"

"Thus much; that I form reasonable and dispassionate judgments, whilst you see everything through the medium of youthful passions. Listen to me, Louis; but, in the first place, banish from your mind the absurd idea of a rivalry, which my age would make ridiculous. I am not in love, as you would insinuate, but I feel for this young lady a paternal regard."

"O! paternal!"

"Yes, a paternal regard. Her husband does not watch over her with all the care he ought."

"Say nothing against him," interrupted Louis, smiling, in spite of his ill-humour; "he is an excellent fellow, and, above all, a man of the world."

"Married to such a being," resumed the marquis, with mingled contempt and indignation, "she is exposed to a thousand dangers. Would that my friendship, which you find so importunate, would that

my devotion, which you regard as espionage, might always guard her from them! In her position, to yield to the affection of any man, your's more than all, were to condemn herself to eternal regrets."

"Do not slander my love, monsieur; it is as deep as it is sincere."

"Speak lower; she is in the next room, and might overhear us. If your love is such as you describe, you should consider the fatal effect which it might have on her peace. Were she to return it," continued the old man, with a perceptible tremour in his voice, "her future life would be rendered miserable. Sooner or later, she must return to Limoges. What would then become of her, if she loved you? and what course would you pursue in such a case?"

"I would follow her."

"To be her ruin; in a provincial town, always the focus of scandal and tittle-tattle. Such conduct would be worse than foolish, it would be ungenerous, which you are incapable of being. Come, my dear Louis, be reasonable. You are young, and I do not expect from you the virtues of an anchorite. But is Paris destitute of women worthy of your admiration? Besides, is it not time for you to think of marrying?"

"You have seen my mother lately?" said d'Epenoy, ironically.

"Yes, I have seen your excellent mother. We talked long of you, of your good qualities, but a little also of your thoughtlessness, and, above all, of the devoted and tender interest which she takes in your future prospects. Your mother opened her whole heart to me, and I will not conceal from you that your pecuniary difficulties cause her some anxiety. She longs to see you reform your idle, dissipated, and yet monotonous habits. It is impossible that a man of your mind should be satisfied with the life you lead, and with the associates with whom you pass your time. Your mother, in speaking of the pleasure she should experience in seeing you change your mode of life, expressed to me her desire to arrange your affairs. You have debts; and I feel sure you might easily induce her to pay them."

"I should not have the slightest objection," said the prodigal son, readily.

"You understand that her doing so would be coupled with one little condition?"

"My becoming a Trappist, perhaps!"

"Your becoming a Trappist is not what she wishes; but rather that you should prove yourself deserving of her kindness by a reformation in your habits. After all, the proof she requires is no very great sacrifice. What say you to a short trip to Italy, or Germany—wherever you choose, in short?"

"To Limoges, for instance!" said d'Epenoy, laughing.

"Your jest appears to me ill-timed," observed the marquis, gravely.

"What appears to me more ill-timed still, is to be lectured thus, when I have such grounds of complaint against you. Our conversation, monsieur, has wandered very far from its original subject; allow me to bring it back to the point from which it started."

The young lover was about to recapitulate his charges against the marquis, when he was interrupted by M. Gastoul, who at that moment entered the room.

"Your servant, messieurs," said the master of the house, with the

abruptness of a man overburthened with the cares of business; "well, marquis, have you spoken to my wife, and with what success?"

"Madame Gastoul is ready to accompany you to Limoges," answered M. de Morsy, gravely.

"Bravissimo! how shall I express the gratitude I feel for your good offices?" said the husband, rubbing his hands joyfully, whilst d'Epenoy shrugged his shoulders in disgust. "What a pity it is that this infernal lawsuit prevents your leaving Paris! I am sure you would have had the friendship to accompany us on our journey, and to assist me with your advice and experience."

"I am sorry it is not in my power to render you that service," replied the marquis, with a slight gesture of contempt; "you know that at the present moment my presence in Paris is indispensable."

M. Gastoul turned towards his wife's younger admirer.

"Parbleu!" exclaimed he, as if struck with a new and brilliant idea, "you have no lawsuits, have you? the carnival is over, and a lion of your quality cannot with decency spend the summer in Paris; what should prevent your making a short trip into the Limousin?"

"Nothing in the world!" answered d'Epenoy, whose eye, radiant with pleasure, turned triumphantly on the dismayed countenance of his elder rival.

"Will you really have the charity to grant a short breathing-time to your victims, to come and rusticate with us for a month or two in our solitude?"

"You could not propose anything more agreeable to me. Besides, I have just been recommended to try a little country air, for the benefit of my health."

"It is agreed then?"

"With all my heart."

"But do not flatter yourself that I shall allow you to give yourself up to rural delights, before my election is finished. Business first, my dear guest. Besides, I will own to you that my invitation is not entirely free from selfishness. I count upon your diplomatic talents to make converts to my cause. In the first place, I must give dinners, and you must be kind enough to assist Madame Gastoul in entertaining my guests, for with my constant absence of mind I am utterly useless in that respect, whilst you, as I know from experience, are an Amphitryon of the first water. Moreover, you must assist me in arranging my electioneering matters. It is high time that you should commence your political apprenticeship. At present you have no other object but to pay court to pretty women, and throw dust in the eyes of the poor devils their husbands. Eh! you rogue! But in a few years, when you are married yourself, and only fit to be a deputy, you will have more ambitious views. It will be a great advantage to you to study beforehand the constitutional method of liming the twigs for the free and independent electors. You will be highly amused, I am sure."

"I am quite delighted at the prospect," said Louis, with a meaning smile.

"We may then consider it as a settled thing. I believe my wife is getting ready for her drive. Wait for me a moment here. I must

thank her for the sacrifice she is making to my wishes, and will inform her of our little plan at the same time."

So saying, he left the room in search of his wife. As soon as he had closed the door, M. de Morsy, who, during this dialogue had maintained a moody silence, approached the young lover, whose confident smile appeared to brave his power.

"You must not go to Limoges," said he, imperatively.

"You were never more mistaken in your life," replied d'Epenoy, in a tone of quiet decision.

"I tell you that you shall not go."

"What is to prevent me?"

"Personal restraint, if you are deaf to the voice of reason and delicacy."

"And who will venture to impose this restraint upon me?" demanded d'Epenoy haughtily.

"I," replied the marquis in a firm tone. "Hitherto I have spoken to you in the language of friendship; if you force me to employ them, I have means at my command which you cannot resist. A lettre-de-cachet can no longer confine in the Bastille a young man who leads a disorderly life, but there are still prisons destined to receive those who will not pay their debts. You owe me three thousand francs."

"*I* owe *you* three thousand francs," cried d'Epenoy; "really you are carrying the joke a little too far."

"Three thousand francs, for which you have given your bills to M. Jolibert, and which he has made payable to my order. These bills have been due for several days, and the non-payment of them renders you liable to personal arrest. Your purse is at a low ebb, I am well assured, and I give you fair warning that unless you pledge me your word of honour that you will not go to Limoges, I will this very day put the bills into the hands of a huissier."

"If he comes near me, this huissier of your's, I will throw him out of the window!" exclaimed the young man, highly incensed. "Besides," continued he, more calmly, "I can obtain the money within four-and-twenty hours, and to Limoges I am resolved to go; all the devils or huissiers that ever were created shall not prevent my assisting at the electoral battue of this estimable citizen, and if I can wing himself—"

"Be silent, here he comes," said the old man, prudent even in his wrath.

M. Gastoul was in fact already in the room; he approached the two rivals with an air of constraint, and hesitated for a moment before he spoke.

"Ma foi, my dear Epenoy," said he at last with a forced smile, "I fear I was rather too hasty in my invitation just now. You do not know what it is to be married; a man is not always his own master. Madame Gastoul, whom I have just informed of our project, would be delighted with your visit, of course, but she seemed to think that at Limoges people might perhaps find it singular—you know how it is in the country,—such absurd prudery, such tittle-tattle. In short, my wife is afraid that the domestication of such a lion as yourself in our house might give rise to remarks, which she would rather avoid. It

can't be helped, my dear fellow; it is the penalty attached to your good looks. But I trust this will not prevent your paying us a visit in the country, later in the season."

Whilst M. Gastoul was stammering out this explanation, the countenance of d'Epenoy became gradually overcast, whilst that of the marquis recovered its serenity.

"Infernal coquette!" muttered the younger lover.

"Adorable angel!" thought his elder rival.

IRISH SONG.

THE SHAMROCK.

(Dedicated to the hospitable and warm-hearted people of Ireland.)

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

STRIKE the harp, strike the harp, till the old hills are ringing,
With the strain that recals all the glories of yore,
And the blithe mountain echoes around me are singing,
Of the shamrock, the shamrock, the pride of our shore.
Let England exult in her gay blushing roses,
And Gallia's proud boast be her pale fleur-de-lis,
But no flower that on Nature's dear bosom reposes
Is so sweet as the green springing shamrock to me.
Strike the harp!

On land and on ocean, the heroes that bear it
Have ever been rank'd with the bravest of earth;
O! 'tis Wellington's flower, and he'll not blush to wear it,
If he loves, as he must do, the land of his birth.
Rough child of the mountain and moorland, I love thee,
Thou badge of the freeborn, and pride of the brave;
In death, as in life, thou shalt still wave above me,
The crest of my glory, and shield of my grave.
Strike the harp!

Strike the harp, strike the harp! O how memory flashes
Her funeral torch o'er the night of my mind!
Ye shades of the mighty! whose yet breathing ashes
Have so long been to silence and darkness consign'd!
They come—ah they come in their past-away splendour,
With the palm of the martyr on many a brow!
O Erin! my heart, as a woman's, grows tender,
When I think what thou once wert—and what thou art now!
Strike the harp!

THE BROTHERS.

The public acknowledgment of the brothers, as joint sovereigns of Verona, took place some days after the interview we have already described. The nobility and notables of Verona, together with those of the cities belonging to the duchy, took the oath of fealty. The commanding figure of Antonio, the martial appearance of the outward man, excited general attention, and, to a certain measure, admiration; but the gentleness, the affability, the courteous and urbane deportment of Bartholomaeo found their way to the hearts of all. Many who were awed by the haughty demeanour of the former approached the latter with easy confidence; and when the ceremony was over, the meeting dispersed, and the banquet, which was arranged with all the splendour and pomp usual on such occasions, began, the *Evivas*, which resounded in the praises of Bartholomaeo were louder and more cordial than those which were uttered for the welfare of his brother.

Several weeks passed over, and hopes were entertained that the administration of the public affairs had at length fallen into hands which were in every respect equal to the task. It is true, Bernabo Visconti invaded the ducal territory, and ravaged a part of the land, but the brothers succeeded in gaining over to their party the Counts Aucudio and Lucio Lando, who stood in the service of the enemy; their army was reinforced by some auxiliary troops from Malatesta and Carrara, and Bernabo was finally compelled to consent to an armistice. But though their arms and public actions were thus attended with decided success, their more private interests and views were disturbed in more respects than one. Antonio, who himself was anxious to contract a marriage as soon as he conveniently could, and who, in case of his having heirs, was desirous that they should anticipate the children of his brother in the succession, was continually urged by Leone Leoni to use all possible despatch in the consummation of this wish; nor was it long before the decisive step was taken. His choice fell upon Samaritana, a daughter of Guido of Polenta, Duke of Ravenna and Cercia. She was beautiful, but proud and imperious. Increase of power and authority alone had instigated the union; there was no love on either side. Samaritana had been taught to believe that the brother and co-regent of her future husband was a weak, a sickly, and a dreaming youth, and it was this supposition alone which gained her consent to a union from which, in every other respect, she would have revolted. Bartholomaeo, she fondly imagined, was but some paces removed from the grave, and she already looked upon Antonio as the sole, the independent sovereign of the country. Great and bitter was her disappointment when the veil was removed from her eyes, and she saw in her brother-in-law a young, an active, and healthy man, and possessing the affections of his people—a treasure

[1] Continued from vol. xxxiii. p. 380.

of which she was sharp-sighted enough to discover her husband was entirely destitute. The fact is, Antonio had forfeited this treasure in the very first months of his reign. Pride was a principal trait in his character, and the sternness and severity of demeanour with which it is generally attended were but too conspicuous in all his actions. These qualities were looked upon as hereditary in the Scala family, and the greater was the surprise, the more heartfelt the joy, of the people to find an exception to the general rule in the person of Bartholomaeo. If any favour had to be requested, any act of clemency besought, any tedious examination of some intricate affair required, Batholomaeo was the person to whom application was made. The patience with which he listened to the prayer of the supplicant, his readiness in granting assistance, when such was in his power, was universally acknowledged and gratefully felt, and no one ventured into his presence without the previous conviction that (even supposing his request should be refused) he would meet with kindness, and be refused in a manner which left no doubt upon his mind but that the refusal cost the prince who was obliged to make it almost as much regret as him who handed in the petition. With Antonio almost the very reverse was the case. Coldness and haughtiness were depicted in his bearing, and his refusals were too frequently couched in words which were calculated to aggrieve more than the refusal itself. The baneful influence which Leone Leoni exercised on his public actions, the understanding which existed between this favourite and the duchess, and the interested views of both, were known and felt by all. That Bartholomaeo, under such circumstances, was an object of hatred to Samaritana, need scarcely be mentioned. Through *him* it was—in consequence of *his* gentleness of character, *his* mildness of disposition, *his* popularity, that her husband's power over his subjects' affections had become diminished, and from him alone proceeded the measures which curbed and thwarted her endeavours to regain by despotic severity that absolute sway over the people's minds which kindness alone can secure. Nor had she the prudence to conceal these feelings of animosity; she acknowledged them openly; they were known by, they were talked of, by all. Two parties were thus formed at court, whose object it was to raise their own cause by calumniating that of their adversary. Had the love which once warmed the hearts of the brothers been the same, the consequences would have been inconsiderable; but the friendly feelings which, up to their father's death, had grown with their growth, and strengthened with their strength, had unfortunately become blighted—a shade had passed over their brightness—they were no longer the same. Bartholomaeo was the first to exclaim against the evident want of fraternal affection which Antonio's behaviour but too clearly manifested. He sought a private interview with his brother, and purposed to inquire into the causes which had led to this lamentable estrangement; but the warmth of affection which lay expressed in the very wish, was regarded by Antonio as affected, and though he could not refuse the request, his conduct towards his brother when they met was such that Bartholomaeo was reluctantly obliged to acknowledge the fruitlessness of his good intentions, and left him still

further from the point he had wished and hoped to attain than ever. Two circumstances contributed to widen the breach between them. The noblemen of Verona, who had drawn upon themselves the enmity of Can Signorio, and who by him had been exiled from their country, availed themselves of the present seemingly favourable state of public affairs, and petitioned to be recalled and reinstated in their rights and properties. At the instigation of Leone Leoni, Antonio refused to grant their request; but upon the general manifestation of popular discontent, which the publication of this act of impolicy occasioned, and at the urgent solicitations of Bevilaqua, Pellegrini, and finally Bartholomaeo, who foresaw and feared the consequences, he saw himself obliged to yield, and reluctantly signed the edict which sanctioned the return of the four brothers, Malaspina Antonio, Nogarolo, the Spinetas, and—the one who had incurred his bitterest hatred—Galvano of Fogliano, the favourite of Bartholomaeo, of whom, in consequence of the marked attachment which his brother manifested towards him, he had frequently been jealous, and whom, in consequence of some thoughtless speech in reference to the person who wore the ducal crown, Can Signorio had deemed it prudent to banish from his country.

But an event which took place about this time contributed, even more than Bartholomaeo's previous conduct—more than his coalescing with the wishes of the people, his exertions in the furtherance of those wishes—to excite against him the anger of his brother. Since his own marriage, Antonio had altogether desisted from urging Bartholomaeo to follow his example. The latter had repeatedly asserted that it was not his intention to choose his wife from the courts of any of the Italian princes, and the duchess had in some measure reconciled herself to the idea that her husband was but nominally sovereign of Verona, when, at an interview between the brothers, Bartholomaeo put the question, whether he would give his consent to his marrying a Veronese, provided that he (Bartholomaeo) publicly declared that the offspring of such a union should be disempowered from claiming a right to the throne, or even to the title of princes of the blood royal. Antonio unhesitatingly refused to consent. With anger depicted in his countenance, and fully expressed in his words, he reminded his brother of their father's testament, in which such a union was earnestly dissuaded, and upon Bartholomaeo's endeavouring to convince him that such a step on his part, preceded by the mentioned stipulations, could have no possible injurious effect upon him or his heirs, he gave vent to the most violent expressions, and concluded by observing, that he could pierce the veil with which his enemies sought to blindfold him, that he recognised the advice of Bevilaqua and Fogliano, but that he should find means to thwart their base designs; that the courting of popular favour had been but the commencement of those plans which were now about to show a more open character; that he earnestly forbade his brother to entertain the remotest idea of a marriage with a subject; and that if, in spite of his admonitions, he still resolved to contract such a one, he should look upon the woman, whose ambition led her to intrude into the

family of her sovereign, as a criminal, and her friends and relations as traitors.

These words caused an entire separation between the brothers. All fraternal affection was extinguished, and they now only met when the administration of public business rendered it absolutely necessary. Some months passed on in this manner. As there was no concealing the difference which existed between them, the whole court became presently divided into two opposite parties, and each looked upon the disunion of their sovereigns as a means of gaining his own private ends, and of indulging his own individual feelings of revenge. The favourites of both princes, Leone Leoni and Galvano of Fogliano, were, in some measure, looked upon as the champions of their respective parties, and, to say the truth, they neglected no opportunity that was calculated to injure their adversaries. There was, however, it must be confessed, this difference in their endeavours. Leoni, as the elder and by far the more artful of the two, acted with the full knowledge and consent of his master, while Galvano, a passionate and thoughtless youth, never accounted to his patron for the follies which his affection and zeal frequently instigated him to commit, and thus as often injured as promoted the cause he was so desirous to advocate. Meanwhile the ambitious and unprincipled influence of the duchess and Leone had so modelled the conduct of Antonio, that it did not in many respects differ from that of Can Signorio. The same uncalled-for severity, the same hauteur of demeanour, at times the very same cruelty which had characterised the latter, and made him so generally detested, were but too visible in the private and public actions of the former. It is true, Bevilaqua, Pellegrini, and Bartholomaeo, strenuously opposed the execution of all acts of despotism, and they sometimes succeeded in their endeavours; but it was effected at a price which cost them the increased animosity of the sovereign in whose bosom they originated.

It was a lovely moonlight evening in the month of May, when Antonio and Leone Leoni, closely wrapped up in their cloaks, and their faces concealed beneath the broad and slouched rims of their caps, passed through the streets of Veronetta, and having left behind them the noise and bustle of the town, turned into a path thickly lined on each side with hedges, which led to a country-house at some little distance.

"I have not even the shadow of a doubt, my prince—not the least," observed Leone; "a conspiracy, I tell you, is on the very eve of breaking out, and your brother, urged on by the whisperings of his ambition, and instigated by the advice of Galvano, is at its head. Meetings—not one—no, several—of the party opposed to you have already been held. The brothers Malaspina, whom, contrary to my advice, you recalled from banishment, are not the least inactive members; the Spinetas too are hostile to you. These meetings, these secret conferences, are held at Antonio Nogarolo's; sometimes at his town residence, sometimes here at his villa, and not a day passes but Bartholomaeo goes there in disguise.

"Dost thou really think so, Leone? Is not this Nogarola's villa, which lies before us?" asked Antonio, surprised.

"It is; but why does this surprise you?"

"Certain circumstances which are connected with it—with his family; but don't ask me any more—I cannot communicate them now. Enough—let us remain here a short time. The garden-gate is visible from here, and we can overlook the entrance. And dost thou really think ——?"

"There is some conspiracy on foot—and against you, my prince. I do not merely think it—I pledge my head for the truth of my assertion. Every possible means has been, still is, industriously employed to gain over the people. Do you think that the carriage racing, which Bartholomaeo has lately introduced, in imitation of those which annually take place at Padua on the Campo Marzo—that the running at the ring in the amphitheatre, in which he seems to take such interest—do you think, I say, that the otherwise so economical youth has introduced these popular amusements without some sinister design? No, no! The wish to increase his popularity by thus contributing to the people's amusements—to feel their pulse—from his success hitherto, to know with better certainty how far he may safely carry his plans, and that he may at the same time enjoy the pleasure of humiliating you by the applause which is heaped upon him—this, this, my prince, was the motive which stimulates him to support and favour the people in this, and all their other wishes."

"And he has succeeded," muttered Antonio; "at every feat of dexterity, in which he carried away the prize, the mob shouted for very joy. I proved myself as dexterous as he, but no shout resounded in my praise."

"But you should have noticed the earnestness of his endeavours to court the favour of the people," continued Leone. "When he made his appearance, he was thronged with supplicants. He received their petitions—the greater part he read upon the spot, and granted those which were of minor consideration without hesitation. With those whose contents required greater deliberation, he shrugged his shoulders, lamented his inability to give a decisive answer, consoled the supplicant with the flattering assurance that the case should be submitted to immediate examination, but at the same time observed that the decision did not depend upon him alone, and that your opinion upon the matter must be consulted. These, most likely, were petitions of such a nature that they could not be granted, and thus the appearance of severity and cruelty attendant upon the refusal was cast upon you, and you alone."

"Yes, yes—I know him," replied Antonio. "What I once considered mildness of disposition—a weakness—a pardonable weakness of character—that semblance of kind-heartedness, which induces him to lend an ear to every ridiculous request that is made him—the softness of manner with which he dismisses the petitioner who has had the folly and the hardihood to request of him impossibilities; they are nothing but a mask which he assumes—a wisely-calculated deceit, by means of which he fancies to gain over to his interest even him whom he is obliged to dismiss unsatisfied. I could never bring

myself to assume such a mask, to use such deceit—I never courted the affection of the people—I detested such meanness.

"You are right, noble duke," interrupted the knight. "The horse that has been trained to obey the voice of its rider, is the very first to become unruly in case of emergency. Let him feel the rein, and he will never think of disobeying the spur."

"But say—what can be Bartholomaeo's intention?" asked Antonio, ruminating.

"Intention! is it not as clear as the sun at noon? his aim, the sole object of his ambition, is to possess the reins of government alone."

"Go to, Leone! thy folly makes me laugh," replied the duke, suppressing a smile. "Depose me! compel me to abdicate in his favour—enter the lists with me—openly attempt my life!—pshaw, Leone! it must be by other means than these that he would attempt such a step—I fear it not from assumed friendship and cunning."

"And still, he *will* depose you—he *will* force you to abdicate—and this without a struggle," continued Leone.

"I verily believe thou hast taken leave of thy senses, Leone," exclaimed Antonio, contemptuously.

"I never spoke more considerately. Noble duke, if you do not anticipate the endeavours of your brother, you are, within the space of some few moons, no longer Verona's duke,—you are, notwithstanding all your endeavours, cooped up *there!*"

The knight pointed to the mountain on which the ruins of Theodoric's fortress were visible, and which had, in later years, been converted into a castle for the detention of state prisoners.

"What!" exclaimed the duke, "and surrounded by my German body-guards, who love me?"

"And who will love any and all," interrupted the knight, "who pay them for the exertion, who, when matters come to the worst, will be easily overpowered by the rebellious nobility. Reckon not on your German hirelings, my sovereign,—they cannot, they will not assist you—they cannot relieve you. There is but one means left you; anticipate your brother's designs, that you may not, when you least expect it, be taken prisoner—mayhap by the very men whose fidelity and affection you would so fondly trust. Yes, noble duke, I repeat it, you will be surprised in the midst of your fancied security. Don Bartholomaeo will inform you, with his wonted kind-heartedness and mildness, that you are no longer Verona's sovereign,—that he, in compliance with the urgent entreaties of the people, has been reluctantly compelled to accede to this step and assume the reins of government alone—nay even, he will add, for your own security, he has deemed it most prudent to see you safely deposited in St. Angelo's tower,—that these measures were, however, but temporary, called forth by the emergency of the occasion,—that you shall retain your freedom, and be indulged with an inconsiderable pension, which you shall be permitted to enjoy in any castle you may think proper to make choice of in the neighbourhood of Trient, surrounded by an agreeable, mountainous scenery, and the pure and wholesome breezes of heaven!"

"Before Bartholomaeo carry matters to this pass, Leone, I swear

he shall fall by my own right hand," exclaimed Antonio, half unsheathing his dagger.

"Revert the words which you have just uttered, noble duke, and you need no better counsellor, no more certain protector of yourself, your wife, and crown," replied Leone, in an exalted tone of voice, and laying his hand on the prince's arm.

Antonio was on the point of repeating his determination, or of making further observation to Leone's remark, when his attention was directed to the opening of the garden-gate, within view of which this conversation took place. Two persons issued from the garden in close and confidential conversation. The duke and his favourite concealed themselves behind the mulberry hedge, which extended along the sides of the path. The couple approached in the direction of the listeners. The youth was Bartholomaeo, in civil apparel, and his companion, a young lady, whose bearing denoted rank. Her dress was ornamented with pearls and a profusion of roses and other flowers. From the outward appearance of the maiden it was evident that she had but just left the ball-room, perhaps absented herself from it by stealth. The lovers, for such they were, conversed for some time in so low a tone of voice, that their conversation was lost upon Antonio and Leone, although the bearing of Bartholomaeo, the kisses he impressed upon the hand and cheek of his lovely companion, sufficiently betrayed its nature.

"And now, dearest Lucretia, I dare not take thee further; return, my darling—not another step," said Bartholomaeo, pressing the maiden to his bosom. "How easily we might be surprised—overheard, and how serious the consequences might be! Let us be cautious, dearest, that I may, in a few weeks, with greater safety and security to both, appear publicly at thy side as thy lawful protector."

"Dearest Bartholomaeo," replied the maiden, "I cannot leave thee yet. Thou comest so seldom—ah—and thou remainest so short a time—no, no, I cannot leave thee yet!"

"I leave thee, dearest Lucretia, that I may return the sooner," replied Bartholomaeo, pressing a farewell kiss upon her cheek.

After the interchange of a few more sentences, which were unintelligible to Antonio and his favourite, the maiden retraced her steps, and Bartholomaeo, pursuing the path which led to the town, was soon out of sight.

"Did you hear what he said?" asked Leone scornfully, and looking stedfastly at the prince. "Do you still doubt? Are you still incredulous? Is it not now as clear as the mid-day sun that your enemies are complotting against you—that their meetings are held in this house?"

It was as if Antonio did not hear the questions which Leone was pouring upon him. He seized the hand of the knight, and pressing it convulsively between his own, said in a half-suppressed tone, "The maid, the maid, Leone, who was she?"

"Did you not see—did you not observe her?" replied his companion. "But in sooth, I am not surprised that you should not immediately have recognized her, for she seldom or never appears in public. It is Lucretia, the daughter of Nogarolo. The father was

banished to Florence, and as she at that time was quite a child and was educated there; you most likely never saw her before?"

"I have, I have!" exclaimed Antonio. "I *have* seen her before; and who, that has seen her once, can ever forget her? I tell thee, Leone, her features are indelibly engraved upon my heart!"

"Noble duke, how can that be possible? you must be mistaken," observed Leone, shaking his head.

"It is enough, almost enough, Leone, to make one believe in witchery—magic—the influence of—I know not what," replied the duke. "I have already spoken with thee of the picture which was found with the treasure of Mastin, and which, as Bartholomaeo refused to yield to me his joint possession, I destroyed. In the document which I showed thee, the maid whom this picture was intended to represent, is called *Lucretia Nogarolo!*"

"By heavens, a most strange coincidence!" exclaimed Leone.

"But what sayest thou," continued the duke; "what wilt thou say, when I assure thee, that the features of that Lucretia exactly corresponded, even to the veriest minutia, with the features of the living Lucretia, who but now stood before us!"

"And you were able, by the pale shine of the moon, to make this important discovery?"

"Not exactly," replied the duke. "You must know, some days ago I walked out into the country. Chance led me to the spot where we are now standing. I say chance, for I swear to thee I had no other object in view than the wish to get rid of the ill-humour within me, and to allay the excitation of spirit which the obstinacy of my council and the conduct of Bartholomaeo had occasioned. As I was passing yon lattice-door, my eye fell upon the figure of a female, who was sitting on the turf by the side of that cypress tree; her appearance engrossed my whole attention; I stood rooted to the ground. Her dark brown hair, her noble brow, the beautiful neck—all, everything—feature for feature—was the exact counterpart of what I had beheld in the picture. From that day, Leone, from that moment,—for it was but a moment that I saw her—her features have ever been present to me; night and day, dreaming and waking, she constitutes my only thought!"

Leone was silent for a moment; but his piercing eye was steadily fixed upon the duke. He was internally not displeased at the discovery which was made him, although the cold tone in which his answer was couched did not manifest it.

"After what has but this moment passed beneath your eyes, methinks, noble duke, you would but consult your interest, to banish the thought from your memory as speedily as possible."

"Never, never!" exclaimed Antonio.

"Why, then, I can but express my regret, my pity," replied the knight. "The married duke of Verona cannot, dare not reckon on any favourable reception from the mistress of his unmarried brother, and still less on any reciprocity of affection."

"Yes, yes, I know it, I feel it full well," interrupted Antonio. "I am well aware of the madness—the more than madness of the sin—the crime, of this passion; but I cannot, Leone, I am not able to re-

sist it! I tell thee the maiden shall, *must* be mine—mine, I say, against her very inclination—without her I cannot live!"

"That is saying nothing, nay, worse than nothing," interrupted Leone. "You have, as yet, not been able to come to any decision upon matters of a more feasible, practicable nature,—excuse my openness, gracious prince—and you will seize that which is unattainable? Did you not hear what your brother said but two minutes ago? 'Let us be cautious, dearest, that I may, in a few weeks, with greater safety and security to both, appear publicly at thy side as thy lawful protector.' How do you explain—how *can* you explain these words, otherwise than, 'in a few weeks thou art my wife, and sittest with me upon Verona's throne?'"

"Dost thou really think so?"

"Think, noble duke? I think no more. I *have* thought, now I am convinced. If you do not adopt preventive measures, you are lost!"

"That eternal political ditty again, Leone, which your hatred to Bartholomaeo, and—I'd fain believe it, and do—your love for me, induces you to ring continually in my ears. To arrest him without satisfactory proofs in hand—to condemn him without them—you know, as well as I do, is totally impossible. Would it not cause an immediate rebellion—an open insurrection? satisfactory proofs of his guilt cannot be produced in a moment; it requires time, days, weeks, and in the meantime this maiden—this being of a lovelier world—Lucretia, becomes privately his *wife!* No, no, Leone, the thought will drive me mad! I tell thee, man, we must devise other means. What thinkest thou of ——?"

"Speak it not," interrupted Leone, "speak it not, noble duke. Do not, for a moment, harbour the thought. The daughter of a nobleman—a man, whom against your will you have but just recalled from banishment—to *force* her to your wishes——"

"No, no! I see it, Leone; it would not do; you are right; it would be wantonly lighting the torch of rebellion; think of something else—some other plan."

"One means—yes, I know but *one*," said Leone, hesitatingly, and cautiously looking around him, as if he suspected an intruder behind the branches of the hedge. "I know—I can but think of one means. On the throne and in love, Bartholomaeo will ever be in your way; all would be removed if—if he no longer existed."

"No," exclaimed Antonio, indignant at the proposition, "No, Leone, I hate him—at least I think I hate him—have hated him, since I ceased to love him—but his life—his life is sacred."

"Very praiseworthy, noble duke; but then, such being the state of your feelings on this point, I would earnestly advise you to be heedful of his ambition, and, above all things, to resign all thoughts of Lucretia Nogarolo."

"The first I promise thee; the latter is not within my power."

Leone shrugged his shoulders.

"Thou art bold and cunning," continued Antonio, pressing his favourite's hand; "devise some plan, by means of which I can make the maiden mine, and the Villa Alle Brentelli, of which thou hast long been covetous, shall be thine."

"It is impossible, noble duke, totally impossible," replied Leone, after a pause.

"Nothing is impossible to resolution and courage! Be profuse in thy donations—make no account of gold—"

"Nogarolo is not wealthy; but he belongs to the first, the noblest families of Verona," replied the knight.

"Load him with honours—promise him the first, the most influential post in the government; allude to the possibility of a divorce between me and—"

"His daughter is the affianced bride of Bartholomaeo, and hopes to become his wife."

"By the living God she shall not—she shall not!" ejaculated Antonio, clenching his fist; "I tell thee, Leone, she shall not! Devise a means, Leone—dearest Leone, devise some means—think of some plan—remember the villa cost me more than three hundred thousand lires."

"As long as Bartholomaeo lives it is useless—it were madness to adopt the usual methods in the endeavour to attain the end we have in view. There is but another left us,—but it is uncertain, hazardous, and difficult."

"Let it be as difficult as it may, I will attempt it!"

"I propose it very unwillingly," continued Leone. "The veriest accident—circumstances which we can neither foresee nor control, may render it dangerous—useless—"

"What is it, Leone? God be praised that there is still room left to hope! Tell me it, Leone,—thy plan."

"A philter!"

"A love potion?" asked the duke, hesitatingly; "but say, where are we to get it? how to apply it? besides, I must say, I place little confidence in its effects."

"Hem! as to the effects, I think I might venture to answer for them; I know of an instance which forbids me to doubt."

"But how are we to apply it, supposing we succeed in procuring it?"

"There lies the difficulty; but still, methinks I could devise a means—"

"And the mixture itself—where can you procure it, Leone?"

"O, that is the least difficult matter," replied Leone, pointing at the same time to a dilapidated cottage at no very great distance from where they were standing. "Beverages of this precious nature are brewed there."

"You don't say so," exclaimed Antonio, surprised.

"Did your highness never hear of the old woman—the sybil of Sebioncello? No! I am surprised at that. Your father often availed himself of her ability—at least, the world maintains he did; though the mixtures with which she furnished him were in no way allied to or productive of love. Gratitude for these and other favours induced him to make her a present of the cottage she now inhabits. Properly speaking, it is part and parcel of Nogarolo's possessions; but as he was an exile, your father considered himself justified in disposing of it."

"This is the first account I ever heard of her," said Antonio, with visible surprise; "the very first, I do assure thee, Leone. So you think a philter were the best—the only means?"

"Knew I of a better, I assure you I would not propose this; it is little better than bad, from the very difficulty with which its application is connected; but if your highness wishes it, I will visit the woman; she looks upon me as one of her acquaintance."

"Do so, Leone; go to her and—know you what? I am curious to see her—I will accompany you."

"It were decidedly better that you did not," replied the knight; "but," continued he, after a pause, "Can Signorio did not make her his confidante for nothing, and she will see her own interest is concerned in being silent on the matter."

With these words, the knight drew his cloak more closely around him, and motioning his princely companion to precede him, turned down a path which led in the direction of the sibyl's cottage. A walk of some minutes brought them to the door, over which two willows spread their branches. Leone appeared to be no stranger to the localities. Instead of knocking at the door, which a stranger in all probability would have done, he turned round the corner of the building, and rapped three times on the window-shutter. To this summons no answer was immediately returned, and he repeated it. After a short time an upper casement was slowly opened.

"Patience! patience!" exclaimed the harsh voice of an old woman; "what uncourteous men are ye to disturb a miserable old woman in her quiet occupations? Do you wish to bring down upon me the whole body of the sbirri, that ye make such a disturbance?"

Several minutes elapsed, in which the patience of the duke was put to the utmost stretch, when suddenly the back-door of the house was opened, through which a lady, closely veiled, passed and quickly disappeared. The duke was on the point of entering the house, when the inmate placed herself in his way, boldly seized him by the arm, and turned him round, so that the light of the moon fell full upon his features.

"Who art thou? what seekest thou? I know thee not, and yet the rap—"

"Was not altogether unfamiliar to thy ears, old Hecate, eh?" interrupted Leone.

"Ah! is it thou, my son?" exclaimed the old woman, breathing more freely. "Dear-o' me, dear-o' me! Walk in—come in."

The duke and his companion groped along a dark passage, whilst the old woman remained behind to lock the door, and after some time, and no less difficulty, found their way to a small apartment, whose whole appearance bespoke the extreme poverty of the possessor, and whose only light proceeded from the dying embers of a miserable fire. The principal article of furniture consisted of a cupboard, let into the wall, a large table, and a broken and ragged arm-chair, of which a purring tortoiseshell cat had taken undisputed possession. The inhabitant, as it seemed the sole inhabitant of the cottage, was the old woman, whose years, to judge from outward appearance, had long since numbered the appointed "three score and ten," and whose body was bent nearly

double. Her dress corresponded with the miserable appearance of her dwelling; but though expressive of the direst poverty, there was a degree of cleanliness about it which indicated better days, and a more cultivated taste in the wearer. Upon her return to the room, into which Antonio and Leone had groped their way, she cast an inquisitive look upon the former. Her countenance was calculated to excite attention in the beholder. Without being decidedly deformed, it would be difficult to meet with a physiognomy more disgustingly ugly than that with which nature had gifted her. Its complexion was the deepest brown; the nose descended completely over the toothless mouth; but the most singular, sinister, and revolting expression lay in the eye, whose peering glance, and the continued opening and shutting of whose lids contributed, more than all its furrows, indentions, and excrescences, to assimilate the whole face to that of an ape's. Leone met her inquisitive look with perfect indifference; he seemed to be quite at home, for no sooner was he in the apartment than he ejected the four-footed favourite from her easy quarters, motioned to the duke to take possession, and threw himself upon one of the wooden stools, of which there were two or three standing about.

"Well, thou favoured disciple of Belzebub—not yet hung—not yet drowned—not yet whipped out of thy quarters? Now, that's what I call having the devil's luck, and one's own to boot. But tell me, who was the lady who just left thee?"

"Should any one ask you what your name was, methinks you would be acting wisely to say you did not know," replied the old woman, by no means pleased with Leone's familiarity and coarseness. "Besides, the object of the signora's visit to me was perfectly innocent."

"Most assuredly," interrupted Leone, laughing. "She only wanted a powder, or something of the kind, for her jealous husband, or an indifferent gallant, or for both—nothing worse, I'll warrant it."

"You are as malicious and satirical as ever, I see; you are always seeking to ruin the hard-earned reputation of a poor but upright widow, although you know full well that all my actions are just and honest," said the woman, casting an inquisitive glance at the duke.

"Spare your breath, mother Beelzebub, and don't talk like a fool. If you were what you say, and would fain make my companion believe, we should not be here, nor need you cast such suspicious looks on my friend."

"Whose name I was just going to ask you. I am sure I must have seen the signor before—his features are so familiar to me; but my memory begins to fail me, and I cannot, for the life of me, remember where."

"Memory fails, sayest thou?—a real blessing—a particular favour of Heaven!" interrupted Leone. "For my part, I consider those persons truly blessed and enviable, whose memory is weak and treacherous, as it is called. As to the name of my companion, thou witch of Endor," and here he imitated the old woman's tone of voice, "if any one should ask thee about it, why, say you did not know."

"I am not inquisitive, my son," replied the woman, nodding her head; "if there were not a certain similarity of feature, I should

never have troubled myself about it; but it is a wicked age we live in, and however honest, however upright one's intentions may be, caution is indispensable."

"Now by the bones of St. Zeno!" exclaimed the knight, bursting into a loud fit of laughter, "thou speakest for all the world, as thou wert troubled with what the people call a conscience, and as if the thing began to molest thee in thy old days. But it won't go down with me; I know thee of old; thou thinkest, forsooth, by giving thyself a sanctified air, thou mayest, with a better grace, augment the contributions thou intendest to levy on our purse! Pass off thy tricks upon the uninitiated, old woman; I tell thee, they won't pass current with me. Dost remember the little Genoese—the signora Benedetta of Aquilega?"

"Santa Madonna!" cried the old woman, whom the allusion to by-gone scenes in the presence of a third person greatly exasperated—"Santa Madonna! this is the reward one gets for endeavouring to serve one's friends! this is the meed of kindness! this is gratitude with a vengeance! to reproach *me* with interested motives—me—who—O it is abominable!—were I what you say I am, should I be poor—should I be destitute, should I be alone, and miserable, and wretched, as you see me now?"

"Thou poor! thou miserable!" exclaimed Leone. "I only wish the gold lires, or even the half of them, which thou hast got treasured up in that cupboard, or in some other secure corner, were at this moment in my possession!—nay, I would even be contented if I had but those which thou hast wormed out of me and my companions. But no more on that head. What sayest thou? This signor, upon whom you look so suspiciously, is here to increase thy treasure."

"I should have no objection, but I have long since given up all business," replied the old woman, addressing the observation more to the duke than Leone.

"Come, come, old girl, no more foolery; time is precious, and we have none to spare. As to your having retired from your honourable business, you sha'n't make me believe that," retorted Leone. "As long as gold retains its brightness, and silver its sound, thou canst not cease to round thy pills, to concoct thy elixirs, to convey billet-doux, and carry on all the other branches of thy honourable calling."

"I tell thee thou art deceived; I have given up business; and if I ever did what thou so maliciously accusest me of, I did it with the best intentions—that I might be serviceable to my neighbours," replied the old woman.

"You don't say so! Well, then," said Leone, rising from his stool and taking the duke's arm, "I am sorry for it—on your account—that's all. I felt grateful to you for past services, and had willingly put you in the way of earning fifty gold lires; but as it seems that you have really closed your accounts with the devil, and are loth to open a new one, why, I must apply to some one else."

"Stop—stop a moment," exclaimed she. "You know I look upon you as one of my oldest, my most valued acquaintances, and it would be difficult for me to refuse you a trifle—a trifle it was you said—was it not a trifle? As I have already told you, I have in some measure,

and to a great degree, given up all business for some time; but still, in particular cases—for instance, where I can serve an old friend, a valued friend, why, I don't mind making an exception; besides, eighty to a hundred gold lires are of too much consideration to a poor, destitute, miserable old woman like me. You must not think, worthy signor," added she, addressing the duke, "that I place any particular worth in the money, but, you see, the labourer is worthy of his hire; and then your appearance is so noble—you, of course, are interested in the matter—so noble, I say—and, lastly, you are doing a good work in giving your mite to the widow—yes, a good work, even should the object you purpose be blameable. Might I be permitted to inquire—"

"What it is we want of thee?" interrupted Leone. "A love-potion—a philter."

"Santa Madonna!" exclaimed the old woman, affecting horror at the word. "A love-potion—a philter! And that you call a trifle, my son? O Dio! O the thoughtlessness of the present generation! No, signor; much as I would wish to serve you, I cannot comply with your wishes in this respect. With love-potions and love-charms I have never—that is, very seldom, and always very unwillingly—had anything to do."

"But the more with poison-mixing," observed the knight in an angry tone. "But, as I said before, no more of this foolery; you have now satisfied all claims of decency and decorum, and now speak—wilt thou earn the fifty or sixty gold lires or not?"

"The hundred and sixty, you mean my son, for this is my fixed price for that which you require. Why, the fact is, I am too kind-hearted; I feel I can refuse you nothing. But tell me, who is the person for whom it is intended?"

"I thought that was all the same to you," replied Leone. "The name cannot possibly have anything to do with it."

"Again thou art in error, my son; the name of the person has much to do with the mixture of the potion. One person has a strong, another a weak constitution; what the one will scarcely feel, would be sufficient to bring another to the grave. If I know the person for whom the potion is designed, I can then guarantee its success."

"Thou canst?" exclaimed the duke, for the first time breaking silence; "well, then, it is for Lucretia Nogarolo."

"That is to say," added the knight, evidently displeased at the indiscretion of his companion, "my friend would say the age—the outward appearance—the station and the manner of life of the two ladies are much, nay, exactly the same."

"So, so; I understand," replied the old woman, breaking out into a laugh, which, if possible, contributed to increase the natural ugliness of her visage—"I understand you. Rest assured, noble sir, the potion shall be made accordingly, and, at the right time, prove efficacious."

"How know you that so certain?" asked the knight, with a piercing look; "art thou so well acquainted with the maid?"

"Do I not see her daily? am I not, in a manner of speaking, occupant of the same house, although they now talk of throwing me out?" replied the old woman. "Yes, yes, worthy signori, it is a sin and a

crying shame how they act towards an honest woman—a destitute and miserable widow. You must know, the deceased duke, Can Signorio, made me a present of this cottage, in return for the services I had rendered him; but it appears it belongs to the possessions of Nogarolo, and now they purpose turning me out, now that all his property has been restored to him."

"What!" said Antonio, "is Nogarolo so avaricious, that even this miserable hovel has worth in his estimation?"

"Why, not that exactly—not exactly," replied the old woman; "but, you must know, he has long looked upon me with an evil eye. It is an old story, and scarcely worth repeating; but still it is most strange—strange indeed! All the women of the family of Nogarolo are beautiful—very beautiful—but that's neither here nor there; there are many beautiful women in Verona, more beautiful than even they; but what is very strange, all the girls of this family bear a most unaccountable resemblance to each other, and this has been the case for upwards of a hundred years. Antonio Nogarolo had a sister, who was, forsooth, most beautiful, most lovely to look upon; her name was Lucretia—it is a family name amongst the women—they are all called so; she resembled the present Lucretia in every respect. And Can Signorio courted her, and the girl was not disinclined towards him. Matters went on so for some time; letters were exchanged, and I, kind-hearted as I was, was prevailed on to convey them from one to the other. Who, in fact, could refuse any request of Can Signorio, a handsome youth, a prince, and so noble, so generous? At length, however, the connexion between them got wind. Nogarolo excited the nobles to rebellion, spake of the insult offered to his house, and, in fact, the affair threatened to turn out very seriously. The prince was to marry the young lady, but there was one grand obstacle—he was already promised in marriage to his subsequent consort; in addition to this, it was remembered that a similar case had happened between the two families a hundred years before. The nobility were furious, the matter became worse and worse, when, all at once, a fortunate event terminated the whole affair—the maiden died. I, for my part, know not in what other way, by what other means, Can Signorio would have been able to extricate himself; it was the best, for him the most fortunate thing, that could have happened. But as all subordinate agents generally come off the worst, so it was with me, who had proved myself the friend of both parties. The day before her death, I had been commissioned by Can Signorio to convey a letter to the young lady. I happened to have an orange in my hand, which she begged me to give her; a servant saw me give it her; would you believe it? this very circumstance was sufficient to cast suspicion upon me. To escape the vengeance of Nogarolo, I was obliged to flee the country, nor did I venture to return till after his banishment, which was a year after the duke ascended the throne. Now, signori, you may imagine why Nogarolo bears me ill will, why he purposes driving me from this hovel. But no, he shall not force me; I will leave it—voluntarily leave it; to-morrow I purpose quitting it of my own accord;—but, Santa Madonna! I shall still live to be revenged;

the misery which he heaps upon me shall fall tenfold, yes, tenfold, upon his own head!"

The naturally ferocious appearance of the hag became, at the conclusion of her recital, still more disgusting, and the expression of her face was more revolting and fiendish than ever.

"But tell us, thou martyr to kind-heartedness, if thou leavest this abode to-morrow, as thou threatenest, where are we to meet you, and receive the philter thou hast so generously promised us?"

"O, that you may take with you, provided you have the two hundred gold lires about you—two hundred—I did not ask a higher price, did I?"

"In this purse is almost double the sum," exclaimed the duke, throwing his purse into the old woman's lap.

"Thanks, noble signor, a thousand thanks; may all the saints in heaven bless and reward you for what you have done to a poor, deserted, honest widow!" ejaculated she, snatching up the purse with the avidity with which a kite darts upon its prey.

As quickly as age and gout would allow her, she hobbled to the cupboard, opened a secret drawer, and took out several phials and boxes.

"Look, my children," said she, pouring out a few drops into an empty phial, "look ye, this is the foam of a sweating dog, that was baited almost to madness; this," taking another liquid, "the blood of a viper that was beaten to death; this is the extract of a herb which the learned term *desiderum coitus arvi;* this powder is prepared from the bones of a species of water lizard—"

"But," interrupted Leone, "you shook in a few grains of the white powder from yonder box—it smells just like garlic—what is it?"

"That is agaric mineral, my son," replied she, somewhat embarrassed. In its original state it is liquid, and perfectly innocent; it possesses the quality of combining other medicinal ingredients, and can only be preserved when dry and pulverized."

"Another question," said the knight, at the same time taking the bottle from the hands of the old woman, and concealing it beneath his cloak. "You live in the immediate vicinity of Nogarolo's villa, and must consequently see who goes in and out—say, hast thou observed meetings of the noblemen who have lately been recalled from banishment?"

"Frequent, frequent, my son," replied she. "The Spinetas are there almost daily, the Maffei, and others. No later ago than yesterday evening, there were many signori there. They remained together almost the whole night, and Prince Bartholomaeo and Galvano of Fagliano were with them. There must have been matters of importance discussed among them, for every one who came had to say some password before he was admitted. I was able to observe this, for I was sitting upon the bank before my door, waiting for a lady who had some little business to transact with me. When they separated, Bartholomaeo and Galvano passed close by me, and I saw the latter rub his hands, as if for joy, and heard him say—"I will—it must succeed—he can no longer withstand the wishes of the united nobility."

Leone's eye was directed to the duke during the recital of the old woman. Antonio appeared deeply moved at the intelligence it conveyed; he frowned and clenched his fist, but made no observation. Only a few words more were exchanged, and Antonio and his companion left the house. The old woman conducted them to the door, where she remained standing till they were out of sight.

"He thinks I do not know him, the heartless son of a tyrannical and cruel father; but he should not have brought with him his debauched and miserly companion and favourite," exclaimed she, with a contemptuous smile. "A love-potion for Lucretia Nogarolo, and then, supposing that Antonio retains the upper hand in the fraternal contention, the water and a stone round the neck of the old woman who prepared it, that there may be no living witnesses of the honourable dealings of the noble duke—or, should Bartholomaeo be conqueror, to the pillory, to the stake with the wretch who had assisted his rival! But never fear, noble signori! the old woman, the sybil of Sebioncello, will not wait the issue, be it what it may. She knows that she has to expect from you nothing better than what she received from your father before you, who left her to escape the vengeance of Nogarolo as well as she could! But still—let me see—it is, forsooth, a lucky chance, that, just upon the very eve of my flight to thwart the malice of Bartholomaeo's future father-in-law, his rival, his bitterest enemy, should come of his own accord, should seek me out, and furnish me with the means and the opportunity of wounding *my* enemy in the point where he is the weakest!"

Saying these words, she closed the door, and hobbled back to her apartment.

THE EXCOMMUNICATED.[1]

BY CONOLLY MEARES.

The flight of Lord Cobham into Wales brought comfort to the inmates of the little cottage at Clodock, for they naturally concluded that Hugh shared his fortunes, and was therefore out of immediate danger. The strange disappearance of the monk of Llanthony so soon afterwards filled Gwyneth's fluttering heart with a vague fear that he was engaged in some plot against the excommunicated man, but it gradually gave way to the popular rumour of his being taken up bodily into heaven, which the simple girl at length fully believed. And so months wore away in the duties of common life, and the usual employments of spinning and attending to the farm; though seldom was the thought of Hugh absent from the minds of his mother and his betrothed. To Gwyneth, indeed, one sorrow remained in the reflection that Hugh was under the most awful censure of holy church, and so little inclined to repent his errors. Many an ave and paternoster did she say, and many a vow of penance did she make, if he might only be restored to the true faith; and often in her heart she bitterly lamented that he had gone to Oxford at all, where he had acquired that learning to which she attributed all his misfortunes, instead of remaining quietly at the farm, where he and she might have lived such good Christians, and such a happy couple! and poor Gwyneth's eyes overflowed when she thought what a little paradise Clodock might have been to her. Still it was a pleasure to assist Hugh's mother, and listen to her never-ending praises of her son, or cheer up her heart when the feeling of sorrow lay heavy on the poor woman, who, though active enough about the farm, had no resource when her animal spirits gave way. On such occasions Gwyneth's cheerful temper and simple trust in Providence often shed a gleam of light over the mother's anxious despondency, and the two sat together, spinning through the long winter's night, or bustled about the dairy and farmyard, if not happily, at least without gloominess or complaint. Gwyneth's health, however, was not quite so vigorous, nor her bloom so brilliant, as it used to be, and little nervous fancies sometimes affected her with starts and sudden fears. One evening in particular, at the close of a sunny showery gladsome April day, she frightened Mrs. Bainham not a little, while they sat at their farm-house supper, by suddenly screaming out and turning deadly pale, with her eyes fixed on the window before her. On her recovery she declared that Hugh's face had appeared to her like that of a spectre, and suddenly vanished away. Here was another source of trouble. Both were impressed with the idea that Hugh was dead, and that his ghost had appeared to Gwyneth, but could not enter the house of a true Catholic; and loud were the mother's lamentations, and deep the sorrow of her adopted daughter, when this fear oppressed them. Gwyneth went for relief

[1] Continued from vol. xxxiii. p. 404.

to Father Ambrose, the good prior of St. Mary's, but as Bainham was an excommunicated man, the kind-hearted confessor could give little comfort, though, to satisfy her mind, he enjoined certain prayers to be said at stated times, and a pilgrimage barefoot from Clodock to St. Michael's chapel on the summit of the Skyrrid Vawr. Even this was a great consolation, and Gwyneth's heart was lightened of half its load when she set out at early dawn with bare feet and rosary in hand to supplicate the saint for her poor Hugh. The country people who passed bade "God bless her," for they saw she was performing some penance, though they knew not for what; and when she left the high road to climb the steep northern face of the mountain, where the stones cut her feet, and her breath came short, still she was cheered on her path by an inward belief that she was doing a pious office for the soul of her betrothed, and so she struggled upwards, until with panting bosom and feet all cut and swollen, but exulting that her penance was already half performed, she stood in the little chapel, which once before, not many months ago, she had entered a happy girl on the arm of her dear Hugh. If the saint could be moved by supplications, and tears, and simpleness of heart, ah, then, indeed, her pilgrimage would not be in vain; and with a latent hope that he would aid her distress, Gwyneth conscientiously chose the roughest and most difficult descent as she bent her painful steps towards home. There is a sort of cleft at the north-west end of the Skyrrid, as if one side of the peaked top had suddenly been split off and had slipped down for a hundred feet or so, leaving a stony valley between. The side of the cleft is a steep rock, but a good deal broken, with many ridges and hollows; and down this, or at least as near it as she could, Gwyneth was making her toilsome way, when a turn in the path brought her under a shelving rock, where, to her surprise, a man was sitting. He turned quickly at her approach, and Gwyneth nearly lost her hold when she recognised Hugh! He, too, was paralysed for a moment; the next he hurried down the dangerous precipice with headlong speed, and soon disappeared. In vain his betrothed, with clasped hands, called "Hugh, Hugh!" he never once looked back nor answered, and the poor girl sat down on the rock in an agony of grief to think that after so long an absence he should leave her in such a manner. But better thoughts soon returned. She recollected why he fled from her, and tried to be satisfied; besides, now it was clear that he was alive, there was hope of his reconciliation to the church; and, with the natural religion of a grateful heart, she fully believed that St. Michael had answered her prayers and removed her worst fear. Gladly she went on her way to Clodock, bringing joy to the mother's heart by the good tidings that her son was yet alive. It may well be believed that after this adventure many a look was cast towards the window at night, and many a walk taken towards the mountains, in hopes of seeing or hearing something of the poor wanderer; but for more than a fortnight these expectations were fruitless, and Mrs. Bainham now tormented herself with the thought that Hugh was in want of necessaries, perhaps starving, while they were living in plenty so near him. This idea at length possessed her so completely, that she would busy herself in making up parcels of clothes, food, and

money for him, leaving them at night in the farm-yard on the chance of his coming; but there they lay in the morning untouched, to the poor woman's grief and almost anger. It was so cruel of him not to come to the farm for all the things he must want, if he wouldn't go into the house to them. She worried herself so much, that she was really ill from vexation, until Gwyneth, who was not without fears of her own on Hugh's account, suggested that it might be worth while for her to carry one of the bundles to the spot where she had seen Hugh, and leave it there. If it was taken away by him he would be sure to leave some token behind, and so they could easily supply him. This was a fortunate thought; Mrs. Bainham revived immediately, and packed up a number of things for Gwyneth to carry, which would have been a small horse-load, and even with the reductions the latter persuaded her to make, the poor girl was loaded almost beyond her strength. Mrs. Bainham, though active enough about her farm, was quite unable to walk one half the distance, to say nothing of climbing the Skyrrid; so she employed herself in thinking how useful what she had sent would be to Hugh, and in regretting that this or that article had not been added. Meantime Gwyneth toiled steadily on under her burthen till she came to the foot of the mountain, where she rested herself until it grew dusk; when, with great difficulty and labour, she managed to drag her huge bundle up the steep path, and deposit it under the shelving rock before mentioned. She looked eagerly round, in hopes of seeing some trace of her betrothed; she called "Hugh," softly, but nothing stirred, and, with a heavy heart, and but faint hopes of success in her plan of relief, she descended the Skyrrid safely, and returned to Clodock. Mrs. Bainham, however, was in this instance more inclined to hope than Gwyneth, and pleased herself mightily with reckoning up the variety of good things in the way of provisions, the little bag of money, the clothes and warm rugs, which her parcel contained. She was sure Hugh would find it, and in the morning Gwyneth was despatched again to the mountains to ascertain the success of her scheme. With unexpected and heartfelt satisfaction she found the bundle had been removed, and on the rock where it had lain was written with charcoal, or a burnt stick, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want." Here was another grief removed, and Gwyneth, once more returning thanks to the saint of the mountain, brought back with her the gratifying intelligence that a way was opened to communicate with the wanderer.

And so it was. Soon after his arrival in Powis-land, Bainham became aware that Lord Cobham was engaged in some political scheme for relieving the Lollards from persecution by force of arms. Attempts were made to bring him over to similar views, which he invariably repulsed, but they left a disagreeable impression on his mind, and a doubt as to the purity of his patron's motives. Believing himself that passive obedience was an imperative duty, he looked upon all resistance to the powers that be, as prompted by an unholy ambition; and when, in the following January, accounts arrived of the meeting of the armed Lollards in St. Giles's Fields, London, and the attack upon them by the king, all of which was laid to Lord Cobham's account, and some share in which he scarcely denied, the student,

with his usual strict adherence to what he deemed right, immediately left his patron, and, drawn by the love of home, made his way back to the neighbourhood of Clodock. When he found that his chief enemy, the monk of Llanthony, had disappeared, he ventured from his hiding-place in the black mountains, and stole down in the dark, to stand once more in his own farm-yard. The sight of his home, and of the fire-light which shone so cheerfully through the cottage window, melted his heart with an irrepressible yearning to look upon the dear familiar faces within. In this attempt Gwyneth caught sight of him, and the student, perceiving that he was recognised, hastily retreated to his lair, and resolved not to venture again on such a temptation. As a man under the church's ban, he was debarred from all human society; whoever harboured or aided him were themselves excommunicate, and never would he take advantage of his mother's affection and Gwyneth's love to bring them into what they must deem a fearful sin for the selfish gratification of his own feelings. He contented himself, therefore, with lying concealed at a distance to catch occasional glimpses of their figures passing in and out, an occupation which, with the study of Wickliffe's Bible, and the long journeys he made occasionally to buy food in places where he was not known, enabled him to pass his time with patience, and even satisfaction In one of his wanderings he had lighted upon a small cave in the Skyrrid Vawr—on the steep north-western side; and though it was but a mere hole in the rock, fitter for the den of a wild beast than the habitation of a man, he contrived, by filling up the crevices with clay and piling large stones round the narrow entrance, both to render it proof against wind and rain, as well as to conceal its existence from any casual spectators. It was near this dwelling in the rock that Gwyneth had seen him, and there he constantly retired when night set in or he was weary of watching the dear ones at the farm. To one of his contented disposition, the hole in the rock soon became a home, and as such he considered it, returning with a secret pleasure night after night to his bed of fern, and pleasing himself with forming various recesses to contain his little store of provisions. But soon fresh troubles occurred. His money was all gone, and his clothes threadbare; summer, it is true, was coming on, but in the cold weather what *should* he do? still even this was but a distant want compared with the failure of daily bread. Whon his present stock should be gone, he had no means of procuring more. Oldcastle had been seized for the king, and there he dared not go; it was a perilous thing for any friend to assist him, and even for him to ask it. Should he go to his mother's by night, and take secretly what he wanted? The notion of prowling about Clodock like a thief revolted him, and he recollected, besides, that they might not know it was he who took the things, and thus suspicion might fall on the innocent. Should he go to them openly? It was hard to want food and clothing, when affectionate hearts and hands were so near, and would feel such joy in assisting him, and, without their help, he must leave the neighbourhood entirely, perhaps for ever. His eye brightened at the thought of sitting once more at his own hearth, beside Gwyneth and his mother, and he half resolved to go; but, gentle as the student was in temper, and almost woman-

like in his feelings, there was a strength within beyond the common endowments of man. He reflected on his condition as it must appear to all good Catholics ;—he was excommunicated—under the church's most solemn curse—a man devoted to Satan ; to aid or comfort him was a deadly sin; and though he himself was confident in the truth of his cause, and despised the unjust sentence, yet his mother and his betrothed fully believed in its force, and therefore could only assist him at the peril of their souls. "No," he said at length, "I will not do this merely for my own relief from hunger, or because I wish to stay here. If it be the will of Providence that I remain, He will find means to feed me, and if not, I will go to some seaport, and make my way into Germany." And in this resolution he remained, steadily abstaining from going to the farm. Still his heart would sink, as day day by day his stock of food diminished ; and when, at length, the last crust was gone, and he felt that to-morrow he must leave the only beings that cared for him, and go forth a beggar and a wanderer on the earth, he wept with child-like grief, and besought, with earnest supplications, that he might live within sight of his home. Then he would turn to the Book of Kings in Wickliffe's version, and wished that he was like the prophet Elijah, and that ravens would bring him food morning and evening. But the day passed heavily away, and no ravens appeared. Then came the long, long night-hours, the hard struggle to believe that all was for the best, and the mournful dejection of soul with which the patient man set out in the morning to take one look at his home, and then turn away from it for ever, a lonely and broken-hearted man. But not ten steps had he gone, when the bundle under the shelving rock caught his eye. He opened it, and found the best food in abundance, clothes and coverings, a little bag of money, and a letter of overflowing affection. The surprise overcame him, he felt sick and faint at the sight, until his full heart relieved itself in a gush of irrepressible tears. He was not abandoned ; the eye of Providence had indeed been on him, and had not only sent him food and raiment, but sent it by the hands of those whom he loved, instead of by the raven's beak. Yet, true to his self-sacrificing principles, he at first resolved to leave no token of his presence, so that at least they might deny all actual knowledge of having assisted him. But the task was too hard for him ; it seemed a base ingratitude to God and them to accept so kind and striking an interposition without a word, and, going back, he traced with the end of a burnt stick the simple verse which Gwyneth had read. That she had been the messenger he never doubted, and if he had, his doubts would soon have been removed, for scarcely had he carried the things into his cave before she appeared, and he could see her joyful look at finding the bundle gone, the tears she shed on seeing what he had written, and the clasping of her hands as she stood motionless for some minutes, evidently in thankful prayer. All this was balm to the poor student's heart, and the day which began so gloomily was passed by him in peacefulness and quiet joy. He knew well that Gwyneth would surely return, so he busied himself in working a hole through the side of his cave, through which he could see the shelving rock without fear of being seen ; and every week, when his betrothed laid

down her burden there, she little thought that Hugh was looking on within a few yards of her, and showering blessings on her head with quivering lips and overflowing eyes. By degrees, too, he wrote longer and more direct messages, for it was beyond human power to avoid all intercourse under the circumstances, and many a time he was sorely tempted to rush from his concealment, and clasp the affectionate girl to his heart. Thus the summer passed away, the student's messages becoming longer every week, and his visits to the farm at night being quite frequent, so that at last it was tacitly arranged that the things should be left for him there, and Gwyneth spared the fatigue of her journeys.

Early in September, a rumour spread through the country that there was to be a general pilgrimage on St. Michael's Day, and a grand procession from Llanthony Abbey to the little chapel on the Skyrrid. A vast number prepared to join in the ceremony, for the fame of St. Michael's Mount was great in the neighbourhood; and though the monks might perhaps have had in view the profits that would accrue to their impoverished treasury, yet the peasants felt a real and natural reverence for the ancient and holy abbey of St. John. Great preparations were made. The monks of St. Mary, Abergavenny, were to meet those of Llanthony at the foot of the mountain, and many sacred relics were borrowed from the neighbouring convents. The friars zealously preached up the saint's miracles and great power: some said the mountain itself had been transplanted from Ireland by St. Patrick, and that no venomous thing could live upon it; others that the cleft in the north-west part had been occasioned by the earthquake at the crucifixion; there was even some legend about part of it being composed of earth from Jerusalem. All these various claims to sanctity were urged with such unction, that the pilgrimage soon became universally popular in Monmouthshire and the neighbouring counties. Dame Bridget Howell was in great commotion about it, and even Gwyneth prepared to take her solitary station among the pilgrims, hoping, by penance and good works, to still the reproaches of conscience for the aid she was giving to an excommunicated. For months she had never appeared at the confessional, and scarcely dared to attend mass at all; yet she could not abandon Hugh, and the poor girl's mind was tormented by the thought of her sinfulness in assisting him, and by the natural love which forbade her to do otherwise. As Michaelmas Day approached, her misgivings increased, and one evening in particular, the second before the saint's day, her distress of mind was so great, that she left Mrs. Bainham alone at the supper-table, and wandered disconsolately up and down in the dark among the buildings of the farm-yard. At length it struck her, that although she could not confess to man, lest Hugh should be injured by it, yet that to St. Michael she might do so, and implore his aid, which he had already granted her once in this very matter, and, kneeling down in one of the sheds, she related her griefs and distresses in artless language, promising to perform penances and present offerings at the shrine of the saint if he would intercede for her. The mere utterance of her feelings was in itself a relief, and

she arose much less depressed and unhappy, from a confidence that St. Michael both could and would assist her.

But her words had been heard by another. Hugh Bainham was in the farm-yard, and under the very shed where she made her prayer. His heart smote him when he listened to her expressions of penitence for her sins on his account, and bitterly did he reproach himself for having brought her into so painful a state of mind. He saw clearly that a mere personal absence on his part was too vain a pretence to satisfy Gwyneth's conscience, and he returned to his cave with the resolution to sacrifice everything rather than cause such misery to his betrothed. He counted the stock of money which remained, tied up a bundle of clothes and necessaries, and for the second time determined to make for a seaport, and travel into Germany. But it was not to be. In the morning, as he descended from the cave, his foot slipped, and he rolled down from a great height, breaking his leg in the fall, and receiving serious internal injury. With much difficulty he managed to regain his hiding-place, and lie down on his rude bed, where he remained all day in great agony, and fully convinced that his hour was come. In the night his sufferings diminished, and at length ceased altogether; but the student was not deceived by this relief from pain; he knew that mortification had began, and that in a few hours all would be over. To him death had no terrors, but was rather welcomed as a release from the struggle with the world; one thought only haunted him, and earnestly did he supplicate that he might see Gwyneth one little moment before he died. Alas! she knew nothing of his illness, nor where to seek for him. Indeed she was at that moment far away in the Vale of Ewias, one among the crowd of penitents ready to commence their pilgrimage to St Michael's Mount.

The mists of a September morning still hung about the mountains, and darkened the savage valley of the Hondwy, when the monks of Llanthony, headed by their prior, the venerable Father Clement, issued in grand procession through the arched gateway with banner and crucifix, and a host of precious relics, to lead the throng of pilgrims on their pious journey. It was but a poor display as to numbers or riches, for Llanthony was miserably reduced from its ancient splendour; but all the monks were old, and most of them infirm men, of a grave and patriarchal appearance, and high in reputation for sanctity; nor did the primitive simplicity of their arrangements suit ill with the humility of a penitent pilgrimage. The massive square western towers of highly ornamented architecture are still in existence, and give an imposing idea of the abbey's original grandeur, but inclosures and cultivation have quite spoiled for the antiquary the once bare, barren vale of the Hondwy. The dark line of monks in front was followed by hundreds of pilgrims barefoot, some carrying scourges, others various offerings, and a few with their limbs tied up in performance of capricious vows; and thus the procession wound down the vale of Ewias, over a rocky horse-track which crossed the river several times, and was shut in on both sides by ridges of bare brown mountains, looking drear and dismal in their misty covering. By the time they had cleared the valley and reached

Llanvihangel the sun had dispersed the fog and shone out in all his brightness. The whole country was gathered to see the spectacle, and accompanied the pilgrims along the base of the Skyrrid to the village of Llandilio, where the monks of St. Mary joined them, together with a fresh crowd of pilgrims and spectators. Half an hour's rest was allowed for the penitents to wash their feet in the Gavenny brook, and prepare for climbing the mountains, after which the procession again formed in order, the two priors being in front, a double line of black monks behind them, after whom came the pilgrims six abreast, while in the rear and on both sides, as well as on the mountain itself, an immense concourse of people were assembled from all the neighbouring countries. They proceeded to ascend by the south side, probably as being the easiest for the old monks of Llanthony, whose climbing days had long been over, and who found it a difficult task to get up at all. When they gained the ridge, on which there was not room for more than two abreast, the column was necessarily lengthened out, and soon presented to the lookers on below the striking spectacle of the whole summit of the mountain, nearly a mile in length, tipped by a line of monks and pilgrims, all moving up its sloping back to the northern peak, on which stood the chapel of the saint. Around this point the ecclesiastics formed a circle, disposing their banners and crucifixes to the best effect, while the penitents swarmed on the slopes around, some telling their beads, some trying to assuage the pain of their lacerated feet, and others idly gossiping about the scene before them. So very small was the chapel of St. Michael, that not more than six of the penitents could be admitted at once, and thus many hours elapsed before all of them had paid their vows; but the attention of the multitude was occupied during the interval by watching the various penances of the more devout pilgrims, and by occasional chaunts from the monks, which sounded faint indeed from that height, especially when contrasted with the roar of the multitude's responses. Gwyneth's turn came at length, and when her devotions were concluded she made her way through the crowd, and by a natural impulse, notwithstanding her cut feet, struggled down to the shelving rock where she had so often deposited her burden of supplies for Hugh. She sat mournfully near it, and wondered if St Michael would bring him to her as he had done once before; then she thought of the many pilgrims who were soliciting his favours that day, and felt how unlikely it was that he could find time to attend to her wishes, even if he would grant them; so with a heavy sigh the poor girl turned away, and tried to find a way back which would be softer to her swollen feet to tread. She had gone but a few yards when a sound close by her startled her. She listened, and a voice was plainly distinguishable issuing from the rock just above her head. Could it be some pilgrim doing penance? She climbed up a little way to look, but there was no one, and she was half disposed to consider the whole as a mere fancy, when she heard the voice again still plainer, and thought she distinguished her own name. Instantly it flashed upon her that Hugh was in some hiding-place close by. With a palpitating heart she called softly;

she arose much less depressed and unhappy, from a confidence that St. Michael both could and would assist her.

But her words had been heard by another. Hugh Bainham was in the farm-yard, and under the very shed where she made her prayer. His heart smote him when he listened to her expressions of penitence for her sins on his account, and bitterly did he reproach himself for having brought her into so painful a state of mind. He saw clearly that a mere personal absence on his part was too vain a pretence to satisfy Gwyneth's conscience, and he returned to his cave with the resolution to sacrifice everything rather than cause such misery to his betrothed. He counted the stock of money which remained, tied up a bundle of clothes and necessaries, and for the second time determined to make for a seaport, and travel into Germany. But it was not to be. In the morning, as he descended from the cave, his foot slipped, and he rolled down from a great height, breaking his leg in the fall, and receiving serious internal injury. With much difficulty he managed to regain his hiding-place, and lie down on his rude bed, where he remained all day in great agony, and fully convinced that his hour was come. In the night his sufferings diminished, and at length ceased altogether; but the student was not deceived by this relief from pain; he knew that mortification had began, and that in a few hours all would be over. To him death had no terrors, but was rather welcomed as a release from the struggle with the world; one thought only haunted him, and earnestly did he supplicate that he might see Gwyneth one little moment before he died. Alas! she knew nothing of his illness, nor where to seek for him. Indeed she was at that moment far away in the Vale of Ewias, one among the crowd of penitents ready to commence their pilgrimage to St Michael's Mount.

The mists of a September morning still hung about the mountains, and darkened the savage valley of the Hondwy, when the monks of Llanthony, headed by their prior, the venerable Father Clement, issued in grand procession through the arched gateway with banner and crucifix, and a host of precious relics, to lead the throng of pilgrims on their pious journey. It was but a poor display as to numbers or riches, for Llanthony was miserably reduced from its ancient splendour; but all the monks were old, and most of them infirm men, of a grave and patriarchal appearance, and high in reputation for sanctity; nor did the primitive simplicity of their arrangements suit ill with the humility of a penitent pilgrimage. The massive square western towers of highly ornamented architecture are still in existence, and give an imposing idea of the abbey's original grandeur, but inclosures and cultivation have quite spoiled for the antiquary the once bare, barren vale of the Hondwy. The dark line of monks in front was followed by hundreds of pilgrims barefoot, some carrying scourges, others various offerings, and a few with their limbs tied up in performance of capricious vows; and thus the procession wound down the vale of Ewias, over a rocky horse-track which crossed the river several times, and was shut in on both sides by ridges of bare brown mountains, looking drear and dismal in their misty covering. By the time they had cleared the valley and reached

Llanvihangel the sun had dispersed the fog and shone out in all his brightness. The whole country was gathered to see the spectacle, and accompanied the pilgrims along the base of the Skyrrid to the village of Llandilio, where the monks of St. Mary joined them, together with a fresh crowd of pilgrims and spectators. Half an hour's rest was allowed for the penitents to wash their feet in the Gavenny brook, and prepare for climbing the mountains, after which the procession again formed in order, the two priors being in front, a double line of black monks behind them, after whom came the pilgrims six abreast, while in the rear and on both sides, as well as on the mountain itself, an immense concourse of people were assembled from all the neighbouring countries. They proceeded to ascend by the south side, probably as being the easiest for the old monks of Llanthony, whose climbing days had long been over, and who found it a difficult task to get up at all. When they gained the ridge, on which there was not room for more than two abreast, the column was necessarily lengthened out, and soon presented to the lookers on below the striking spectacle of the whole summit of the mountain, nearly a mile in length, tipped by a line of monks and pilgrims, all moving up its sloping back to the northern peak, on which stood the chapel of the saint. Around this point the ecclesiastics formed a circle, disposing their banners and crucifixes to the best effect, while the penitents swarmed on the slopes around, some telling their beads, some trying to assuage the pain of their lacerated feet, and others idly gossiping about the scene before them. So very small was the chapel of St. Michael, that not more than six of the penitents could be admitted at once, and thus many hours elapsed before all of them had paid their vows; but the attention of the multitude was occupied during the interval by watching the various penances of the more devout pilgrims, and by occasional chaunts from the monks, which sounded faint indeed from that height, especially when contrasted with the roar of the multitude's responses. Gwyneth's turn came at length, and when her devotions were concluded she made her way through the crowd, and by a natural impulse, notwithstanding her cut feet, struggled down to the shelving rock where she had so often deposited her burden of supplies for Hugh. She sat mournfully near it, and wondered if St Michael would bring him to her as he had done once before; then she thought of the many pilgrims who were soliciting his favours that day, and felt how unlikely it was that he could find time to attend to her wishes, even if he would grant them; so with a heavy sigh the poor girl turned away, and tried to find a way back which would be softer to her swollen feet to tread. She had gone but a few yards when a sound close by her startled her. She listened, and a voice was plainly distinguishable issuing from the rock just above her head. Could it be some pilgrim doing penance? She climbed up a little way to look, but there was no one, and she was half disposed to consider the whole as a mere fancy, when she heard the voice again still plainer, and thought she distinguished her own name. Instantly it flashed upon her that Hugh was in some hiding-place close by. With a palpitating heart she called softly;

there was no direct reply, but a murmuring sound, which evidently came from a hole in the rock before her, which was half-choked up with large stones. She put in her head, and could just dimly perceive the figure of some one lying at full length in a narrow cave. He was speaking to himself, and she recognized his voice at one—it *was* Hugh—sick, perhaps dying. In a moment she had pushed the stones away, crept fearlessly in, and knelt with bursting heart beside the rude deathbed of her betrothed. He was in a state of ecstacy or delirium, seemingly without pain, and his mind filled with visions of delight. He ran on with a string of blessings and happy exclamations, without heeding her entrance; heaven, and glory, and the blessedness of paradise, seemed to float before his eyes in colours of gold; no doubt or regret was there, but one bright dream of hope, and love, and unutterable joy. Yet he was not quite insensible to outward things, for when, in reply to a chaunt of the monks, the response of the multitude rose grandly on the air, and sunk again like the swell of some huge organ, his eye brightened as he faintly uttered "Halleluiah, halleluiah!" In the same way, when the heart-broken Gwyneth, after speaking to him in vain, took his hand, and smoothed his rude bed, he seemed instinctively to know her, for he smiled gently, and said "Gwyneth," like a pleased child. Then again he would go off in a strange rhapsody of delight, as though his soul fluttered her wings and warbled with impatience at sight of the rich bowers of Eden so near. But ever as Gwyneth moistened his lips with water, or drew back the long hair from his face, or pressed his hand gently in hers, the same look of satisfaction recurred, and the same low, pleased whisper of "Gwyneth." How long this lasted she could not tell, but all at once a change came over the student. He lay still with his eyes closed, and drawing his brows together like one bewildered. After a time he looked steadily at her, and said in a calm voice, "Are you really Gwyneth?"

"Yes, yes," she said eagerly; "I am indeed, your own, own Gwyneth!"

"My prayers then are answered," he replied, clasping his hands in thankfulness.

"I *did* long to see you once more. For months have I been here, and watched you bring me food and raiment, and weep and pray for me in my utter loneliness. My mother too! You have comforted her when I could not. Bless you, Gwyneth dear, bless you!" he said fervently. "Be kind to my poor mother when I am gone. Tell her how happy I died, but don't let her see my corpse, and bury me here where I lie. Take the little book under my head, and read it for my sake." A choking sensation in the throat stopped him. "Take me to the air," he gasped hoarsely, and Gwyneth with much difficulty drew him to the mouth of the cave, and kneeling down, supported his head on her bosom. It was sunset; not a human being but themselves was on the mountain; the crowd had dispersed in all directions, and little trace remained of the morning's pilgrimage, except where, in the valley beneath, the monks of Llanthony, followed by considerable numbers, were slowly returning to the abbey of St. John. "God

forgive them," exclaimed the student; "they have hunted me like a beast of prey, driven me out from house and home, for the truth's sake; so far they were permitted to go, but no farther. Their curse is powerless now. Do not be unhappy about me, Gwyneth—there is one that judgeth righteously, and will turn the curse to a blessing."

She answered only by her sobs, and he too lay silent with his eyes closed. Presently she felt him slipping down from her bosom, and clasped her arms more closely round his shattered frame. But her care was no longer needed—he was dead.

When the last offices had been fulfilled, and the student's body inclosed in its rocky sepulchre by Gwyneth's own hands, and all her little wealth expended on a pot of "earth of Jerusalem," to hallow his grave, she went to St. Mary's Abbey, and begged Father Ambrose to confess her. She told him all that had happened, and the grievous sins she had committed in assisting an excommunicated man, urgently requesting that he would name some penance to atone for her guilt. The confessional hid the tears which coursed down the good prior's face as he listened to her simple tale, but could not hide the pitying voice in which he dwelt upon the serious nature of her offence, and enjoined a severe penance beside a formal readmission into the church. Encouraged by his gentleness, Gwyneth asked in a trembling voice, "Father! can the church's curse never be removed from him?"

"It is a fearful thing," he answered mildly, "to die under it. No power of man can take it off, yet mercy is infinite, and the blessed Virgin and holy saints may be won to assist us by prayer and penance. Therefore I may not say that it cannot be removed."

On this hope Gwyneth's life turned. She performed her own penance strictly, and in due time was formally received back into the church's bosom; but it was only to enter upon severer tasks for the sake of the dead. With the natural feelings of a woman, she hoped the Virgin Mary would pity her case, and numberless were the offerings she brought, and the prayers she said before her shrine at Abergavenny. There was not a holy cross, or well, or a relic, within twenty miles, but Gwyneth had been there; and, above all, she trusted to the powerful aid of St. Michael, who had already assisted her respecting poor Hugh. When Mrs. Bainham died, leaving the farm to her, numberless were the consecrated things she bought to lay on the tomb in the rock, or to place in the chapel of the saint. She reckoned up every day on which she had carried Hugh anything, or seen him on the mountain, and on each anniversary she made a barefoot pilgrimage to the chapel, going over the shelving rock on her knees. She lived quite alone, refusing all offers of marriage, and devoting her time entirely to the one object—the removal of the church's curse from the departed. In sickness or in health it was all the same, year after year she never altered or relaxed; her bloom faded, her hair turned grey, she grew old in youth, her limbs were cramped with never-ending penances; every one said the attempt was hopeless, and that no saint would interfere; but she only toiled on at her task with more unremitting diligence. At last her overwrought frame could bear no more, for on the day after Michaelmas

she was found dead in the little chapel in the Skyrrid, her hands still clasped, and her body bent before St. Michael's shrine. There was a smile on the thin worn face, and the pitying neighbours soon had a pleasing legend to tell, how the saint had at length appeared to the affectionate girl, and assured her of mercy for the soul of the Excommunicated.

MY FATHER'S FIRESIDE.

BY MRS. ABDY.

O NEVER, amid the gay mansions of pride,
Shall my thoughts cease to rest on my Father's Fireside,
Where music and converse, tradition and lay,
Beguiled our glad hours at the close of the day:
How sought we applause in that father's fond eyes,
How prized we his precepts instructive and wise!
One book he held forth as our lamp and our guide,
And we searched for its truths by our Father's Fireside.

Peace dwelt in each bosom, and smiled on each brow
Of that group of young hearers—O where are they now?
They are gone—new abodes, new employments are theirs,
They know life's illusions, they suffer its cares,
And he, who once owned that calm cottage of love,
Has passed to a region of glory above;
Affliction has saddened, temptation has tried
The free happy hearts by my Father's Fireside.

For me, I have roamed through the world's winding ways,
I have sighed o'er its censure, and smiled at its praise,
I have sat a gay guest in the bower and the hall,
Yet I deem my old dwelling-place fairer than all:
It is lost—its loved inmates have fled from my sight,
But God, who divided, can also unite;
And oh! let not one at His throne be denied
Who formed the dear group by my Father's Fireside.

SPENCER MIDDLETON; OR, THE SQUIRE OF RIVER HILL.[1]

BY GEORGE STANLEY, ESQ.

CHAPTER XXI.

Good news and bad news—The two Attorneys and their Clients, or the advantage of having two sides to a question.

It was nearly a month after the riot and assault at the public-house and the escape of Spencer and Davis from the dangerous neighbourhood, that our hero hurried to the house of his father's old friend and attorney, Mr. Mouldy, and requested an hour's private conversation with the old gentleman. The respect which the attorney entertained for the family made him always willing to give his best advice to Spencer, and to allow him to recount his long stories of his difficulties, without either a show of fatigue or a charge of thirteen and fourpence. The anxiety depicted on Spencer's countenance, an anxiety clearly partaking more of the fear of some good news being found to be false, than of present difficulties, or lately-passed sorrows, made Mr. Mouldy inform his clerk that he should be engaged for the next hour, and must not be disturbed, but all callers referred to his junior partner.

"Well, Spencer," said Mouldy, as soon as he had shaken hands, and shut the door of his sanctum sanctorum; "well, my boy, what is the matter – good or bad?"

"Good; so good, that you will hardly believe it," replied Spencer.

"Good! that's something quite new—depends on the evidence," replied Mouldy, with an incredulous look. "Come, let me guess; what can it be? hum—going to be married to an heiress? we won't mention names."

"No, no," replied Spencer, with a heightened colour—it might be that the fire caught his face after his walk.

"My little Emily going to be mated?"

Spencer shook his head and smiled.

"Try again—hum—hum—the squire dead? no, no, that can't be," continued Mouldy, as he saw Spencer refuse to assent; "No—no—hum—Captain Redmond come to life, or Malachi Perjury turned honest?"

"Neither one nor the other," replied Spencer, endeavouring to extract a rather large parcel from his great-coat pocket.

"Of course not—one's as likely as the other. I don't know—that's hardly fair on Perjury's character to say so—hum—it's actionable to say it's more easy for a dead man to come to life, than a certain attorney to turn honest. Well, what is the news?" continued Mouldy, getting rather pettish at his repeated failures.

"Would you believe we have found my uncle's will?" said Spencer, still lugging away at his pocket, and endeavouring to extract a parcel which had clung to the lining in the usual affectionate manner.

[1] Continued from vol. xxxiii. p. 432.

"No," replied Mouldy, very coolly, "unless I saw it."

"There," replied Spencer, throwing a packet on the table, "look at that."

The attorney took the packet, and proceeded to open it, as coolly as if well assured that its contents were old bills or cancelled bills. The appearance of the inclosure made him hasten in his investigation; fold after fold of the parchment was laid back, each sheet run over with an experienced eye from top to bottom, and when his hand turned over the last folio, his delight could no longer be restrained.

"It's it—it's it!" cried the old man, springing up from his chair, and making the little drop of ink that his stand contained, jump out on his desk in the form of one small black drop of glutinous substance, whilst his chair performed a back summerset into the fire-place. "Know it among a thousand—there's the hand, Aubrey Middleton—swear to it; Jane Gray—I wonder whether she's alive; Sampson Jones—hum, he's gone; Jonas Thompson—he's alive; here, Thompson, look'ee," continued the old man, hurrying to the door of the clerks' office, and twisting up the deed so as to show the signatures of the witnesses alone. "That's your writing—hum—of course,—certain it was—knew your ugly T—know it among a million—that'll do, shut the door—but where the devil, Spencer, did you get this?"

"Its a long story—I am afraid too long for you."

"As long as you like, my dear boy—we've got the thing now—right's right at last," said the old man, shaking Spencer by the hand, reading portions of the will, and making most extraordinary demonstrations of delight at one and the same time.

"To begin from the beginning—Redmond being shot, I gave up all hope of ever succeeding, as you know, and once more set to work at declarations and pleas. Last night, Gerard Hamilton—you know him?"

"O yes, St. Ethelred's tutor—rather a frequent visitor at Prospect Row."

"Last night he came in, and brought me that packet."

"Well, but where the devil did he get it? he didn't steal it," said Mouldy.

"Only a few hours before, he had been called in to the death-bed of the porteress of the college, an old, very old woman, who had been suddenly seized with paralysis; he found her able to speak, and failing fast; in her hand she had this packet, which when she had got Gerard to clear the bed-room of every one but her and him, she gave him. 'Sir,' she said, 'I've been a very wicked woman; I've been the means of breaking the heart of a good man. I've robbed my old master. I helped to kill him, by assisting the robbers; I robbed the thieves themselves, and now, a thief is master where a good man is beggared."

"A very odd story—can't make head or tail of it," grumbled the attorney.

"'I was born,' continued the old woman, 'of respectable parents, and was once a beauty. Sin and age have made me what I am. At the age of sixteen I left my home to live with one who ruined me. My loss of name seemed compensated for by the luxuries by which I

was surrounded, and for a time the mistress thought herself happy. Neglected, spurned, despised, I went downwards on the road of debauchery and sin, fell among the lowest of the ruined ones, and became an associate with thieves: at last I became sick of my associates, and finding that an old gentleman at Kilburn wanted a nurse, for he was very sick, I forged some letters of character, applied, and was soon accepted by the old gentleman as his nurse. Old Mr. Middleton,' here Gerard started at the name, but did not interrupt the porteress, —' old Mr. Middleton, sir, had a brother, and two nephews, one was a thief, the other a good gentleman. The old gentleman intended making his brother his successor, and to leave the bad one to his own courses. This man had been once my companion, and his friend, whom we used to call Captain Redmond—he was shot t'other day,—came to me every day to know when the old man would die—at last the old man sent for his brother, a clergyman, and for his good nephew; made that will—it is the packet I gave you, sir—and took leave of his nephew, for he was dying fast. Redmond learnt from me of the will, and the cutting off of the bad nephew with but a hundred pounds or so—I'd heard it all by listening. He enticed me to give my master laudanum, and I found out that he intended robbing the old man of his will. Well, sir, I did as he wished; but as I misdoubted the captain, I first took out the will from the desk, placed some paper in the cover, and shut up the place just before they came. It was the bad nephew and Redmond—I knew their voices;' she then went on with the robbery.

"Just as I told you, Spencer," said Mouldy; "I was certain that Martha knew who had done the deed; and if it had not been for that fool of a coroner, I'd have had it out of her."

"Well, it seems," continued Spencer, "that she had kept the will ever since, and been afraid to say a word about it; however, the prospect of death forced her to tell the truth, and to no one could she impart it more safely than to Gerard. Before he could elicit any more information, the paralysis extended upwards, and her voice failed gradually, until at last death put an end to her sufferings, and she died, with a faint effort to say some word to Gerard, and with an earnest look at the packet which he held."

"Well, well, he brought it to you—you brought it to me—good. The old woman's dead—well, don't want her evidence. You saw the old gentleman sign—good—so did Thompson—that'll do—next, action in ejectment, Doe on the demise of Middleton *versus* Middleton, next assizes at Hertford."

"I am afraid it will cost a great deal more than I can afford," said Spencer, when the old attorney had finished his soliloquy.

"Cost, cost, who asked you to pay? Mayn't I go to law when I like? They say it's an old man's pleasure. Yes, yes, I love a little law. So come, master Spencer, if the next assizes make you squire Middleton, and they shall, if law and right can do it—why, old Frederic Mouldy will write off cancelled against your father, God bless him! to whom he's been indebted now fifty-five years and more for his education, his progress through life, and the little money that the world says the firm of Mouldy and Downright have realised. Now go, my boy; God give you health and spirits—leave the will with me,

you can trust the old attorney. Comfort my little Emily—bless her, she shall walk over the Fair Mead garden again; and then, Spencer, perhaps you'll find a spare bed for an old friend. Now go, my boy."

Both their hearts were full, and though unwilling to have confessed to the charge, it must be confessed that nature proved the heartiness of their emotions, by her comprehensive symbol of joy and sorrow, pain and pleasure, hatred and love.

A few days passed over, the notices of ejectment had been served, Jane Gray, the other witness, discovered, Jonas Thompson subpœnaed, and every other required minutia carefully prepared. The possessor of River Hill was thunderstruck at the action, and at the cool manner in which Perjury seemed to treat the prospect of his speedy ejectment from the mansion. Although at the same time he assured him that no such event could take place, unless, indeed, their opponents happened to be in the right.

In the small dingy back office in Westminster, sat Malachi Perjury, his face more pallid than ever, from the loss of blood and the wounds he had received in the affray, and his always harsh and unpleasant features rendered doubly disagreeable from the broad red scar that the bullet had made across his low forehead. His eye, however, was still as bright and piercing as before, and his lip curled with its usual sneer as he read in the morning paper the execution of the few thieves who had survived the fatal conflict in which Redmond had been killed.

"It was almost a pity," muttered the Jewish attorney,—"it was almost a pity to hang them. There were some useful men among them; and yet it couldn't be helped; there was that Job Parson, a good witness, he's been useful in his day—hum, old Fence will miss his friend Samuels, and old Ducks too—they were not bad customers—hum, it couldn't be helped. As for Redmond, it would have been better if he'd not been shot; he might have been useful in keeping the squire in order—but it couldn't be helped. Well, well, this ejectment is a good substitute—and the will, too, I thought that was the trick—soon fished it out of Master Jonas. N.B. Encourage attorneys' clerks to keep mistresses—except your own. Well, Samuel?"

"Are you disengaged, sir?" said the clerk, looking in. "Squire Middleton, sir."

"Of course, of course," replied Perjury, rising with some difficulty from the chair, and meeting the squire as he entered the office. "How do you do, my dear sir? Samuel, place a chair for the squire."

"Why, it depends," replied George, "on what news you have for me; but come, sit down, Perjury, you're too weak to remain long standing."

"I am afraid, squire, I have little to comfort you in the way of news," replied Malachi, as he slowly re-seated himself. "The enemy have gone through with all the usual formalities—no loopholes as yet—and propose trying in about a fortnight or so—they had the start—a little—have secured the Solicitor-General and Serjeant Puzzle; but we shall not do badly with Mr. Attorney-General, Plausible, Sir William Flower, and Mr. Sneak."

"But what is their case? what right have they?"

"Now that Redmond is dead," replied Perjury, "I suppose they have given up all hopes of proving implication in the robbery; and as far as title goes, you are safe if the will is not forthcoming."

"Surely that has been made secure?" said George, slightly reddening; "and they are not likely to put in a forged document."

"No," replied Malachi, "that's not the practice of Mouldy and Downright: but can it be possible, Squire Middleton, that we were deceived in the packet that was given up and burnt?"

George started, and turned excessively pale.

"Indeed, squire, I have heard from good authority, that a will has been found—pray don't be agitated—you see I am calm—a will is to be produced. Now, considering how that unfortunate fellow Redmond was mixed up with them, and how bitter he was against you, and what a deceiving rascal he always was, could it be, Mr. Middleton, that a forged copy was sold and burnt, and the real retained by the thief, and given to our opponent on that terrible night which I shall never forget?"

"Good God," murmured George, "is it come to this? Perjury, you have sold me. You knew what was in that packet."

"Excuse me, Mr. Middleton," replied Malachi, without turning a hair. "If you will but recall a few events of your life, and remember how intimately they were and are known to me, and what proof is, as you know, in my hands, I think you will recall those expressions which the present excitement has called forth."

"Well, well, Malachi, I believe you're right—the end of my tether is run—and the sooner I leave the country the better."

"Not so fast, squire," replied Perjury; "not but what I should recommend your retiring to the continent for your health for a month or so, at least until the affair is quite settled."

"Settled, that is done already, it's clear; the will was never destroyed, is now forthcoming, and River Hill goes over to that hateful Spencer. A curse, I say, a deep curse on all electioneering. You have brought it on me, Malachi. Why did you counsel me to sell Redmond to the Mowbrays? to persecute him, to drive him to betray me—to sell me, as I had sold him?"

"My good sir," replied Malachi, "could I foresee that he would escape from our hands in the way he did? could I foresee that fatal affray? is it like the conduct of one who acted against his own opinions, to risk my own life, to be shot, beaten, trampled on, have body after body rolled down on me, and a furious battle carried on over my own body? Surely, sir," continued Perjury, "surely, sir, this scar, these crippled limbs, may compensate for an error in judgment—may weigh against a miscalculation of events—may compensate for a worse blunder than either the enmity or the death of Redmond."

"Indeed, Perjury, I feel I am too hasty, but my present prospects make me look with suspicion on every one—even on myself. With ruin staring me in the face, can I do otherwise than——"

"Accuse your friends of risking their lives to ruin you," said Perjury, seeing George hesitate in completing the sentence.

"But is there no chance?" asked George Middleton.

"They may, indeed, withdraw their action—the will may prove a forgery—the evidence may fail—the whole matter may be concluded by a want of funds."

"Will they not compromise?" asked the squire.

"No, Mr. Middleton, Mr. Mouldy informed me that they claim all or none."

"Then there's no chance."

"I do not know," said Perjury, slowly, and with very deliberate enunciation; "the will doubtless passes the property to Mr. Spencer, your cousin, no doubt. Could that will have been revoked?"

"Impossible," replied George, "perfectly impossible."

"Why so, Mr. Middleton?"

"Why so?" rejoined George; "it's nonsense, he died that night—the will was not a day old."

"At least thirty-six hours elapsed from the signature to the death of Mr. Aubrey, if I remember the nurse's evidence at the inquest," replied Perjury.

"But we know it was never revoked," replied George, angrily.

"How do we know? were you with Mr. Aubrey from the time of his making that will to his death? you were not. Was the nurse, Martha? yes—she is dead. Was Mr. Spencer with him? perhaps—he is dead. Was your cousin with him? no—how then do we know that a deed of revocation—it would want but a few lines—was not executed before he died?"

"We should have discovered it already," replied George.

"If you had looked for it," was Perjury's cool reply. "And now I remember, that a large iron chest, that was brought from Kilburn—was that ever ransacked?—not by me—it stands in your library at the Hill."

"I have never opened it," replied George.

"Suppose, then, after carefully ransacking that and every other place, I was to alight on a small piece of paper, duly signed and attested, revoking this will—I say, suppose such was the case?"

"It would be worth some risk," suggested George with a smile.

"Trouble and risk be mine," said Perjury. "Do you grudge expense? Remember we have the Christmas rents in hand."

"Spend freely," replied George, "and do anything to keep them out: we must run some risk."

"Very well; you had better proceed to travel; a few hundreds will be sufficient, I suppose. In the mean time, I will make every inquiry after this deed, which we think may have been given. Perhaps, when suggested to some person or other, their minds may be able to recall its existence—it's astonishing how the memory can be assisted. You smile, Mr. Middleton; but if you had seen as many instances of recoveries of lost facts as I have, you would not be so incredulous. But trust to me—I have done much for you," and the attorney looked at his swathed limb—"yet I will do more."

"Whoever finds that deed shall have ten thousand pounds the day after the plaintiff in Middleton against Middleton is nonsuited. And now good day, Perjury. Let me hear from you; I shall leave—"

"To-night, Mr. Middleton," said Malachi.

"Yes, to-night; perhaps it is better. I hope the deed will be found," replied George, as he turned to leave the room.

"I hope it will," said Malachi Perjury, with a dull smile.

CHAPTER XX.

The trial—the conclusion of our tale.

According to his legal adviser's advice, the squire repaired to Paris, leaving the conduct of his affairs to his *friend* Malachi Perjury. Time went on, the judges had arrived at Hertford, the assize had been voted a slow one: there being only three murders, as the deputy-clerk remarked, two of which were compromised, and a forgery case, which had tended to revive the drooping spirits of the bar wits—the briefless crowd—through the means of a learned verdict returned by the jury of "Not guilty, but hope he won't do so again." The great case of Middleton and Middleton was the staple of the circuit, both the solicitor and attorney-general coming down special; both of the judges had signified their intention of sitting to hear it; and the greater portion of the country gentlemen who were not required as special jurors were assembled to hear the issue of the great trial.

At last the day arrived, the hall was filled, the judges seated, the counsel busy looking over their briefs, talking to one another, or conferring with their respective attorneys, the case was called, the jury sworn, and silence being at last obtained, Mr. Solicitor-general Clearhead rose to lead for the plaintiff, as soon as his junior, Mr. Eightyear, had opened the very small quantity of matter contained in the pleadings.

"My lord, and gentlemen of the jury," said Sir Thomas Clearhead, "however diffident I may feel in endeavouring to advocate the great interest committed to me, I cannot but acknowledge the great assistance I know I shall receive from the learning and intelligence of this tribunal, fully assured that any imperfections on the part of the advocate will never be allowed to weigh for one moment against the case of my injured client. It is now nearly six years since the late possessor of the property on which this action is brought, Mr. Aubrey Middleton, died, after a severe illness, hastened, no doubt, by a scene of violence that attended his last moments. By the will of the originator of the family of the Middletons, the estates now in question were demised to each successive heir male, as tenant for life, unless he should, by a public declaration, adjoin himself to the Roman communion, and secede from the English Church, to which the family had united themselves. Mr. Middleton, the grandfather of the present claimant and possessor, had three sons, Aubrey, the eldest, George, the father of the present tenant of River Hill, and Spencer, the father of my client. Persuaded by his brother George, who had become a priest of the Romish Church, having previously married much below his rank, Mr. Aubrey Middleton made a public secession from the Church in England, and, by joining himself to the communion of Rome, became, instead of tenant for life, the possessor

in fee simple of the family estate. Mr. George Middleton left one son, the present defendant. Mr. Spencer entered our church, and became rector of the family living, and father of two children, a daughter and the present plaintiff. Mr. Aubrey had for many years retired from busy life, and lived, almost alone, in a small residence near London, permitting his brother Spencer to inhabit the family house at Riverley, and allowing him such an annual sum as enabled Mr. Spencer to represent the ancient family. His son, my client, he always looked on as his heir, ever regarding him more as a son than as a nephew, whilst from the present defendant he was estranged, from the nature of his associations and his conduct. A few days before his death, Mr. Aubrey Middleton summoned his brother, Mr. Spencer, and my client to his bed-side, again informed them that he had made them his heirs by his will, besought them to seek out and endeavour to reclaim his erring nephew George, and be to him in the place of his father, whose adoption of the priestly office had made him first neglect his child, and whose death had now left him an orphan. He then, in their presence, and in the presence of other witnesses, subscribed his will, giving effect to his wishes, which was then deposited in the escrutoire which stood in his bed-room. This was about midnight on Friday, the —— day of——. My client then left for Oxford. Before eight o'clock the next evening, the house had been robbed, the man servant killed, the escrutoire broken open, the will stolen, and Mr. Aubrey himself was found dead on the arrival of assistance. These facts I need not, I believe, prove, the record of the inquest being in court. The will being lost, an advertisement was made for its recovery—unsuccessfully indeed—and, after a short delay, Mr. George Middleton, the defendant, entered into possession as tenant for life, by virtue of the supposed intestacy of his uncle."

The Solicitor-general then spoke of Mr. Spencer's difficulties, his death, and the succession of the right, under the lost will, to his client, the rector's only son. He then went on—

"For five years and more, nothing had been heard of the will: at length, about six weeks, or rather more ago, Mr. Gerard Hamilton, one of the witnesses who will be examined to-day, was called in, in his ministerial capacity, to the death-bed of an aged woman, who, it seems, had been the nurse of the testator. To his astonishment, she gave him the will, informed him how, on the day of the making of it, she had been tampered with by one Redmond, a daring burglar, lately shot in a rescue, had administered laudanum to the old man, in order to facilitate an attempt at robbery, and then, when all was prepared, and she expected the immediate attack of the burglars, she anticipated their errand, picked the lock of the escrutoire, secured the deed in question, placing a blank paper in its place, and hardly secured her prize before the robbers were in the room—the man Redmond, as she declared, and also the present possessor of River Hill, the defendant in this action."

At this remark Sneak coloured, and looked inclined to interfere, but was repressed by a whisper from Plausible, accompanied by a quiet smile of contempt, and an equally expressive shrug of the shoulders.

After some elaborate comments on the confession of the nurse, and a careful going over of the extraordinary facts relating to the preservation and concealment of the will for so many years, the delivery of it to the plaintiff by his friend, and the consequent bringing of the action now to be tried, Sir Thomas concluded a long address, but a sketch of which we have given, by tendering the will in court, and ordering the officer to call the first witness, our friend Gerard.

Before the officer could proceed to tender the oath to Gerard Hamilton, Sir William Plausible, after a little by-play with his co-adjutors, arose with a calm, smiling face.

"My lords and gentlemen," he said, bowing low to the bench and the jury, "with the permission of my learned friend, the Solicitor-general, I think we may save much time in this important case, by some important admissions on our side."

"Plausible at his old work," whispered Clearhead to his junior.

"I believe," continued Plausible, "my learned opponent puts forward this document as the will and testament of Aubrey Middleton, Esq., made and signed by him, and duly attested in his presence, the —— day of ——, lost for some years, stolen, as my friend says, and now recovered and tendered in court."

The Solicitor-general nodded assent.

"All these facts, my lord, though it may seem to be cutting away the foundation of our own defence, myself and my learned friends are willing to admit, in order to save the time of this honourable court."

As soon as the word admit was out of Plausible's mouth, a most earnest conversation, in whispers, commenced between Mouldy, Clearhead, and Eightyears, during which a sharp-eared neighbour might hear such sentences as these—"Too civil by half"—"What the devil can be their defence?"—"Can't be unsound mind—nonsense!—won't let him off—must, it will look so bad to refuse—damn his plausibility—there's mischief brewing—hum! I'll see."

Here Clearhead arose, and after thanking his learned friend for his concessions, said he could not accept them, unless he would also admit the fact of the house of the deceased having been broken into by Redmond and the defendant.

"I am sure," replied Plausible, with a gracious smile, "I am sure it would grieve me either to deprive my learned opponent of the full benefit of the wondrous revelations of the pious and honest Mrs. Martha, or to delay the time of this court by opposing the wish of my opponent. I will admit what his evidence was to prove, namely, that this Mrs. Martha, this nurse, told Mr. Gerard Hamilton, on her death-bed, that she believed the persons who broke into the room were one Mark Redmond and my honourable client; if the revelations of Saint Martha amount to more, I am afraid I must compel my friend to prove them."

"I think, Mr. Solicitor," said the senior judge, "Sir William has conceded all the evidence you can require; the fact of the supposed identity of the robber with the defendant has nothing to do with the facts of this case, which seems to me to lie on the authority of this will, which is now admitted."

"Certainly, my lords," replied Clearhead, with an inward curse at

Plausible's method of keeping back unpleasant facts—"certainly, my lord; I have all I can want; and as your lordship has a note of the admissions, I have only once more to tender the will for the officer to read, and to close the case for the plaintiff."

The conclusion of the case for the plaintiff was succeeded by a temporary buzz, during which Sir William drew on his gloves, Plausible enjoyed a pinch of snuff, smoothed down his long bands, and prepared to lead for the defence.

"My lords," he said, "and gentlemen of the jury, doubtless I may seem to have placed my client in an unfair position, by thus admitting the case of the plaintiff, and depriving myself of any benefit from the cross-examination of the witnesses, the failure of any technical evidence, or the observations which were open to me on the almost incredible facts of the case. Much as we have the case of our client at heart, we are well aware we should not be performing our duty to him if we were to endeavour to cast a doubt on the authenticity of that will, or raise a question as to its legal effect. We admit it to its fullest extent—by it the plaintiff is clear in his right. Where, then, lies our defence? We have nothing to do or say as to how this will was lost, or how recovered; here it is; honesty admits its authenticity and effect. Where, then, it may be asked, is our defence, in truth?

"We might, perhaps, object, that this will was obtained from the testator by fraud or misrepresentation. Far from it. Our opponent and his worthy father could not for one moment be subjected to such an imputation. Doubtless, when this will was made, the testator, with reason and knowingly, devised his property to his brother. Do we say, then, that the testator was of unsound mind when he made this will. Far from it. Mr. Aubrey Middleton, to the hour of his death, was strong and powerful in his mind, and perfectly aware of his smallest act. Did he, then, revoke this will?"

Here Plausible paused. Not a sound was heard in court; the counsel for Spencer sat on tenter-hooks, whilst those for the squire preserved a most mysterious solemnity. After a short pause, Plausible continued,

"My lords and gentlemen of the jury, he did revoke this will."

Clearhead and his colleagues turned pale with astonishment, and once more their heads were close together.

"About mid-day on the Saturday on which he died, Mr. Aubrey Middleton wrote a revocation of this deed with his own hand, and had it attested by his faithful servant Sampson, who was killed that night, the nurse Martha, and one Mary Green, describing herself as occasional servant, an old charwoman. This deed I now tender, and, unless my learned friend will be kind enough to admit it as we did his will, must proceed to prove the handwriting of the testator. Here is the deed, found among others in an iron box containing family records, and now produced as our defence to this honourable court; the deed was not found until after the entire papers had come into the possession of the defendant, after he had been admitted by the absence of the will on which the complainant has rested his case. Does the Solicitor-general admit this document?"

"Not having any further deed of revocation," replied Clearhead, "I am afraid that I cannot oblige my learned friend."

"As my learned friend pleases," replied Plausible. "The evidence which I shall now adduce will prove that, about mid-day on the day of the robbery, the testator called the three witnesses into his room, and after some conversation with his faithful servant Sampson, who seems to have endeavoured to dissuade his master, signed the paper before them all, and that their several signatures were then attached. This will be proved by the only witness now living, the charwoman Mary Green, a person of the age of seventy, and rendered more infirm by severe paralysis. The authenticity of the testator's signature, and, if it is wished, of those of the deceased witnesses, will be also proved, by the evidence of persons well acquainted with their handwriting. This deed proved—a deed by which the will on which our opponent rests his case is revoked—I confidently ask for a verdict in my favour, without any fear of the talents or eloquence of my learned friend. Call Mary Green."

At the summons of the usher, a small decrepid old woman, with a very Jewish cast of features, made her way through the court, and appeared in the witness-box. In consideration of her age, she was allowed to sit during her examination. After the usual preliminary questions about name and age, Sir William Flower began to interrogate her as to the day of the robbery.

"She remembered the day of Mr. Middleton's death and the robbery; it was in the spring—she thought in March—on a Saturday; she was not in the house when the robbery was committed, but came in the next morning; she had been employed all that week, from morning to night, at Mr. Middleton's in charing and helping; there were in the house beside her, the nurse, a young maid, and the man servant; remembered the arrival of the old gentleman's brother, and also of his nephew, as she had to wait till the young gentleman came; remembered being told by Sampson and the nurse that the master had made his will; was told this when she came to work on the Saturday morning; remembers, about mid-day, the nurse coming down into the kitchen, and telling her she was wanted to come up to the master; went up, and found the master sitting up in bed, propped up; heard Sampson say, 'No, don't, master;' Sampson was crying; the master said 'I must;' Sampson then gave the master a sheet of paper written on, and a pen with ink: the master then said, 'You see me sign this,' and Sampson said, 'Say yes;' so we all said yes; the master then wrote with some difficulty, and then Sampson wrote his name, then the nurse, and then I; I then went down to the kitchen, leaving Sampson and nurse with the master."

The deed was then handed to her.

"Is that your hand writing?" asked Sir William Flower.

"Yes, sir," replied the witness after a careful examination through her glasses.

"Is that the paper you saw Mr. Middleton sign?"

"I cannot swear it is—but it seems to me the same."

"Who wrote those other names?" asked Flower.

"I suppose Sampson and nurse—her name was Martha—but I don't know," replied the witness shaking her head.

After a short whispering between Plausible and his friends, Flower sat down, and the Solicitor-general rose to cross-examine. The witness then seemed to be suffering from great pain and weakness, and far less able to answer than in her examination in chief.

"You have said there were in the house the man-servant, the nurse, and a young woman—was that so? asked Sir Thomas.

"Yes," replied the old woman faintly.

"What was the young woman's name."

"We called her Jane," replied the witness.

"Do you see her in court?" asked Sir Thomas.

The witness seemed to peer about, and then said "No."

"Look again," said Sir Thomas.

Again the old woman looked about and said "No."

The counsel pointed out one or two young women who were in court. "No," said the witness to each.

During this process Malachi Perjury, who sat below the bench, kept his eyes full on the witness, and frowned as each question was asked her. The Solicitor-general accidentally saw the process, and determined on defeating it; leaning over the bar, with his arm raised as if looking at a person behind the witness-box, he suddenly called the old woman's attention to a girl that had been standing close behind her during the examination.

"Is that the young woman?" asked Sir Thomas, carefully placing his body between Malachi and the witness.

"No," said the old woman.

The look that passed over Perjury's face when he caught sight of the female in question, showed Clearhead the bearings of the case.

"Come," he said, after the old woman had again gone through her evidence without an alteration. "Come, one more question. Was the young woman in the house when you were fetched from the kitchen to witness the signature?"

"No," replied the old woman after a furtive look at Perjury; "she had been sent out on a long errand early in the morning."

"My Lord," said Clearhead, "may I request that this witness remain in court under the care of the officer?"

After a long debate about the harshness of the case, Plausible was obliged to allow the request, and go on with his evidence.

The old steward of the Middletons proved that the signature, "Aubrey Middleton," was, as far as he could tell, his old master's, and the banker's clerk declared they should have paid a check with such a signature without hesitation. Perjury's face became smiling, and Plausible and his friends in the seventh heaven of delight, which was not lessened by the proof tendered by an old friend of Sampson's, that he believed that was his handwriting. Martha's also was proved by her niece. It remained now only to account for the production of the deed. To do this Mr. Isaac Samuels, our friend's clerk, was put into the box, and being sworn on the Old Testament, deposed —"That Mr. Perjury gave him orders about a month past to go

down to Riverley, and to search in an old iron chest which stood in the library for a deed of revocation, dated on the —— day of ——. That he went down accordingly, stayed one night, found the box in the library, and after a due search discovered the deed now produced among a heap of old parchments—that he brought it up to town, locked it up in the iron-safe at the office, and brought it from thence to Hertford last night."

Clearhead tried to elicit from him that Perjury had told him to try and find something to upset the will, but he persevered in his story that Malachi had fully described the document, and the place where it was to be found. So the Solicitor-general had nothing to do but let the witness make his bow and retire.

The case for the defence thus triumphantly concluded, Clearhead rose to meet this terrible defence, and all eyes were upon him as he carefully and cautiously dissected the evidence of the old woman, the improbability of the whole story, the plausible manner in which the evidence had been given, and the denial of the witness of the presence of the young maid-servant in the court. After some few more remarks, he called Jane Grey.

When the old woman, who had been seated on a chair nearly in front of the witness-box, saw the face of the girl, whom she had sworn was not the young maid-servant, she turned as pale as marble; whilst the dark scar across the brow of Perjury became a dark purple as he witnessed the arrival of the young woman.

Jane Grey was sworn. She said she had been servant to Mr. Middleton for two years before his death—remembered the arrival of the brother and of the plaintiff—it was late on a Friday night—remembered the robbery and death of her master and Sampson—there were in the house, beside her, the man-servant, the nurse, and a charwoman, who came to light the fires, and clean up after dinner."

"Do you see that person who used to come to assist anywhere in court?" asked Sir Thomas.

"No," replied the girl.

"Is that old woman below you her?"

"No," replied the girl firmly, and looking the old woman full in the face.

"Did you ever see this person before?"

"Never till to-day," replied Jane Grey.

"How do you know that this person was not the charwoman that used to assist you?" asked Sir Thomas.

"Because no one ever helped us at master's but my aunt Caroline —and this ain't aunt," replied the girl.

"How do you know it is not your aunt?"

"'Cause she died last Whitsuntide year, and I see her lay in her coffin," replied the witness, wiping away a tear.

"Then you distinctly swear that this woman never was at your master's."

"Not as long as I lived there."

"Will Mr. Attorney cross-examine this witness?" asked the junior judge, as soon as Sir Thomas had reseated himself.

And cross-examine Plausible did, in the most approved style of

bullying, but he never failed more grievously. Jane Grey was speaking the truth, and from the truth he could not turn her, try all he could; at last, however, he elicited one point slightly in his favour. She could not but admit that on the Saturday of the robbery she had been sent out very early in the day on an errand, and did not return until the afternoon, and that when she returned the charwoman was gone. Contented with this admission, Plausible said a few words and sat down in better spirits than he had risen. And Sir Thomas was about to commence his general reply when he was stopped by Eightyear, who had been looking at the deed of revocation during the examination of the last witness.

Whilst the paper was in his hand he had leant back in his seat in order to show it to a brother barrister who sat behind him. As he raised it in the air so as to enable his friend to see it, a bright pencil of light suddenly came through one of the hall windows directly behind the paper. Eightyear started, looked once or twice very close at the paper, smiled, and at the imminent danger of injuring his friend's nose, which, as he was short-sighted, was very close to Eightyear's arm, he bent forward, touched the Solicitor-general on the shoulder, and in a moment Mouldy and the counsel had all their heads together.

The whole court stared at the counsel; there was Sir Thomas, his brother the sergeant, and Eightyear and Mouldy, first with their heads together, then all staring at the paper, as Sir Thomas held it up to the light, then down went the deed, and all the heads over it.

"What is the matter, Sir Thomas?" asked the chief-justice, who presided.

"A most extraordinary circumstance, my lord. I think I may say most providential," replied the Solicitor-general, after he had made Sergeant Puzzle sit down by a gentle pressure on the shoulders, and given old Mouldy a slight push towards his seat. Your lordships, and you gentlemen of the jury, will remember that it is in evidence that this deed—so says Mrs. Mary Green—was executed about midday on the day after the will, now five years and eleven months since. Now, my lords, this is false, as we can now prove."

The court looked perfectly astonished. You might have heard a pin drop—Plausible even looked serious—Perjury shivered with cold—the old witness, Mary Green, seemed ready to faint, so white, so trembling she sat with her eyes fixed on the advocate.

"When, my lords, this deed was executed, I cannot say—but this is clear, it was not executed on the day it bears date—the day stated by Mary Green. We have already heard this witness contradicted in every point as to her evidence—we have heard Jane Grey declare this woman was not employed about the house—that her aunt was—that she is now dead. My learned friend elicited one point in his favour, the fact of Jane Grey being absent from the house for many hours during the Saturday, and those hours during which the deed is stated to have been executed, and during which the witness Green declares the young maidservant, whom she could not recognise, was absent. Perhaps I might have relied on the evidence of Jane Grey, and the improbability of the story told by this old woman. It is not

requisite. Five years and eleven months ago this deed is declared to have been executed—so says its date—so says Mrs. Green—executed, my lord, on paper, not made until three years, at the least, after the death of the executor of the deed, the testator in this cause."

The anxiety of the court relieved itself by a simultaneous expiration of breath. This fact his learned junior had discovered. "Look, my lords, look at the water-mark—there appears the maker's name—the date at the least three good years after Mr. Aubrey Middleton was dead and buried. And now, gentlemen of the jury, how say you, for the defendant or for the plaintiff?"

"Do you raise any objection, Mr. Attorney?" said the chief-justice, after the deed had passed round the bench, the jury-box, and the defendant's counsel.

"No, my lord," replied Plausible, rising with his compeers. "No, my lord," he continued without heeding Perjury, who endeavoured to speak to him, "we or our client have been grossly deceived, we resign the case."

"Mr. Attorney, you will be pleased to prosecute the witness Green for perjury. Gentlemen of the jury, you will of course find for the plaintiff," said the chief-justice.

The Attorney-general bowed, the jury bowed, the bar bowed, the clerk took the verdict, *and Spencer Middleton was Squire of River Hill.*

O how merrily that evening passed! The landlord of the Crown was a clever fellow; the old friends of the family were gathered round the young heir; his dearest friends, the Hamiltons, were with him; there was old Mouldy, now laughing, now crying, with pure delight, and running up and shaking everybody by the hand; and when the church clock chimed six, Sir Thomas Clearhead took the head of the table; Tom Davis, the member for Riverley, in good earnest secured the vice's chair, and a merry and happy party sat down to welcome the heir of Riverley to the estates of his fathers.

At six the party attacked the viands—at eight the speeches began amid much applause, but still sober and solemn—at nine songs began to be more in favour than speeches, eyes began to twinkle slightly, and the bottle to circulate faster and faster—about the hour of ten, excitement and the salmon knocked up poor old Mouldy, who was conveyed to bed by Mr Hamilton and another old friend, not indeed speechless, but, on the contrary, supremely eloquent, about all and everything, from Perjury to Spencer, and from the chief-justice to the usher of the court. And now the fun grew fast and furious—toast followed upon toast—fun upon fun—song upon song—and story upon story.

"Old Sir Jamie seems to have got over his rencontre with Mary the maid of the inn last assizes," said Davis.

"What was that?" asked Sir Thomas, who had too much to do to hear all the good stories of the circuit.

"Pass the bottle, Serjeant Puzzle," replied Tom, "and let me have a glass—telling stories is dry work. Well, you see, Jamie came down last circuit rather earlier than old Manly, his colleague, so what does he do but say he'll take a walk and look at the town—well, out he

goes, and while he's away in goes Mary to his room, gets out his wig, which was laid out ready for use, and pops it on her head to see how she'd look in a judge's head-dress. Jamie came back rather too soon, and finding brother Manly not arrived, walked up to his room, determining to get ready to receive his brother judge. As he opened the door of his room, there stood Mary before a long glass, making faces at herself in the judge's wig. Jamie was astounded. 'Who are you?' he said, entering the room. Mary looked round, saw the judge, had never heard him come, gave a squeak, and fell flat into his arms. At that moment brother Manly arrived, heard that Sir Jamie was in his room, ran up, pushed open the door, and saw the exemplary Jamie with the chambermaid in his arms arrayed in his official wig. 'O, Brother Goodbehave!' said Manly. 'My dear Manly,' replied Jamie, quite aghast, 'do help me.' 'O dear no,' replied Manly, carefully shutting the door; 'there is always one too many at an execution.'"

"How did it end?" asked a chorus of voices.

"Ask Sir Jamie," replied Davis. "Come, Mr. Serjeant, a song—a song."

All things must come to an end, and so did that evening, or rather the next morning, and from the number of watches that were not wound up that night it might be conjectured that candles are not always the best substitute for watch-keys after a rather lively evening.

But now, what became of the actors in this little drama? Was the old squire hung, or Perjury struck off the rolls of the attorneys? Far from it. Squire George resided at Paris for a short time on the money he had taken with him; when that was gone he turned republican—started a paper on the most liberal principles, in which he patronized the cholera and the plague as the best friends of liberty, as the sure preventers of the assembling of large armies by hostile princes; and professed his belief in God, "not," as he said, "because he was a legitimate God, but because, though heir apparent of heaven, he hated court ceremonial, and because he was not a God of tonsured priests and gold-laced officers, but a good-citizen God." On such nonsense, cruelty, and blasphemy, he fed the people, and the people fed him—it may be he yet lives, he yet thrives, in the fair and foul capital of France.

As for Perjury, his character was not to be injured by the discovery of a forged deed, far from it—the boldness of the attempt raised his character among his best customers, whilst the adroit manner in which, no one knew how, it had been managed, prevented the court from striking his name from the roll. It was not long ago that a carriage passed rapidly towards the Park, and enabled the passer by to catch a sallow, withered face, and a lofty brow, over which the wearer's hat had been greatly depressed, and yet not enough to hide a broad red scar—could that be Malachi Perjury? Our friend, Tom Davis, is still M.P. for Riverley, and has as his colleague one Spencer Middleton—he is still a bachelor, and a more confirmed one than ever, after he gave away the bride at a certain friend's wedding.

In the "Morning Post," some years ago—the deponent sayeth not when—was the following announcement:

"On Thursday last, at the parish church, Riverley, by the Rev. the rector, Spencer Middleton, Esq., of River Hill, to Margaret, only daughter of John Hamilton, Esq, of Hethersett, Norfolk; and at the same time the Rev. Gerard Hamilton, of St. Etheldred's College, to Emily, only daughter of the late Rev. Spencer Middleton."

POSTSCRIPT.

"Mr. Author, Mr. Author—your hero is not half a hero."
"No, my Lady Blueskin."
"He's too tame—too common—too—too—"
"Natural by half," my lady.

THE DYING CHILD.

BY NEWTON IVORY LUCAS.

I AM so weary, dearest mother, sleep
Weighs down my eyes—I cannot see thee now;
But weep not, dearest mother—wherefore weep?
I hear thy sobs—I feel thy cheek, thy brows
Are wet and hot with tears—and I am cold!
And hark—the storm without! O, press thine hands
Upon my bosom, mother,—press thy lip
Upon my cheek—so let me sleep and dream
Of heaven—of angels—mother, and of thee!
See—see! the angels stand beside me—now
They bend their heads—they whisper in mine ears—
Or is it thou that speak'st—the voice the same—
So soft—so sweet? But no, I see their wings;
They rise—they leave me: no—they scatter flowers
Upon my bed; they beckon me—alas!
I cannot come—I have not wings to raise
My body from my bed. Lend me your wings,
Ye lovely beings!—no; they shake their heads;
"Not yet," they say—not yet? and why not yet?
Thou pressest me so close, I cannot breathe,
Thy tears bedew my cheek—why art thou sad?
I have no wings—I will not leave thee, mother;
But weep not thus, or thou wilt force the tear
From me—and I have cause to smile; they smiled
Upon thy child—they strewed upon his bed
The flowers—they strew them still—they come again—
They bend—they whisper—see, they lend me wings!
Mother, I mount—I rise—*they kiss thy child!*

TABLEAUX VIVANS.

BY MRS. FRANCES ELIZABETH DAVIES, AUTHOR OF "MEMORIES OF GIBRALTAR," &C. &C.

TABLEAU II.—THE MAN WITHOUT MONEY.

"While half the world from money, pleasure gleans,
The other half exists by ways and means."

"LONDON is a fine place, a wondrous place, full of wealth, full of luxuries, full of pleasures, but one cannot live in it without money!" Such is the common observation of all those who visit town for the first time, or of those who, arriving with weighty pockets, are soon made conscious that their lately plethoric purses, affected by metropolitan air, are fast emulating the "pantaloon" of age, and becoming "a world too wide" for their consumptive contents.

But wait, good friend, pause lest you draw deceptive deductions. Do you really believe that all those elegant gentlemen who ambulate Pall Mall, who loiter up Regent-street, or lounge on the steps of fashionable clubs, have money? or even those *tonish* beaux, whose dashing transit splashes the mud ungratefully in your teeth just at the moment that you are opening them to panegyrize their tasteful elegance? Do not believe it. If you do, you must be one of the Mr. Greens. You may have been "a whole month" in town, and in that time may have laid up a world of knowledge to retail over your winter's fire to admiring friends. You may have seen "the sights"—St. Pauls, Westminster Abbey, the Tower, Thames Tunnel, and the theatres—the parks, the wild beasts, "live authors," belles blue as indigo, heroes, statesmen, Indians "fresh as imported"—Madame Vestris, Macready, Kean, and Jullien the exquisite. You may have seen the new minister, the Queen, Prince Albert, and, "though last not least in our dear love," the baby Prince of Wales. You may have formed a very accurate idea of the stability of public buildings and public characters, and have come to the very erudite conclusion that life in the east is as the chrysalis to the butterfly-existence of the west; but you no more know what town-life is, than you can guess what is passing within yonder drawing-room by gazing upon the shadows that flit to and fro upon its delicate drapery.

You, my good friend, cannot live in London without money; nay, you require a great deal of money to procure the common requisites of life in the commonest way. And when, with truly Spartan courage, you leave your cozy home in the country to come up per steam hither, you find that like good old Baillie Nicol Jarvie, you have left "all the comforts of the Salt Market behind" you, and that, although you are resigned to "rough it" for a month, you do so at a vast outlay of sterling money; but that, I repeat, is only because you

are Mr. Green. Your colour is too glaring to be concealed—the hotel-keepers, the lodginghouse-keepers, the tradespeople, the passengers who jostle you in the streets, the sweepers, who "bless your honour" without knowing whether you have any—the urchins who beg for halfpence while they appropriate your pocket-handkerchief—nay, the very stones on which you tread, I beg pardon, the wooden blocks on which you slide, or *tumble*, and the pitchy way to which you *stick*, are all ready to tax you as one of the Greens—a family whose members never yet ventured a sight-seeing trip without paying handsomely for their name and fraternity.

Wherefore should ye not, O verdant family! "since even those who are native to the place," "and to the manner born," as Shakspeare hath it, cannot always keep from napping, and never nod without paying the penalty? Yet, good and credulous friend, think not, that because you pay, *all* pay. Half these elegant personages, whose well-cut coats and orthodox moustaches, evoke your admiration, are from year to year positively guiltless of a *sous*, *quoad* individually and identically their own property. Look at them, and you are absolutely dazzled. Listen to them, and you are awe-struck, for names of note fall as household words from their lips. Draw aside their dramatic curtain, and peep into their privacy. *C'est un autre chose.*

The man without money is a noun of multitude, abounding in our metropolis. He belongs to a genus which produces many varieties, and lest you, friend Green, should return to your *otium cum dignitate*, chameleon-like, changed into a *dun brown* I entreat you to permit a few species to be introduced to your critical examination. The first which I shall select for attention is that elderly gentleman, just turning the corner of the Quadrant—he with the blue coat and bright buttons, pepper-and-salt trousers, buff waistcoat, hat of the true city cut, thick soles, square toes, umbrella, and a white bolster by way of a cravat. Do you observe with what a true business-air he plods along? Now he stops and consults his watch—it wants five minutes to five o'clock. See! he hurries on, planting his umbrella firmly but carefully at every step, because he has a bottle hidden in its folds, which any imprudence might destroy. He is to dine at five with the family of a poor gentleman; for he, despite his commercial appearance, and warm "well to do" pattern, has neither money himself, nor has he any concern with those who have. He lives upon the needy, making their wants subservient to his own existence. That man was *once* rich, but he has *long* been poor. He *was* a merchant upon a large scale—he *is* ostensibly a dealer on a small one. He trades in wine, spirits, Guinness's porter, and Burton ale; that is, he takes orders for an established house, and acts as petty agent. His real occupation is to discount bills of short dates to the genteel needy, upon whom he presses his goods as part payment, and renews their acceptances from month to month in part, at compound interest. Wo to the wretch whose necessities force him into such clutches, though but for five pounds, for before he escape again he will find his liabilities swollen to a hundred, and his condition otherwise not a jot amended.

Besides this, he holds a dinner book, in which he registers his self-formed engagements, for he boasts the right of being that horrible

nuisance, a privileged person. By way, however, of propitiating his enforced entertainers, he occasionally presents the lady of the house with the munificent gift of a "pint of port," enhanced by his own conveyance, or with some game, rescued from the condemned refuse of a cellar-dealer's store, in that delicate state of high keeping which has restored to it the power of locomotion.

His victims prepare for his reception with a constancy of endurance that would have immortalized their martyrdom in the earliest ages; and, true to his threat, he arrives exactly at the appointed hour. With what rich self-complacency he congratulates all present upon the happy leisure that affords them the gratification of his society! With what nonchalant ease he inquires into the quality of the approaching meal, assumes the direction of the salad, or regulates the airing of the wine, while spreading his damp handkerchief to steam before the fire, he descants upon the regularity of his habits, the vigour of his constitution, and the youthful taste that enables him still to appreciate the society "of a *foine* woman."

At table he produces a stale roll carefully enfolded in a handkerchief—he descants upon the dyspeptic qualities of bread newly baked —exhibits a large development of the animal bumps in his epicurean propensities—volunteers gratuitous instructions to the carver—censures the choice or cooking of the viands—and commits a sequence of solecisms both in good-breeding and good-nature.

The dinner over, and his inner man unwillingly consoled, he inflicts upon his forbearing hosts the "thrice told tale," the hackneyed Joe Miller, the prosy *un*incidental narrative, to all and each of which they are as painfully familiar, as to the face of their relentless persecutor; and should their fatigued attention falter, he rebukes their involuntary breach of courtesy with unmeasured indignation.

His favourite amusement is chess, because he pronounces it to be a game of science worthy the occupation of masculine vigour. He opens, as he says, in the style of Philidor, but is nevertheless astounded to find himself disgracefully defeated by a tyro in a dozen moves.

He takes a hand at whist, wins a sovereign, pockets the money, and remains chuckling, prosing, and sipping his punch until three in the morning. He loses a shilling, and unceremoniously breaks up the table, declaring that "upon principle" he "never pursues bad luck," and departs in haste at nine in the evening. Happy are they whose good fortune rids them so easily of the unwelcome intruder.

On his way home to his garret in Rag-court, Oxford-street, chosen in order that he may boast among strangers of his lodgings in the west, he drops in at the British, or the Blue Posts, Haymarket; there he finds some talkative twaddler, who is glad to pay a listener, or some saturnine lethargist, who will pay for being twaddled to; so every way he is sure of being treated.

It must not be thought, however, that our hero never returns in kind the dinners which he so constantly appropriates, for that would be to do him gross injustice. He pays back such compliments, as many men pay their commercial debts, at the rate of a penny in the

pound, and so as to yield him future interest, either in the shape of orders or invitations. His privileged cronies he invites to pot-luck with him in his garret. Here he regales them with a third share of half a pound of cold beef from Thomas's, which he purchases as he passes from the city, and produces, folded in a doubtful newspaper, from the mysterious depths of his great-coat pocket; to this he adds potatoes, boiled with the most elaborate art in his shaving-pot, which, with a couple of hard rolls, a pewter pint of porter, and the collected drainings of many bottles, decanted into a *multum in parvo* receiver, and passing under the generic name of spirits, or wine, completes the delicate and *recherché* repast. Fortunately the adjuncts are of so satisfactory a nature that the appetite is appeased without the infliction of any very extraordinary inroads into the material provision; were it otherwise the wretched object who stands shivering in a corner, a peripatetic monument of famine and misery, ycleped by courtesy "the servant John," and whose province it is to carry goods to customers, would fare but sadly; but under propitious circumstances he obtains his full share, and dines luxuriously upon the leavings of the visitor.

His unfamiliar victims, or those whom he desires to lure, he invites by card at a fortnight's notice, and appoints the place of entertainment at a second-rate boarding-house, which he serves with wine, and where, in return for the custom of the inmates, he contracts for his guests like cattle, at so much per head for a given number of annual feeds. Here he puts on airs, wears silk stockings, or imitations, clips his words, is extra pompous, and talks oracularly of city men and ministers.

During dinner he angles for orders, sports his wine like a nabob among his favoured few, and sends his decanter to hob-nob where he discerns an incipient nibble.

When the cloth is drawn, and the rest departed, he draws his party into a knot, places a fresh bottle on the table, and prepares "to be comfortable." The wine proves good, he proposes to *oblige* his "excellent friend on his right" with a dozen from the particular bin, and the order-book magnetically springs forth. The visitors are booked—one, two, three, are down already—and, how fortunate! "quite by accident," he has stamps in his pocket-book, and "has no objection" to draw a bill to accommodate, provided half the amount above the value of the wine may be for his own use. Then comes the strong temptation. Home wants are thought of; there is no cautious wife present to venture an admonitory veto; the blanks are filled in, and, as the "kind host" hands over the papers for signature, he promises to turn them into cash early on the folllowing day. The bottle and the business are concluded together; the entertainer proposes an adjournment to an hotel, where every man shall pay Yorkshire fashion, that is, for himself. The motion is carried, with an amendment, that such a "thorough good fellow" shall be paid for by the company. Thus he is carried off in triumph to finish the night cost free, and to draw in the morning the greater parts of the sums for which his victims have subscribed their names, chuckling confidently on his skill to palm upon them useless goods at his own price, to cover his share of the money,

and still to keep them debtors—yea, even though they should pay off their acceptance twice over.

Thus he goes on from day to day, accelerating the ruin of the well-born improvident, and heaping coals of fire upon their heads, until, at last, his long-enduring dupes, casting aside the thraldom of his bondage, rush into prison to escape his persecution, and, by an act of insolvency, to free themselves not only from his claims, but from those also which his exactions have superinduced.

That the speculations of our bill-broking advertiser were, however, multifarious, may be easily imagined. So were the incidents in which he was involved; but as the present purpose is to evoke smiles, not tears, we will pass over many a narrative of domestic misery recorded against the name of this usurious man without money, to one in which his bump of acquisitiveness urged him to become a disciple of *la belle passion*.

It chanced that, while cogitating over the "Times" at his breakfast, his little black eyes lighted suddenly upon the following:

"*To Bachelors.*—A widow lady, possessing a handsome fortune, natural good temper, some personal advantages, and such intellectual acquirements as raise her above the common conventions of society, seeks a matrimonial partner of similar endowments. None but *tall* gentlemen, under fifty, possessing a clear rental of, at least, five hundred per annum, need apply. An interview will be granted to principals who subscribe their real name and address, and the most honourable secrecy guaranteed. Direct, post-paid, to A. B., Post-office, Bond Street."

On reading this flattering invitation, a change came over the spirit of our broker's dream. Here was a chance! He arose, looked in the glass, twinkled, smiled, attitudinized, tiptoed, and, returning to his seat, writing-case in hand, prepared self-complacently to indite his qualifications for the vacant place in the advertiser's household thus:

"Madam,—Your invoice" (the word scratched out, and supplied by advertisement,) "having come safe to hand, I like the offer, and shall be happy, if the sample proves as good as the description, to accept the consignment, and receive your orders. By my style you will at once perceive that I am a city man; it is hardly, therefore, necessary for me to state that I am a merchant"—(here the writer glanced at a range of empty black bottles which occupied the surrounding shelves.) "My fortune, though not vested in *land*, will, I trust, prove not inadequate to demand"—(here he thought of sundry acceptances falling due.)—"My intelligence enables me to appreciate a lady of your *sterling* value, and with regard to the other"—(and here he came to a dead pause, rose again, practised a few impromptu gymnastics on the stretching system, consulted the glass once more, sighed—for not even his organ of self-approbation, albeit of the largest developement, could disguise the distressing fact that he was both short and rotund—a fact that stared him in the face the longer he looked in the shaving-glass. Well, he was not a *tall* gentleman—that could not be contended—he

must waive that point. But then his age;—another pause—another glance in the shaving-glass. "Under fifty." Well, forty-nine was *under* fifty—add nineteen to that. Pshaw! age after forty is altogether apocryphal! Another smirk at the reflection, real and mental, and then, to generalize doubtful subjects, he wound up with a commercial flourish,

"If favoured with your instructions, hope to show that business is done at our house on the most satisfactory principles. Awaiting your communication, I subscribe real name and address, as per order, and am, madam, &c. &c. &c.

"Josias Tactic.

"No. —— Albemarle Street."

Having superscribed his letter with P. P. very large on the right corner, our hero, whom we shall henceforth term by his *assumed* name, hastened forth to save a penny by depositing it at the office indicated, meaning afterwards to call at the boarding-house in Albemarle Street, to secure *pro tempore*, the fictitious address. Aptly, however, remembering that his stature and appearance might not seem so captivating through the description of any lurking spy as they must prove on a personal interview, he turned into the first post-office, and gallantly invested the required sum in the matrimonial speculation.

Such glorious abnegation of property was not destined to remain long unfruitful, for that very evening he received a rose-tinted, sweetly-scented billet, containing a rendezvous; but as the sweetest cup often bears likewise gall, so did the precious *morceau* contain a triumph of Machiavelian policy that was as gall to the anxious Josias, for the tactics of the lady proved a match for those of Tactic himself. She had fixed the painting gallery at the British Exhibition, at the fashionable hour, as the place of meeting, where he was commanded to parade himself for approval, while she, mingling amongst the crowd, was to remain, according to pleasure, unknown. His distinguishing insignia was to be a large rose, appended to the button-hole, which, as being a flower out of season, as well as out of taste for the purpose, was supposed to be of unique selection. All hesitation as to compliance with the lady's will was dismissed by the imperative admonition, that non-attendance would be construed into a consciousness of demerit, and be resented by future silence.

Malgré, therefore, certain painful misgivings respecting the impending loss of capital, our hero not only transcribed an acquiescent reply, like its predecessor post-paid, but also visited Covent Garden Arcade, *after market hours*, to secure, at the lowest possible rate, the flower that was, he hoped, to prove to him the emblem of love and victory.

The morrow came, big with the fate and fortunes of Josias, and redolent of odours, borrowed from his landlady's daughter, and glittering in all the panoply of brass buttons, and summer clothing in December. he arrived at the gallery, ere yet the clock had chimed the appointed hour. The rooms were still thinly peopled, but carriages were fast approaching, and it was possible that a corresponding impatience had already attracted thither the star of his destiny. Alas,

she could recognise him, but he possessed no thread by which to unwind the Ariadnean mazes of his conjectures. Still, he stumped forward,—it was possible that his presence might awaken a blush—a sidelong glance—a smile—or unmask some covert battery of female witchery and consciousness! it was probable that the incognita would, either by accident or design, betray herself! and then—what then? why then he went on again, peering under every bonnet that indicated its wearer to be of a certain age—smirking, smiling, and executing a thousand apish tricks, to the amusement of some, and to the annoyance of many more. He saw ladies of all sorts and colours, from the hue that rested blushingly on the amplitude of his yellow waistcoat, down to the deepest *blue;* there were short and tall, spare and corpulent, plebeian and aristocratic, young and old, sentimental and critical, and many more than there is time to particularize; and there were glances shot from laughing eyes, but whether of approbation or ridicule our deponent sayeth not,—and the secret of freemasonry was not better kept, than that of the incognita. So while Josias' outward man was still clothed in sunshine, he felt his inmost heart quailing beneath a cloud of disappointed hope. When outstaying the departing crowds, lo! he suddenly found himself near a lady of a pale and majestic presence, who wore widow's weeds, and was accompanied by two lovely children, clad in the deepest mourning.

As the eyes of Tactic fell upon this elegant personage he met a glance from a pair of splendid orbs, that struck fire on the flinty particles embedded within his breast. He felt that he was in the presence of his unknown, and he remained breathless and motionless, fixing his lack-lustral gaze upon the face of the interesting stranger, who looking first at the rose, and then traversing her eyes to the new brutus that crowned his apex, was turning coldly away, when an exclamation from her younger child, "O mamma, what a beautiful rose!" made her direct her glance once more towards its wearer, who with a bounding heart saw, or fancied he saw, a slight gleam of colour mantle her delicate cheek, and then a conviction of his own temerity, in venturing to approach a being of such an order, conflicting with his apprehensions lest the children formed a part of her establishment, were so agitating, that he quivered, gasped, and grew deadly pale.

"The gentleman is ill, mamma!" exclaimed the elder child.

"*Are* you ill, sir? for you seem greatly affected!" inquired a voice of modulated melody.

"I am so, madam," and he attempted a killing look.

"Can I do anything to relieve you?"

"Can you ask that question, madam?" inquired the hero, laying his spread hand upon his breast, to the imminent danger of the flower that reposed beneath it.

"Sir!" ejaculated the widow with an unequivocal blush, and a slight gesture of hauteur.

"I do not intend to offend, madam, but it is impossible to look on so *foine* a woman, and know her *sterling* worth, without——"

"Sir, this language is quite an outrage against the rules of—"

"I know it, madam, I know it; but I intreat that you will not permit the exuberance of my joy to prejudice——"

"Poor man!" murmured the lady.

"Is the gentleman mad?" asked the half-frightened child. The lady turned away. Josias kept close beside her.

"Will you accept, madam?" and here he plucked the rose from his button-hole, and in prototype caricature of a similar action by an illustrious personage towards her future consort, held it towards the object of his wishes.

"I have not the honour of your acquaintance, sir," said the lady, declining the proffer.

"O say not so, madam!" and here he borrowed and paraphrased one of Sheridan Knowles's oft-repeated pet thoughts, "where reciprocal tastes exist, affection springs in a moment from bud to bloom."

The lady was hurriedly moving towards the door. Josias desperately followed.

"You will not depart in anger?"

They had now reached the entrance—the lady paused—she looked doubtingly upon him.

"Sir," said she, "when a gentleman transgresses against laws strictly imposed ——"

"True, madam, true," broke in Josias; "I have been wrong—I entreat pardon," and here he glanced at the children. "I stand reproved; but permit me to observe that a fair friend of mine is accountable for my crime."

"I understand," interrupted the lady; "a resemblance—I am sorry that your hopes should have been misled by me. Porter, my carriage, if you please. I trust, sir, that in your next essay of gallantry you may be more successful. Good morning."

So, she swept like a queen away, an equivocal smile dancing round her handsome mouth, leaving the broker, Cymon-like, twiddling his thumbs as he gazed after her retiring form, and only aroused from his reverie by seeing his costly rose crushed beneath the gleaming of her chariot wheels.

The sight of the equipage however recalled him to recollection, and with a frantic bound he dashed after it, hoping to emulate the dexterity of certain republican sweeps, who indulge their locomotive propensities by taking their gratuitous airings on the exterior of the same vehicle that contains the proudest of England's peers; but vainly did he scamper and clutch—the steeds were swift, and the footboard slippery—so the carriage and its charming occupant passed like a vision away.

Evening came, and found the enamoured Josias moodily making faces in the fire, when a letter, borne to his hands by the confidential John, summoned him to meet his fair one in Hanover Square. The missive breathed tender reproaches and inuendoed doubts, yet it bore the seal of acceptance, for it promised that the lady should cast aside her incognita, and in order to guard against the possibility of deception, she professed her intention to come armed with a white handkerchief, while her watchword should be, "You walk late, sir," to which he was to give the countersign, "I have waited long." Thus doubly secured, he sallied forth, pondering on the waywardness of

woman's caprice that rejects one hour that which it seeks the next, and scarcely permitting himself to doubt that the beautiful widow of the exhibition could be other than his advertising correspondent.

Long did Josias patrol darkly—the bright sunbeam of the morning glanced not across his path. A lazy policeman, who eyed him as a "suspicious character," alone challenged his promenade, but he was startled by the salutation, for it bore the magic sentence.

"You walk late, sir!"

Josias stopped in amazement. Was this a new device of his fascinating enslaver? Was it herself so odiously disguised?"

"You walk late, sir!" repeated the policeman.

"I have waited long," stammered Josias.

"Better be off at once then, for there's a shower coming," replied a voice so gruff that even Cupid himself, unless he were deaf as well as blind, could not have mistaken it for a woman's; and at the word, as if invoked by the prophecy, down patter, pattering came the heavy rain upon Josias' best coat and spruce new beaver; and with the shower, like one of Macbeth's witches, round the corner whisked a little fat woman.

"You walk late, sir!" said she, flaunting the ominous handkerchief.

"No, no, I'll not believe it," gasped Josias.

"I say you walk late, sir," repeated the little fat woman.

"You can't want me, ma'am," whimpered Josias.

"Haven't you waited *long* enough?" screamed the little fat woman.

"Yes, yes, ma'am. O, it's too true. I've waited long!" half-answered, half-soliloquized the miserable Josias.

"And now I'm come you don't seem over glad to see me," said the little fat woman; "perhaps you expected to see that fine tall madam that you were so smitten with this morning!" and here she broke into a mocking laugh that sounded horribly in Josias' ears. "Good fun it was to watch you, I'm sure; but there, there, I ain't jealous—not I. I don't like a man the less for having a little impudence. There, don't groan in that way! Why, what a pretty show you two would have made!—she so grand and elegant, and you such a fubsy little soul, just like myself. Yes, you and I are just a match, we shall make a nice pair, we sha'n't fall out about each other's beauty!—ha, ha, ha!" and the little heap shook with pealing laughter. "Come, come, don't be downhearted. I told you in my letter that I was good-tempered, and so you'll find me. I like your appearance very well, and so if you'll sit down here beside me, I'll just question you a bit, and we'll soon settle the preliminaries," and spreading the fatal handkerchief on a doorstep, she seated herself, while Josias meekly followed her example.

"And were you the writer of those elegant letters?" he asked.

"O, it's all the same, they were *writ* by a relation of mine. I told him my mind, and he put it in his own fashion—he's a good scribe, ain't he?"

Just then Josias fancied that he heard a suppressed laugh in the balcony above them, but it must have been fancy, for on looking

steadily up he could discern no one. The little fat woman looked up too, and then went on.

"Ye see, sir, I'm a woman of few words; so all I want to know is, how much money you have to live on? I didn't expect any gentleman, as *was* a gentleman, would have answered my advertisement, that didn't come up to my terms. Now I advertised for a *tall* man and you are a *short* man, but the short and the long of it is, that I don't mind that; but then you may also be a *poor* man, and I can't abide a man *without money*. So say the word at once, how *much* have you?"

"Really, ma'am, you must excuse me, but the surprise—the dis—I beg pardon—I can't exactly at this moment—pray, ma'am, allow me to reciprocate your question."

"Bah! bah! I've enough, and to spare; but answer me—my terms are five hundred a year—have you that?"

"Why, ma'am, to be candid, my resources fluctuate, but if yours are so ample, I should hope that a good husband might weigh as——"

"Pshaw! pshaw! Mr. Tactic—no fine words, as I said before—if you have the needful, there's my hand, and a good round sum along with it; but don't think that I'm going to bestow my property upon a shabby adventurer, that goes about making believe to be young and handsome, when he's old and ugly, and pretends to be a rich merchant, when he hasn't enough to pay for a dinner—that won't do for me, Mr. Tactic."

"Hush, hush, my dear madam," interposed Josias, who began to think that a little fat woman with a heavy purse, might not prove so bad a speculation. "I assure you, my dear madam, that I wouldn't deceive so charming a lady for the world—my hesitation arose from inability"——and here a head was really protruded over the balcony, and a voice came from the head, desiring that the contending parties would adjourn their sitting elsewhere. Both sprang to their feet. Josias looked upwards and apologized—he was answered by a ringing laugh, and the clapping to of the French window, and when he looked round he was *alone*.

The following day, on matrimonial thoughts intent, he wandered like an unquiet spirit into Hanover-square, hoping perhaps to meet the little fat woman hovering round the scene of their interrupted *tête-à-tête*—and there were the steps where they had sat—and before them was drawn a travelling carriage—imperials on, postilions mounted all ready for the road, and into it was stepping—could he believe his eyes!—the majestic widow of the British Gallery! Yes! there was no mistaking her, for close at her heels followed her cherub children, and, wonder upon wonders!! at the house-door, in the garb of an inferior domestic, curtseyed the little fat woman!!! A single eye-beam from the widow fell on the yellow waistcoat, and as she waved her hand to the postilion the well-remembered musical laugh again broke on his ear, mingling with the sound of rolling wheels. He turned a furious look towards the little fat woman, but it fell upon the immobile features of the brass knocker, for the hall door was already closed, and so was from that moment the heart of Josias to female fascinations and matrimonial advertisements.

Thus, then, he relapsed again into his former schemes, and, like the baffled politician, who, deafened by a popular clamour, abolishes the offensive *form* of taxations while maintaining the spirit of ancient abuses, he continues to levy his subsidies under new names upon other portions of her Majesty's subjects. So Josias daily changes the tenor of his exploits, and continues, till death frights him from his stool, to enact over and over again the heartless devices of a *bill-broking man without money.*

IRISH SONG.*

SHELAH DEAR, GOOD NIGHT!

AIR—"Planxty Kelly."

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Author of "Kathleen Mavourneen," and "Dermot Ashstore."

Good-night, good-night, my Shelah dear!
Ah why should lovers ever part?
We meet in smiles, but soon the tear
Dispels the sunshine of the heart,
And joy is swift of flight;
Yet Hope awakes her Doric shell,
When lovers sigh a sad farewell,
So Shelah dear, good-night!

Good-night, good-night! that warning chime
It tells me, Shelah, I must go:
O could we bind the wings of Time
We'd gaily wreathe his locks of snow
With flowers of roseate light;
But ah! those days can never be,
When Time and Cupid shall agree,
So Shelah dear, good-night!

Good-night, good-night, and golden dreams
Employ thy silent hours of sleep!
And when the sun, with rosy beams,
Steals o'er Killarney's mountains steep,
To crown the Isles with light;
O then let memory wake in thee,
Sweet thoughts of love, sweet thoughts of me,—
So Shelah dear, good-night!

* The title of the song which appeared in a former number of "The Metropolitan," as "Ma Aileen Ashstore," has now been changed to "MINONA ASHSTORE," in consequence of another song having been recently published with music, which, though different in its nature and subject, bears, by a singular coincidence, the same title of "Ma Aileen Ashstore.

THE RUSTIC GOING TO COURT.[1]

BY EDEN LOWTHER.

CHAPTER VI.

GODFREY LANGELANDE turned himself round and round, and backwards and forwards, and first on this side, and then on that, but could nowhere find the particular spot on his hard pallet where his broken sleep might be mended. The solid, leaden sort of dreamless repose, as hard as cast-iron, and almost as difficult to break, proved also as difficult to be repaired. If it be possible to be happy without knowing it, the profoundly-peaceful sleep of youth must certainly be that state;—no sudden starts, no agonizing tremors, no partial wakenings to the consciousness of suffering—fearful things that haunt the pillow of after years—disturb the happy obliviousness of youth. Sleep to the young is happy forgetfulness, and waking but happy remembrance. Howbeit, Godfrey Langelande's usual good-humour was mightily disturbed by the disagreeable occurrence which had roused him out of his comfortable repose, and the more he thought of the unpleasant interruption, the more he was dissatisfied with him who had caused it.

"To try me, forsooth!" ejaculated Godfrey—"to try me! What right had the knave to doubt me? Time enough to think men rogues when their deeds tell tales of them. Could he not take it for granted that I had a true tongue in my head, and an honest heart in my bosom, till I deceived with the one, and betrayed with the other? I would I had him here under mine hand—would I not set its seal upon him!"

So our hero indulged in the heartiest fit of grumbling that he had ever known in his mortal life, and that, too, the more energetically, as its excitement prevented him from sinking into the sweets of slumber again. Whilst he was thus lying on his curtainless bed, in the midst of the silence and darkness of the night, a sudden gleam of light flashed across the window. What could it mean? As yet it was far too soon for the earliest labours of the day—the night was in its zenith. Suddenly an indistinct idea of connexion between that coruscation and the strange purport of his midnight visit, came across his brain, and with the thought Godfrey leapt from his sleepless couch, and rushed to the casement. Darkness and silence surrounded the little wayside inn. Could Godfrey have attributed to fancy the flashing of that light, he might have returned contentedly to his pillow; but he had been too wakeful to doubt its reality, and now the absence of any moving thing only confirmed his suspicions. Had it accompanied some needful labour or household drudgery, it would not so wholly have disappeared. Godfrey dressed himself in all haste—it was but the work of a few moments—and then, opening his chamber-door, he stood on the landing-place of the village inn. He distinctly remem-

[1] Continued from vol. xxxiii. p. 394.

bered into which of the adjoining dormitories the stiff stranger had entered as they had exchanged salutations on parting at the door, and he had noticed that the other had lingered on the threshold until he had entered his own. He now understood that this had been to gain assurance of his locality, for the purpose of paying his subsequent visit. Without a moment's pause for consideration, Godfrey laid his hand upon the simple latch and raised it. He spoke, but received no answer; again, but as fruitlessly; and then advancing towards the scarcely-visible bed, felt it, to find if it were occupied. But no; it was tenantless; the stiff stranger had flown. Godfrey was no sooner satisfied of this, than he made the best of his speed away, groped down the creaking old oak stairs, and found himself at the outer door, over which was swinging the time-beaten sign which had been buffeted by the breezes of many long years. This door was slightly open, and Godfrey Langeland, passing out, found himself standing on the sandy road, the wayside inn behind him, indistinct and dark, the fields spreading out around him with their intersecting hedges, breathing that peculiar aroma which only night receives; all was still, for the very field-flowers slept.

Godfrey Langelande stood straining his eyes into the surrounding gloom, hoping to catch some glimpse of a moving object, and straining his ears for the faintest sound of movement. But in vain; not the rustle of a leaf bespoke the vicinity of any human being.

Our hero leant against the somewhat cumbrous and substantial post from which swung the sign of the wayside inn, and thus soliloquized:—"Now, Godfrey Langelande, what wilt thou do? How wilt thou act? What clue canst thou lay thy hand upon to lead thee out of this crooked maze? Wilt thou go to the right or to the left, or wilt thou slink back to thy bed, and rest thee warm and comfortable, whilst wickedness is roaming around thee, and fraud and violence stretching out their hands? Now out upon thee, Godfrey! out upon thee! Up and be doing, as our pastor Muttlebury hath so often said. Ay, marry, but it's easier said than done! Which way am I to turn, and what am I to do?"

"'Tis the part of a dolt and a laggard," continued Godfrey to himself, "to stand idle when he ought to be a-doing. Besides, he who standeth stock-still hath, at best, but one chance, whilst he who changeth his ground may have a hundred. He who would find his game must chase it, for there resteth but little likelihood of the hare or the deer coming to be caught of its own free will. Which way shall I take?—the one must needs be to the full as probable of success as the other. Now, had I day-dawn, I might track this Master Smoothlip's path across the dust or the grass, but, as it is, I must needs trust to good luck, instead of good management. So will I even walk a couple of hundred paces, first to the right, and then to the left, and see whether or not I can catch sight or sound that may guide me."

For want of a better, Godfrey Langelande adopted this idea. He walked a couple of hundred paces to the right, pausing at every few steps to look and listen—but all was as still as peace. He returned, therefore, to the alehouse sign, and took the contrary direction. He

had not proceeded above the half of his proposed peregrination before he observed a grassy path branching off to the left, which his familiarity with woodland life immediately told him had been recently trodden, from the fresh scent of the crushed herbage. This slight sign was quite enough to direct Godfrey's steps, and he accordingly took this path, and had not proceeded far upon it before he became sensible of the neighbourhood of some living being. It might be an illustrious horse, or an ignoble cow, or even an inglorious donkey, but movement, and that of some heavy body, undoubtedly there was. Godfrey again applied his country-cultivated sense of hearing to the case, and at once distinctly told himself that the pattering footfalls to which he was listening were elicited from some creature who was only endowed with two legs, and could not boast of four—it must, therefore, be a man ; and as soon as he had arrived at this logical deduction, Godfrey opened his lips with a bold, energetic "*Halt!*"

The footsteps instantly paused, and Godfrey, advancing a few steps, could distinguish the outline of a figure standing at some little distance.

"Halt!" I say, imperatively reiterated Godfrey.

"Why, dolt, have I not done so?" replied the stranger. "And now what wouldst thou have? Dost ask alms, or art come to cry 'Halt' for the purse of a true man?"

"Neither," replied Godfrey angrily. "I be neither beggarman nor highwayman, but I would needs know why thou art stealing out from thy cover in the dead of the night."

"And if thou askest me one question, I will also demand of thee another—what is that to thee? I owe thee nought, and thou art no master of mine."

"It be so far matter of mine," replied Godfrey, "that it be every man's business to guard the right, and, therefore, I leave thee not until thou hast either set my mind at ease that thou art not bent on mischief, or till the day dawns, and I give thee up to the authorities to account for thyself."

"Tush, fool!" replied the stranger. "I took thee at first for another, but I know thee now for the raw lad who, a few hours agone, sat by me at yon wayside inn. Boy, get thee back to thy bed, sleep, and meddle not with matters that are beyond thy ken."

"Thou didst, but little more than an hour agone, avow thyself as an arrant rogue, and wouldst fain have made me a partner in thy misdeeds, and I am resolved that I will so far be a party to them as to prevent them. I know that thou art plotting and planning mischief by thy thus stealing abroad, so wherever thou goest I go also."

"Maudlin boy! why wilt thou knock thy thick head against every one whose ill luck it is to fall in thy way? Marry, an' thou goest on at this rate, thy way through life is mightily likely to be rough enough, so many knockings and cuffings as thou wilt provoke, even if thy neck be not twisted off altogether. Thou wilt not meet with many who, like myself, hath the sin of over good-temper. Now, my young cub, go thy ways. I warn thee that I have pistols under

my vest, and that I know how to use them. How likest thou the thought of a round ball lodged in thy fool's pate?"

"So little," replied Godfrey, advancing, "that I think it incumbent upon me to take those implements of Satan, as our pastor Muttlebury calleth them, out of thine hands, that they may do no further mischief to either man or brute; so thou shalt deliver them up to me."

"*Shalt!* He should have a strong arm that useth that word."

"Thou shalt presently feel whether my arm may warrant my tongue or not."

"Well, thou art no craven, and I needs must love a brave bird even though he should flap his wings in my face. So pause where thou standest, and I will tell thee a reason why thou shouldest advance no further."

"And wherefore, my master?"

"Simply this, my gentle. There rolleth between me and thee a friendly ditch into which thou mightest manage, as a great feat, to jump into the middle, but as to leaping over thou mightest as well try to overleap the moon."

"An' that be all," replied Godfrey, "broad indeed must be the ditch that could keep me from thee; so now, have a care, my master."

And in less time than it takes to tell it, Godfrey had examined his ground, chosen his footing, and with a bound full of muscular vigour, and lithe elasticity of limb, had overpassed the broad barrier of black slime that had hitherto rolled on between the two.

"A brave leap, by my faith!" exclaimed the stranger. "Boy, I must needs laud the effect of thy country breeding. Thou hast something of the chink of true courage in thee, and spite of thy babyish pettishness, and thrusting thyself into other men's matters, I would rather be friends than foes with thee. Thou art still no match for me, for I have weapons, and, as I told thee before, if needs must, I can and shall use them; so come no nearer, but tell me why thou art bent on meddling in my affairs, which, in truth, no way concern thee."

"'Tis not thy threats that withhold me from a meddling with thee," replied Godfrey; "and I but crossed this muddling ditch to satisfy myself whether or not I had fallen into a mistake concerning thee. I took thee at first for that smoothlipped stranger, who was our partner by the wayside inn fire-hearth last night; but I begin to suspect, from the tone of thy voice, that thou art that other ruffling, jeering, swaggering stranger, who twitted and flouted me so discourteously at the time, and finding that thou art even so, I have no mind to lay rough hands upon thee, since such was no part of my mind. I bear thee however no farther malice for thy rough-riding than a certain payment which may stand over till we chance to meet again, meanwhile I will so far play the friend to thee as to warn thee to take heed to thyself, for thou hast an enemy at thy heels, dogging thy footsteps."

"That know I full well; but thou, how hast thou become so far acquainted with mine affairs? I could almost fancy that thou wert in league with him."

"Thou deservest well that I should leave thee in his gripe," re-

plied Godfrey angrily; "must men be ever avouching their own honesty; ever be put upon the proof that they be not rogues? If this be the world, I am sick already of its mean and foul suspiciousness. What seest thou in me to doubt mine honour and mine honesty?"

"To own the truth, not much," replied Godfrey's fellow-traveller. "If thy simpleness be a cloak for roguery, 'tis in truth the best disguise I ever saw. But an' thou be not an accomplice, how knowest thou aught of my matters? and besides that I have another matter on my mind, that maketh me strongly suspect thee."

"Out with it then!" exclaimed Godfrey; "he is no better than a coward who hath anything to hide."

"Nay, marry, every man's secrets be his own rightful property, which it is courage to defend and not to betray."

"Nay, then, the packet which thou art a carrying and hiding is doubtless thine own goods and chattels also."

"Ha! what knowest thou of any packet?"

"Nay, I say nothing—'tis no concern of mine, only take heed to it, for thou art like to lose it—that be the whole of the matter."

"But since thou art so honest, how camest thou into possession of my secret, supposing it to be one?"

"Tell me first what meanest thou by the charge of thy suspicion which thou hast laid against me?"

"I care not if I do. Our last eve's companion entered thy chamber in the lone and dead hour of night, and doubtless thou didst receive him to colleague together against me. Why else should he visit thy sleeping chamber?"

"Truth, now, that hath a foul look, I will not gainsay, and therefore I will overlook thy injurious suspicions, and will tell thee candidly why he sought my pillow, like Satan, to tempt me to deeds of darkness, in the hour of darkness. He came to tell me that he was mine uncle's friend, and would be mine on conditions."

"And what were those?"

"Simply that I would become a rogue, like unto himself. He promised me not only his own favour, but mine uncle's through his, and the king's through mine uncle. Thou knowest that I had told ye both that I was bent on taking post as a courtier, and doubtless he reckoned that these promises would buy me."

"And I am to gather from this that his price did not purchase thee?"

"Neither that nor any price! What meanest thou by supposing that my honour is on sale?—to be bought! Out on thee! Thou art not worth my notice! Thou dost not deserve the thought or care of an honest man."

"Well, well, good youth, and so thou didst reject his offers. That was disinterested of thee indeed."

"Nay, marry, not so neither, for the man who could be a rogue in one thing might also prove a rogue in another, and so far from being able to make mine uncle my friend, he may not even know him himself."

"That is a shrewd guess of thine, youngster; but I will so far

justify mine adversary as to certify him in what he therein told thee. He not only knoweth thine uncle, but he might even have kept his promises—the conditions I can well guess at."

"Thou art a papist."

"I deny it not; but even if so, what may that be to thee? I be not accountable for my faith to every stripling boy I meet on the high road."

"Let that pass. Thou hast a packet hidden about thee, with which thou art going beyond sea, bargaining to sell our country to our natural enemies the French, and our religion to the Pope?"

"Tut, boy, tut! This matter lieth altogether beyond thee. Get thee home to thy marbles, and hoop, and ball—meddle not with men—but get thee hence!"

"I would not league myself with yon treacherous man," said Godfrey, "and I thought me only to follow him that I might enforce fair play. Thou and I are here singly, fairly, hand to hand."

"And what hopest thou with an armed man? and why, if thou art bent on violence and robbery, why didst thou not join thyself with thy comrade?"

"He is no comrade of mine, and I love not treachery even in a fair cause. He sought to buy of me the force of my right arm, that together we might have taken thy packet from thee by strength of limb, for he would not travel on thy track accompanied by his myrmidons, and they had missed their tryst, and he feared that a golden opportunity would be lost, and that thou wouldest slip with thy packet through his fingers."

"And so, young rustic, having some brute courage, thou thoughtest to rob me without help, and to gain the better reward. Doubtless the profit would be greater to one than when divided."

"Nay, thou art wrong there. A man when he is but doing his duty ought not to expect payment for it. I will do my duty by thee, whether there come profit or loss."

"And what may thy wise head deem to be thy duty, most brave and most sapient youth?"

"Thou shalt go with me to the nearest justice, and prove thyself an honest man."

"Ha!"

"Ay, for see ye, an' thou be honest thou wilt go with me willingly enough to justify thyself, seeing that no harm can come to thee, and if thou refusest, then by doing so thou dost but prove thyself a rogue."

"Well, thou hast assuredly got me within the horns of a dilemma; nevertheless, canst thou not fancy that I may be the bearer of a trust which I may hold it for mine honour not to surrender either to a loon of a justice, or even unto thee, wise as thou art?"

"If we be children of the light we shall not fear the light, as the pastor Muttlebury useth to preach to us."

"Get thee hence, dolt, and hearken to his preaching again, but cross not my path, I warn thee. I have borne too long with thy folly. Get thee hence—stand aside out of my path!"

"That will I not—I quit thee no more till thou and thy packet be safely lodged."

"Now out upon this mad folly; I tell thee, boy, I would not willingly take thy life, because I am not a man of blood, and it might spoil my appetite, and sicken me to crush even a bird beneath my foot, and yet, nevertheless, I am the bearer of matters that be of higher price than twenty peasants' lives. I think but of the value thy muddling blood may be of to thyself, while I pause to spill it, for of what worth art thou, and all thy kith and kin, compared with kingly destinies and thy country's weal? Now, wilt thou quietly hence, or must I bid thee lie down with the voice of one of my weapons?"

And so saying, the stranger drew a pistol from beneath his riding-cloak, and stood on the defensive.

"Thou mayest ruffle as thou wilt, but unless needs must, I purport not to use violence towards thee."

"Thou art kind to be so forbearing, and since thou art peaceably inclined perhaps we may make better terms, and I may pay thee in bright gold instead of with cold lead. What sayest thou, shall we strike a bargain? I too can recommend thee at court, and it may be somewhat more effectually than even thine uncle, Master Nicolas Langelande. What sayest thou? Shall we strike hands?"

"Ye be both rogues!" exclaimed Godfrey, "both thou and that other deceitful stranger, and if the world be filled with such like as ye, our country village, and our own fireside, and the pastor Muttlebury's hearth, be all far better! I will not sell myself, and I hold no dealings with vagabonds."

"It may be that I have not hit the right nail on the head. Make thine own proposition. What expedient canst thou propose to keep the peace between us?"

"Thou mayest, an' thou liketh, give me the packet."

"Thou art altogether too modest, too moderate, and too kind! and how, an' thou hadst it, would it be thy good pleasure to bestow it?"

"I would even take it with me, and when I am presented to the king's grace, I would give it him, since his highness is the properest of all for taking care of the kingdom."

"Art thou even so raw? but I have idled long enough with thee! Once more, stand aside, and let me pass!"

"If I were to let thee pass me, thou wouldst but be rushing into the lion's jaw. Hearest thou not oncoming footfalls?"

"Doubtless it is the miscreant and his myrmidons!" in a low hoarse voice replied the stranger. "Thou wilt not now be so base a traitor as to retard my steps. Thou wilt not hunt a man into the toils who never did thee wrong or injury! I tell thee the burthen which I carry is of higher price than the lives of a horde of peddling knaves—it concerns the honour of a king! Once more, then, stand aside, and hinder me not of my way."

"An' I did so, thou wouldst but be rushing into the toils. Hearest thou not footfalls on either hand? Thou art environed of a surety."

"Hast thou sold me?" passionately exclaimed the stranger.

"Nay, I scorn thy words!"

"And wilt thou stand by and see me plundered of more than my life?"

"Nay, I like it not! I like it not!"

"They be upon us on either hand!" exclaimed the stranger, as several dark masses of men seemed to loom out of the darkness. "O that my trust were in safer hands than mine own, but yet will I sell it dearly."

"I would that fortune had left me to deal with thee alone!" exclaimed Godfrey. "I like not to see many hands against one! Now canst thou not leap this ditch with me, and afterwards let us make our reckoning alone? 'Tis but a small matter—but the play of a country boy—come, try it with me."

"Nay, nay, that be altogether hopeless! I should be left floundering in the mud, for these knaves to draw me out, to rob me the readier! Nay, nay, see! see how near they be! I could rave thus to be caught in the trap from which I thought myself escaping. I should have even been safer in yon village inn from which I stole me when I thought ye leaguing together to attack me in my lonely chamber! Would it were my life only—but all, I see, is lost!"

"Give me the packet!" exclaimed Godfrey. "I will leap the ditch, and secure it for thee."

"And deliver it over to mine enemies!"

"I scorn thy words. I will even render it back to thee, though I give thee fair notice that I shall at the same time call thee to a reckoning for it."

"And if I be slain in this encounter—?"

"I will, as I said, deliver it up to the king. I will not aid thee in any truckling."

"Thou couldst do no better! I am hard pressed, and thou hast proved thy sturdy honesty. I will give it thee—and in doing so I am intrusting thee with more than my life—I am putting mine honour in thine hands! see that thou treasure it as thine own! If I claim it not again in less than a week, do as thou hast said—deliver it to the king—his own hands—none other as thou valuest thy life. And here, take this token. Wait the week out, and then send this to the king. He will admit thee upon it, and thou canst disclose to him all that has passed; tell him, too, that I died as I have lived, his faithful servant."

"I will stay and fight by thy side! Shall I be so arrant a coward as to run away? I will not leave thee to their malice."

"Nay, nay, the packet is more to me than life, and this is the only chance of preserving it from them. Besides, it maybe that when they find the bee honeyless, they may not find it needful to kill him for his treasure. Thou wilt do as I have said! thou wilt! swear it!"

"I will not swear it, but I will do it."

"I must needs trust thee. Hence! hence! get thee hence! they are upon us!"

With a bound like that of a young roe, Godfrey was in an instant on the other side of the broad ditch, safe, with the packet carefully lodged, like a lover's treasure, in his bosom.

CHAPTER VII.

We scarcely know of a more uncomfortable situation than that of having an ardent desire to do right, and yet not to know what the right is. To grope about for it in the dark, and not to be sure whether we have found it or not, and to be doing something which it is quite as likely that we may afterwards discover to be wrong as right; and we thus find that we have the pleasure of neither, for wrong, even done with a good motive, is not so satisfactory as right, and right done at hap-hazard seems more like good luck than good intention. Godfrey Langelande, as he rapidly retraced his steps to the wayside inn, experienced all this disagreeable doubtfulness respecting his own conduct. That he had chanced to stumble on some matter of vital importance, in which both his fellow-travellers were involved, he could not doubt; but whether he was doing well or ill, taking part with either or neither, he was not at all comfortably sure. The packet that had passed so oddly into his possession, must assuredly be some precious document, and he resolved to guard it faithfully, and either to surrender it to the king, whom he conceived to be the undoubted fount of truth, justice, and equity, or else to return it back again to him from whose hands he had received it. The scale of Godfrey's feelings were fast balancing in this stranger's favour, for notwithstanding the equivocalness of his conduct, there was a certain sort of manly frankness about him, which, though it so frequently assumed the aspect of dictatorialness, had in it likewise something of honesty; and his so readily agreeing to our hero's taking this disputed packet to the king, and even giving him the means of access, which he fully believed in, did very much to establish his character with Godfrey as an honest man. Besides, he had trusted him with this precious charge, which he had declared was dearer than his life; and though it must be owned that he had only chosen between the two evils of confiding in a stranger, or surrendering his trust to his avowed enemy, yet still Godfrey felt something of the compliment of a preference; and although he considered himself responsible for the safety of his charge, he yet was extremely dissatisfied with himself for leaving the stranger to meet the exigency which was coming upon him alone. More than once he resolved to return back and second the free stranger in any encounter which might ensue, but the persuasion that he himself now possessed the only bait which attracted those men, made him forbear, both for the sake of securing its safety, as well as because he felt that he should renew and increase the anxiety of his new ally, as from the persuasion that, having now transferred his trust, his present comrade might not feel it so incumbent upon him to make so extreme a defence, and that by convincing his antagonists that he really possessed nothing which they need covet, he might yet escape in safety. Although but half convinced, Godfrey Langelande could only go over and over again the same ground of reasoning, to arrive at the same irresolute state, and he therefore entered his little inn chamber in a temper of mind not at all in favour with himself. After bestowing his new treasure very carefully, Godfrey could not resist his inclination of returning to reconnoitre the field of action. The first faint mixture

of light with darkness was just commencing. The leaden hours of the night were now in the crucible, undergoing their transmutation into the golden beams of the day, and objects were growing out of the darkness into the dawn. By this slight luminousness Godfrey examined the scene of his late adventure. Some trampling of the ground, indented footmarks, and the bruised grass, remained to mark the spot, but no more. Godfrey examined them carefully, puzzled himself to imagine what might have ensued, wondered and pondered over many possible and impossible things, and then returned to the inn, to take his breakfast and his departure. There he inquired of his host after both his fellow-travellers, and was told that both had of course departed at early dawn, as both had left their reckonings upon their chamber tables—a circumstance not over unusual when travellers were in haste.

DEATH HATH A STING FOR ALL WHO DIE.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

Death hath a sting for all who die;—
The shedding of life's final tear,
The heaving of life's final sigh,
Is agony acute, severe.
To know that we no more shall see,
What we have loved to see so long,
Gives pain to frail mortality,
Although our hopes in heav'n are strong.
The heedless mirth of infancy—
The converse of maturer friends—
The proofs of tried fidelity—
The wife whose pray'r for us ascends—
Make earth a sweet abiding-place,
Too sweet for him who must away,
To struggle in the arduous race,
Whose guerdon is Eternal Day.
The hope that in that guerdon lies
Blunts death's inevitable dart,
That at the gate of Paradise
Gabriel* will pluck it from the heart.
But, Oh! to him whose thoughts respond
Alone to earth, whose hopes are here,
Who sees nought in the grave beyond
The tearing him from things so dear;
Who deems that Heav'n cannot afford
Such pleasure as he here has known,
That e'en the angels of the Lord,
Must pensive be around his throne;
To such an one, when death appears,
The culprit to his judge to bring,
(Arm'd with his thousand destin'd spears,)
He hath indeed a scorpion's sting.

* Gabriel, to thee thy course by lot hath given
Charge and strict watch, that to this happy place,
No evil thing approach or enter in.—*Milton's P. L.*

THE NOTE-BOOK OF AN IRISH BARRISTER. No. XXV.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE DAVID R. PIGOT.

It was once asked of us, by a zealous friend of the late Attorney-General, why we did not include him in our list of the chosen few—the salt of the Irish bar. The question was fair, though we gave no direct answer, for we are altogether of the fat knight's way of thinking—we dislike compulsion. But now that his fortunes have sustained an ebb—now that he is reduced to a private station, and can no longer control the distribution of those honours about which our mutual friend was so deeply interested, we hesitate not to explain the cause. It may be satisfactory or not, but we have none other to offer. We fondly hoped that Mr. Pigot would fill a niche in our judicial gallery—we left a site and pedestal open for him—the rough material was in our possession—pure virgin Carrara, untouched by the chisel, and we only waited for his elevation to carve thereout a polished statue, "with all but life instinct." Unfortunately, however, the destined niche remains unoccupied—the flowing wig and ermined gown are no longer for him, and as at present there is no glimpse of hope that he will quickly succeed to those objects of a just ambition, it only remains for us to erect the statue, but on a lower ground.

Certainly he is among the least fortunate men that occur to our memory. The shadow of some disastrous planet darkened at his birth his otherwise very brilliant horoscope. Judge Foster, who is profoundly acquainted with all the learning of mediæval astrology, might explain this natal mystery, while we, who are utterly ignorant of the connexion between astral causes and mundane effects, can only trace it to exceeding ill-luck. We know the classic saw, that Fortune is no divinity if man be prudent, but, with all respect to Juvenal, we cannot subscribe to his doctrine. No man was less imprudent than Mr. Pigot, and yet the unstable one tricked him out of honours which all deemed within his grasp. It is, however, some consolation to find that he bears his amercement meekly, and as befits a man of sense. He is still in the full maturity of intellect, and the sudden change appears only to stimulate him to greater efforts.

Having now no interest either to praise or blame, we shall endeavour to do justice to his character—not that spurious justice which, with the lax morality of most modern biographers, looks with a single eye to the glory and honour of their hero, and, as has been well remarked, "unhooks one of the scales of the balance, to get rid of the troublesome weight of the other," but that justice which, while it certainly serves to enhance the credit of the subject, neither directly nor indirectly lauds him at the expense of truth and fair dealing. It may, perhaps, be objected, that in the sequel we violate the rigidity of this just canon, and are panegyrical where simple praise might be more commendable. We at once confess, that the very high opinion we entertain of the honesty of Mr. Pigot has, in one branch of his

conduct, excited us to something more like the fervour of the advocate than the calm and unbiassed impartiality of the judge. To this extent we plead guilty. From some of the unmanly charges brought against him we have sought to rescue, to defend him. This may be a poor apology for broken faith, but it is the best we can give, and let those who dislike reject it. We throw ourselves on the mercy of the candid and judicious.

On the high road between Cork and Dublin, the traveller passes a rude and barren mountain called Kilworth, to which, if a stranger, his attention is invariably directed, as the scene of the exploits of one of those accommodating gentlemen of the road who care not to distinguish between the rights of *meum* and *tuum*. Edward Brenan is still remembered in the traditions of the peasantry as one of those generous explorers of other men's pockets, and who was never known to rifle the poor man's purse, probably because he expected to find little therein—a species of philanthropy which merits not much credit. Edward, however favoured of the peasantry, was, as may be supposed, no very great favourite with the authorities, and in due season, to use an expressive phrase, he was "worked off." Local bards celebrated his exploits in song—at fair and festival his prowess and his virtues were chanted in mellifluous Celtic. All things change with time, and so have the *memorabilia* of Kilworth. We were some time ago passing through the romantic village of that name, and, having half an hour to loiter, we asked a youthful denizen to accompany us. Passing along with our intelligent guide, he suddenly stopped, and directed our attention to a plain and comfortable edifice.

"Does your honour know who lived there?"

On replying in the negative,

"There, sir, the Counsellor was born—the greatest man in Ireland next to Counsellor O'Connell."

And so on he went, expatiating on the glories of his townsman, with that enthusiasm of expression so characteristic of the humbler classes of Irishmen. I did not before know the high honour claimed by Kilworth to the citizenship of Mr. Pigot, though I had remembered from childhood the fame it acquired under the inspector-general of southern roads, namely, Captain Brenan. What a strange influence has intellectual power over the human mind!—everything associated with its possessor becomes hallowed and consecrated. The humblest cottage in that retired village acquired an importance in my eyes; I looked round the lofty and picturesque mountains with increased admiration, because the boyhood of a distinguished man had been nurtured among them. What was Hecuba to the poor player, that he should weep? or Mr. Pigot to me, that I should rejoice? I felt the sensation, and leave to metaphysical theorists the pleasure of its solution.

Mr. Pigot was born in 1795, so that he is now entering on his forty-seventh year; and when we compare his age with his position, we are at once struck with the commanding powers which have raised him to his present elevation. His father was an eminent physician, whose skill would have entitled him to far higher distinction than the practice of a country town affords; but he preferred seclusion and an

honourable competency to the more active and emolumentary life of a city. Being a man of intellectual acquirements, he devoted all his attention to his son, and disciplined him at an early age in the ways of attentive study. Mr. Pigot received his school education at Fermoy. His preceptor was a Mr. Downing, who, even in the classic region of Munster, was famous as a Greek chopper. He was among the best of his class, and many were the poor aspirants whom he educated without the quarter's fee, and forwarded to the university to force their way through the world. The following circumstance will serve to illustrate the generosity of Mr. Pigot, as well as the reverence he entertained for his old master. Whenever he visited Fermoy, the first object of his solicitude was poor Downing, and from his call to the bar up to Downing's death, which was only a few years ago, he allowed him an annuity. He carefully instructed his pupil in the usual learning, and his instruction was not unproductive; for though, at that period of undeveloped civilization, there were no macadamized roads to knowledge such as exist at present, yet the journey, though slow, was more certain, and, once travelled, was better remembered.

Mr. Pigot's diligence was extraordinary, and the hours devoted by others to the natural amusements of youth he spent over books of one kind or another, and when fatigued from mental exertion, he took up the violin, which he played with consummate skill; for be it known to all cold and most unmusical lawyers that Mr. Pigot loved and still loves "sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not," and cultivated the science of concords with passionate fervour. You would at once discover this from the musical cadences of his voice, which fill and delight the ear.

He entered college, but we did not hear that he particularly distinguished himself, either from insensibility to the narrow renown acquired there, or because he was too busy with the elements of his first profession, which was medicine. This, we believe, is not generally known, and it will add not a little to the surprise of such as feel an interest in his fortunes that he worked at it for three years. It is scarcely doubtful that if he had persevered in his original intention, he would have succeeded in medicine as well as in the law, for he has every requisite, physical and intellectual, to ensure it. "His address alone," observed the surgeon-general of an eminent practitioner, "is worth three thousand a year." In this Mr. Pigot would certainly distance all competitors, for in graceful and insinuating manners he has no equal at the bar.

We were once much struck by a cross-examination of his in an insurance case. Doctor Stokes was the witness. On general questions relating to any science or profession, an advocate can acquire a fair show of knowledge on very little reading, and, with very little tact, can puzzle the most experienced even by his very ignorance. Sir Astley Cooper was never more confounded than by an adventurous barrister who had read only a few pages of Beck's Jurisprudence. Mr. Pigot's examination left on our minds a very different impression of his knowledge, and the questions put tothe doctor arising immediately from his own answers, and all of a strictly professional character, astonished even the eminent physician himself. The disease of which the in-

sured died was an affection of the heart, which was suppressed in the policy, and Mr. Pigot exhibited a ripe and accurate acquaintance with the subject, which could only be acquired from a knowledge somewhat more profound than the usual display of lawyers. I had not then learned that Mr. Pigot had been for so long a time an assiduous cultivator of the silent science, which at once cleared up the difficulty.

He changed his mind, and looked towards the more attractive honours of the law, and in order to qualify himself in its two great departments, learning and eloquence, he adopted a plan which savours strongly of the romantic and ideal, but is not the less a reality. There is a mountain-stream near Kilworth, called the *Ariglin*, and on its sweet and secluded banks Mr. Pigot prepared a solitary cottage to study the new mysteries. Here he lived for some years in the most sequestered retirement, meditating on contingent remainders and executory devises, betimes relaxing himself with history and general literature. We forget the celebrated orator who practised the external graces of his art before a mirror; John Philip Kemble realized by such study the very poetry of stage motion. Mr. Pigott was a follower of the player and the orator. He too had a resplendent mirror, before which, at fixed hours, he sought to show "art her own features, and grace her own image." This, no doubt, sounds of the exquisitely fastidious, but it also proves the great pains taken by Mr. Pigot to come to his profession prepared as well with the erudition of the lawyer as the accomplishments of the advocate.

He did not forget, too, the noble language of Bolingbroke—"I might instance the obligations which men lie under of applying themselves to certain parts of history, and I can hardly forbear doing it in that of law, in its nature the noblest and most beneficial to mankind, in its abuse and abasement the most sordid and most pernicious. A lawyer now is nothing more, to use Tully's words, '*Nisi leguleius quidam cautus et acutus præco actionum, cantor formularum, auceps syllabarum.*' But there have been lawyers that were orators, philosophers, historians. There will be such no more, until, in some better age, true ambition or the love of fame prevails over avarice, and till men find leisure and encouragement to prepare themselves for the exercise of this profession by climbing up the vantage-ground of science, instead of grovelling all their lives below in a mean but gainful application to the little arts of the case. Until this occur, the profession of the law ill merits the name of learned. It is not enough to know the existing laws; there is a higher and more ennobling knowledge—the abstract reason of all laws, especially of our own, from the first rough skeletons to the more perfect drafts—from the first causes to the good and evil they produced."

That Mr. Pigot entered very deeply into the study of the *scientia universalis* we are not at present in a situation to prove, but that in his search he did not forget philosophical and historical investigation we can assert, from the ripeness of his general information on these subjects. We remember to have heard a constitutional question once mooted at a bar dinner on circuit. Mr. Pigot, who sat retired from the scene of strife, was appealed to for his opinion, and he gave it on

the authority of Hume; and so retentive was his memory, that he referred all, whom it might concern, to the volume, and nearly the exact chapter. Being over-anxious about the matter, I took down the reference, and found he erred only by a few pages, while the words were nearly identical.

After having laid a solid foundation on the quiet banks of the remote Ariglin, he went to London, and entered the office of the present Chief Justice Tyndal, where he applied himself with the most untiring assiduity. The severest exertion seemed a part of his nature, though he afterwards followed the advice of the eminent lawyer who said, "I will not sit up three nights together for any attorney in London." King Edward's tutors, diligence and moderation, are much better matched, and more likely to produce the twofold blessing of health and professional progress. *Ne quid nimis* is, after all, the golden rule. Indisposition weaned Mr. Pigot from his immoderate application, and he reached the desired end by means less toilsome, and more productive of good. The business of the office was heavy, and all pleadings of any importance were committed to his care. In the midst of his avocations, however, he found time for intellectual recreation. He lived much in the society of his countrymen, among whom we may mention the late James Blake,* and M. Fallon, with several others now at the bar.

* The death of this eminent man was one of the severest losses the Irish bar ever sustained. His virtues and his talents would merit a more ample notice, and perhaps at some future period we may endeavour to do justice to his many and distinguished qualities. But at present we must confine our remarks to the insufficient limits of a note. He was about the same age, though somewhat senior in standing, to Mr. Pigot, and, like him, he rose to the very height of his profession solely by the strength of his abilities. No man had a larger circle of attached friends, and the death of no man within our recollection was more deeply deplored. He was one of the very first men at the bar, and had already established the highest reputation, when others of the same age were groping for the way. Jealousies are rife at the bar, as well as other professions, but his fame was achieved by such pure and honourable means, that all loved, and none envied him. He eschewed the dirty paths by which others delight to secure a poor notoriety, and sought distinction by the only means through which it can be virtuously acquired and firmly maintained. When Lord Chancellor Sugden came over in 1835, he was at once attracted by the accomplished style and learning of Mr. Blake. He became his special favourite, and on his departure offered him a silk gown, which Mr. Blake refused. He obtained it afterwards when, we believe, the late Chief Baron was Attorney-General. His taste was elegant and refined—his memory wax to receive, and marble to retain—his style of argument clear, strong, and convincing—his language pure, chaste, and simple, a model of unlaboured and eloquent ease, and the results of his extensive reading distributed in such nice and exact order, that everything was at hand, without ostentation or effort, at the very moment it was wanted. To all these qualities of the head were united the most gentle and affectionate disposition, an absence from all pride or self-conceit, and a childish simplicity of tastes and habits. The rich gifts of intellect were counterbalanced by an organic disease, against which he lived in a perpetual struggle, and which, rivetted by his application to business, increased with his years, and having embittered his existence, buried at last all his brilliant prospects in a premature grave. His fate teaches the sad moral lesson of this world's grandeur—the fleeting interest of our miserable frets and turmoils—our vanity of vanities. When the many-coloured scenes of life with all its petty agitations—its shifting pomps and perishable passions—its evanescent glories and the nothingness of its loftiest occupations—is surveyed by one who does not mingle in its business, it is impossible that the heart should not echo back the brief and emphatic exclamation of the great dramatist regarding human life. Here was a man of the highest order of mind—adorned by the possession of almost every virtue—reaping fresh

If not in Pump Court, he was generally found among them. They formed, for their rhetorical developement, a debating society, whimsically called the "*Decemviral*," at which many pleasant and some profound things were spoken from time to time. He also at this time moved much in the literary society of the metropolis, and among the most intimate of his acquaintances in that circle was Mr. Crofton Croker, the skilful adaptor and manufacturer of southern superstitions. Crofton admirably understood the art of driving a temporary reputation through the brains of others. Booksellers are figuratively said to quaff their claret out of the skulls of authors—a process in which the compounder of traditional fairy tales was not altogether defective. We happen to know one poor gentleman who had a monomania about *phooca* adventures, and legends of this kind. He filled up two volumes whereon to build his fame, and set off to London. They were offered to a publisher, and refused. Crofton had usurped the whole moonlight realm of ghosts and goblins, and without his seal nothing saleable could come out of elf-land. To him our fairy adventurer committed the rich treasure, and, after a hard bargain, they appeared in due time. But the title-page gave evidence that the whole *fascicutus* was of his own gathering, and nothing remained for our poor friend but to submit to the injustice. Now what has all this to do with Mr. Pigot? This much. Some of the best tales in the first series of Croker's "Superstitions" were supplied by Mr. Pigot—the genuine production of a tough special pleader's pen. Whether he disrelished the usual preface parade, as "My kind and esteemed friend, to whom I am indebted for so-and-so," or there being no professional connexion between *leprechauns* and law, we cannot say, but some of the pleasantest stories in the collection were furnished by him. I would conjecture as much from the peculiar cast of his mind, which even now is not untinged with the marvellous and supernatural. I once heard him state that he was invited to shoot in a remote part of the county of Cork, where he had never been, and on reaching the scene of sport, he was astonished to find that he had somewhere seen the same before. There are many instances of such mysterious phenomena. They belong to that class of sensations on whose existence Plato grounded his beautiful theory that all knowledge is only remembrance. In one of Baron Smith's little *brochures* there is an eloquent allusion to this prophetic property of the mind. "I may here take notice of a certain marvel which has occasionally revealed itself to me, and in voucher of the existence of which I have the experience of others in addition to my own. I mean that strange impression which will sometimes come with unexpected suddenness on the mind that the scene now passing, and in which we share, and in the very words, with the same persons, and the same feelings, we had accurately rehearsed, we know not where, before. It is the most extraordinary of sensations, and is one which will occur,

laurels at every step of his progress—rising from honour to honour—the last and the greatest within his grasp! Where is he now? Living only in the memory of those who mourn him deepest, and will lament him longest. He left not his equal behind, and we doubt whether any of the existing race is capable of filling up the void.

where in what is going forward there is nothing remarkable or of particular interest involved. While we speak, our former words are ringing in our ears, but the sentences which we form are the faint echoes of a conversation had in the olden time. Our conscious thoughts, too, seem to whisper to each other that this is not their first appearance in this place. In short, all that is now before us seems the apparition of a dialogue long departed—the spectral resurrection of scenes and transactions long gone by—or we may be said, by the momentary gleam of a flash of reminiscence, to be reviewing in a mysterious mirror the dark reflection of times past, and living over in minute and shadowy detail a duplicate of the incidents of our pre-existing state." For further information on this matter we must refer our readers to the *Phædo*, if they have a fancy for the inquiry—we confess our inability to do justice to such metaphysical speculations, and besides we have wandered too long from Mr. Pigot.

It is said he was called to the English bar some years before he came over to Ireland. His original intention was the English bar, but his Decemviral friends persuaded him to try his fortunes at home. He was called in 1826. Whenever a lawyer rises to eminence, there will always be found some famous case, on which he experimented with the most wonderful success, and earned for himself a reputation, the sure forerunner of future greatness. There is scarcely a distinguished person at the bar for whom the chronicles of remote tradition do not supply some such essay of incipient power. In some instances this may be the fact, but we question much whether the great bankers' case, or that of the seven bishops, would have raised a modern lawyer to fortune and to fame. There is Mr. F., who, although a young man, made one of the best speeches ever delivered to a jury in the Four Courts—we do not mean a rhetorical but a practical and professional address; and why does he remain in obscurity, while men with half his talent, but with ten times his assurance, are realizing fortunes? This first-case story is all a delusion, and without the *adjuramenta fortunæ*, no lawyer, be his powers what they may, can single himself out from the herd, and prove his power. Had not Mr. Pigot good luck at his side, his probation might have been of the usual trying length, though his abilities must, in the long course, have triumphed.

Seven cities contended for the dead poet, though the old gentleman begged a crust in the land he immortalized. Mr. Pigott's is a happier destiny than Homer's—for while seven attorneys contend for the honour of his first brief, he is fortunately alive to determine the priority, and award the palm to the victor. P. M., who assumes the title of patron-general to legal genius, lays the first claim. His tale is, that while exercising his sagacity in the analysis of mind, one idle day in the hall, he stumbled on Mr. Pigot. Some strange attraction draws together first-rate minds—there is a kind of mental electricity that by some inscrutable agency impels one great man towards another—he detects in a stranger a counterpart of those superior qualities which he feels to exist in himself, and all at a simple glance! Guided by this unerring light, the conscious attorney entered into conversation with Mr. Pigot—chatted familiarly with him on every

branch of the law—found him particularly skilful in pleading—sent him instructions for a cross-grained plea with three guineas—received it in an unusually short time—was ineffably charmed with its scientific construction, and, in a rapture such as professional adepts like himself can only feel and express, exclaimed, "Here is the man I and the Irish bar wanted!" To this special declaration another party, participant in Mr. Pigot's renown, demurred generally, and so on, each of the fortunate claiming contributive shares in his success.

The best entitled, we have heard, is the firm of Kirby and Scott, who gave him his first motion in the Queen's Bench. Many from whom we heard the circumstance, were "present here in court this day," and they aver that he was highly complimented by Chief-justice Bushe. He inquired his name, and was doubly delighted on finding that the object of his praise was the son of an old friend. Whether the whole host of *procureurs* had the intuitive sagacity of Mr. M., and rushed forward with their briefs and motion-papers, we are not in a position to declare, but certain it is that he soon reached notoriety. He had a few good friends who gave him all their junior business, and he did it satisfactorily. We may allude here to one case, that of *Coleman and Walker*, which he conducted the year after he was called. It was an appeal from a conviction for penalties against a distiller in Fermoy, and involved some very nice questions. Mr. Pigot spoke for an entire day, and severely taxed the skill of the crown counsel to reply. Mr. Deane Grady had the difficult labour to discharge, and the deficiency in argument he sought to gloss over by amusing himself with "the clever young gentleman who spoke at such great length." The young gentleman, however, was more than a match for the old one, who knew better how to raise a laugh than a reason.* In a very short time Mr. Pigot's business increased im-

* Mr. Grady replied to Mr. Pigot, in what the Editors of the *Law Recorder* pleasantly called "a facetious vein of comic reasoning," as if the buffoonery of counsel had the least connexion with the accuracy of the report. His speech appears to us to have very little of the facetious, but comic it unquestionably is, quite in the vein which once animated the Common Pleas when Lord Norbury distributed the parts. An extract will show the quality of this facetious advocacy.

"This reminds me of a case, which came before Lord Redesdale on a rehearing, decided by Lord Clare. A very curious circumstance there occurred. An old account-book was given in evidence as to facts which the defendant wished to establish subsequent to the decree. In this book the defendant very deliberately wrote, '*On such a day, by the decree of Lord Clare, he robbed me and my family of eight or nine hundred a year. God forgive him—I never will.*' Lord Redesdale remarked, 'I suppose this gentleman will make the same observation upon me—however I must affirm the decree.' These defendants, say their counsel, were not permitted to speak to evidence—the young gentleman (Mr. Pigot) was not suffered to make a speech in the Court-house of Fermoy. If they heard him, how he would have abused the witness for the crown as a perjured villain—he would have charged the very judges with partiality—to their very beards! Was there ever such outrageous conduct towards this young gentleman in his own county—with all his clients about him—in the sessions court of Fermoy—with the clerks and two or three hundred brewers swabs, anxiously waiting to hear him! 'If they heard me,' said the young gentleman, 'I would have made Fermoy ring with charges of corruption. O, gentlemen! what did these fellows—these cruel monsters do?' &c. &c. &c."

The appeal of the defendants was successful, and the judgment of the Sub-Commissioners of Excise, which inflicted penalties to the amount of several thousand pounds, was reversed.

mensely—no rise was ever so rapid—it was quite unexampled. He had no friends, save those he had made by his abilities—he came unrecommended, and almost unknown; but where the power exists, it will hew for itself a way—genius will throw off the cerements of obscurity, and vindicate its right to be heard and valued. By genius we do not mean that flippant and artificial quality whose possessor attributes the oblivion which seems to mark him for her own to a formidable conspiracy among the dispensers of red tapes to prevent his emergence into the warm light of fame; but by genius we mean learning to unfold, research to discover, judgment to examine, and memory to retain. He quickly succeeded, because he brought to the bar that high degree of preparation which others can only attain after a professional cycle of a dozen years or more. From the outset his counsel was good, and as the old maxim has it, "good counsellors never lack clients."

His was a rare and brilliant exception to the general rule. Protracted suffering is a lesson in every part of our lives, and nowhere can it be more effectually taught and learned than in the toilsome and desponding profession of the law. The greatest characters it has produced, have at some period of their progress been ready to sink at their dreary and seemingly unproductive journey; and they would have resigned all hope, and yielded to despair, had they not been comforted and supported by a reliance on the power of character and industry, by which they at length burst out into light and glory, affording the noble spectacle of powerful talents well proved in misfortunes, and generous principles never contaminated by any of the mean acts by which less virtuous men become basely rich or contemptibly great. Mr. Pigot had not to undergo this disheartening process—his knowledge was well matured, and what seemed matter of surprise to all, was the quickness with which he seized on the tangled and ramified practice of the courts, which is generally the acquisition of a long experience. From this unusual expertness arose the idea that he was called to the English bar, which is without foundation. He was, it is true, not an indolent spectator in Westminster-hall, but if he had not the clearness to comprehend, and the quickness to discover—if his mind was not eminently constituted to the law, it would make but a very trifling difference when or where he put on the gown. After the first few years, he was deep in business of all sorts—pleading of every kind and quality were as familiar to him as puns to Lord Norbury—arguments in *banc*—jury trials—motions—matters infinitely miscellaneous, of which the Irish working lawyer only has knowledge, accumulated on his hands. And still he bore his fortunes meekly. He did not suffer himself to be inflated with imaginary self-importance, like Chaucer's sergeant-at-law, whose modern followers are very numerous; nor did he imitate the lawyer in the novel, who was "hurried and driven and torn out of his life, and repeated many times that if he could cut himself into four quarters he knew how to dispose of every one." Mud walls are apt to swell and crack when the sun shines upon them. A passing gale of prosperity is too much for ill-cultivated minds, and the weakness of their nature is manifested in the modes they adopt to "add a cubit" to their diminished stature.

Your quack struts with a more solemn gait than the regular and well-bred physician. Mr. Pigot assumed no such pretensions—every man of his standing confessed his superiority, and no man envied his good fortune. The high opinion entertained of his abilities led Mr. O'Connell to select him to argue in conjunction with himself a constitutional question of considerable importance—whether a party could be called up for judgment founded on a statute which had expired after sentence passed and before judgment. Mr. Pigot's argument, though he was not then six years at the bar, is a masterpiece of ingenuity and argument. He went the Munster circuit—his character preceded him, and the junior business was almost all his own. He soon became a leader, and was retained in every case of importance. We may here mention a circumstance which is highly honourable to him and the noble profession to which he belongs. It reminds us strongly of Topping's memorable conduct on the celebrated Baltic cases. In Cork there were a number of issues for trial, involving the same principle, and a large general retainer was brought to Mr. Pigot to cover the whole. He answered that he could not accept it, for that a decision in one would determine the entire. He then took one fee on a single brief. I heard this from a gentleman of credit, but whether it be the fact or not, this at least is certain, that a less mercenary man than Mr. Pigot does not exist.

He made his first appearance on the political stage on a remarkable occasion—it was during that egregious Whig folly, the enactment of the Coercion Bill. The requisition for a public meeting to remonstrate against this liberticide act was signed by him readily, and such of his censors as venture to look beyond the tips of their noses, will see in his promptitude in this crisis, a proof that he was not timid, or restrained by any cautious qualms when the interests of freedom were in peril. With this querulous brood we will not reason, their self-sufficiency is above all argument, and persuasion on such narrow minds loses all its efficacy. At a time when he had only a transient popularity to win, and solid hopes of preferment to sacrifice, he did not hesitate for a moment as to the course he should pursue. His eloquence and his pen were brought into active and energetic service, and his courage and independence were fully displayed throughout that struggle, which those who condemn what they are pleased to call the weakness of his subsequent policy, would do well to imitate. It was then impossible for any really patriotic man to be neuter, while to many it must be ruin to speak the words of truth. Shrinking from times like these, mere good sort of politicians withdraw into retirement, or remain to swell the multitude. Mere talent too often stays to excite or betray. But what is needed at such a solemn juncture, and what is so difficult to find, is the example of a man who unites to goodness and talents unbending principle, and who, though menaced with the displeasure of the ruling power, and the amercement of the dignities which are his just claim, and ought to be his just reward, consecrates for the more dangerous path of public duty the noble watch-word of Cæsar—" it is necessary for me to go—it is not necessary for me to live." The policy of the government was not less cowardly than unconstitutional. It took advantage of an harmless excitement on the repeal question to involve in one undistinguishing proscription the

friends of peace and popular opinions as well as the more violent and obnoxious. Against the suspension of the guarantees of liberty Mr. Pigot argued with vigour and eloquence at various public meetings, and in a series of letters signed "A Member of the Irish Bar," exposed the utter inefficacy and degrading injustice of such perverse legislation. One thing he never did, and never could have done,—seek for favour by compromising the integrity of his mind. Making the most allowable constructions for the prejudices or passions of those who are ever finding fault, he yet never went out of his way to remove them. He was conscious of having committed no fault, and he had no apology to offer. He never hesitated honestly to avow his opinions, however invidious the occasion, and at whatever risk of popularity. He trusted to his character for living down calumnies, and he will outlive them. Had he yielded up his just convictions, and preferred the expedient to the truthful—had he been led into personal or official dishonour by the disreputable suggestions of party, he might have been more popular. But, that "mushroom popularity that is raised without merit. and is lost without a crime," had no allurements for him—he was faithful to his duty as a lawyer and legislator, for which he was content to earn the sneers of the vulgar and the dislike of the factious and intemperate. He might have turned with disgust from the unworthy of his own party, and taken refuge from their censures in the repose of his profession, but the fountain at which he had drunk was not of the sort which dries up in the season when the need for it is most required.

The public is a very capricious kind of being. It is but too apt to behave ungratefully to its greatest benefactors, and to deserve the heavy malison which Milton has emphatically bestowed on those who

> —"With senseless, base ingratitude
> Cram and blaspheme their feeders"—

nothing being more common than to see the bounty of its lavish providers repaid with peevish captiousness and complaints of imaginary defects, which should be imputed altogether to their own distempered appetites. Perhaps we are unjust to the public in this instance, and should limit the number of the fault-pickers to a narrower circle. They were principally of the liberal party, who were most lavish in their misrepresentations, which in common justice, not to say prudence, ought to have been suppressed. The circumstances which led to this unmeaning course are not worth tracing. That such a spirit should arise when there was no special cause for discontent is painful enough, but it is more painful still that popular opinion should have received a severe blow through the conduct of this discontented class. We commiserate the feeling, but we rejoice in it for one reason—the consummation to which it naturally tends, for there is always a revulsion in the public mind on its recovering from base delusions most inauspicious to the candour and credit of its deluders. Mr. Pigot was censured for timidity or apathy, or something of that sort, by those who did not take care to understand him. Let them now compare that which they have gotten in exchange. He groped through no dirty path to arrive at popularity—he held out no false

lights—he sailed under no contraband flag. He fell into disrepute with a knot of presumptuous place-hunters, who imagine that public virtue consists in ministering to their pert and unreasonable ambition. No one, observes a distinguished writer, who has been long the dispenser of patronage among large bodies of his fellow-citizens, can fail to see infinitely more numerous instances of sordid, selfish, greedy, ungrateful conduct than of the virtues to which such hateful qualities stand opposed. Daily examples come before him of the most unfeeling acrimony towards competitors—the most far-fetched jealousy of all conflicting claims—unblushing falsehood in both its branches—boasting and detraction—grasping and greedy selfishness—the rage of disappointment when that is not done which it was impossible to do—swift oblivion of all that had been granted—unreasonable expectations of more, only because much had been given—favours often repaid with hatred and ill-treatment, as if by this unnatural course the account must be settled between gratitude and pride. Such are among the secrets of the heart which power soon discloses to him who enjoys it. Mr. Pigot drank of this bitter knowledge, but it must be some consolation to him to know that the virtuous patriotism of this class is just as fleeting as their gratitude. We have dwelt longer, perhaps, on this subject than its importance warranted, but it was not unnecessary to vindicate his character from the open or covert insinuations of those who should be more ready to applaud than to censure—to defend than to attack. They, as well as the country, have by this time learned, or, we should rather say, been taught by that "private reason which always prevents or outstrips public wisdom," that the administration of the law in his hands was very different from the jealous and too vigilant exercise of its functions in those of his successor. They may find fault with the past, but let them look to the present, and be watchful of the future.

The marks of public esteem awarded Mr. Pigot were followed by marks of the favour of the crown. In 1836, when he had been just ten years at the bar, he obtained a silk gown, and the solicitor-generalship on the elevation of Judge Ball. He was also chosen representative for Clonmel. In entering parliament he made heavy personal sacrifices. In the full flow of business, even more than he could conveniently attend to, he abandoned all for the House of Commons. Such a step was, perhaps, unavoidable. The government required the parliamentary attendance of one law officer at least, to prepare and carry through the many beneficial measures they contemplated for Ireland. As Attorney-general his labours were many and onerous. He successfully conducted the Municipal Reform Act after one of the severest struggles on the records of parliament—a great reform in our institutions—indeed in its immediate bearings on the interests of the community we know not if any of the late changes have been more remarkable. Under his guidance a new and sound constitution has been given to our boroughs; they have all been flung open; in all, the principle of self-election has been abolished after continuing for centuries to afflict them with every evil which an essentially vicious and corrupt constitution can engender. The management of their own affairs is now entrusted to the inha-

bitants of those cities and towns. The receipt and expenditure of the revenue, the care of the municipal property, and the general welfare of their fellow-citizens, are now consigned to the direction of popular councils and officers. The full importance of this change is not yet felt, and when its advantages are hereafter completely developed, the name and services of Mr. Pigot will be remembered. All looked on him as fairly "booked" for the bench—the odds in his favour were higher than for any candidate we remember. The Whigs, it is true, were for some time declining—link after link of their once imposing power crumbled away—their splendid majority was no more —every succeeding election and parliamentary division was prophetic of the final disaster, but we believed their dissolution as a ministry was yet only on the verge of the horizon, though it was to come. Their friends began to be tremulously apprehensive about their fate, but the general election calmed their fears, and reduced the fluctuations of doubt to unalterable certainty. By that untimely change one of the deepest sufferers was Mr. Pigott. Only a few months before all looked on the ermine as his own; many of the judges had made way for liberal successors, while some remained, who in the progress of things could not calculate on many more days. Overtures, we have heard, were made, and were favourably received. But the "want of confidence" affair, and the swelling hopes of their party inspired them with fresh vigour, and like good stewards they resolved to yield up the trust into the hands that conferred it. In this there was some virtue, but we regret for Mr. Pigot's sake that it was not differently exercised. Just as he was about to enter the portal, the sumptuous gates of the temple were closed against him. Every day seemed to bring him nearer to the consummation of his wishes, so long expected and anxiously desired, so gratifying to his friends, and even to his political adversaries. But that hope was not realized—that day did not come. It has been said he missed through ambition a splendid opportunity—that the late Chief-justice offered to resign if Judge Crampton were advanced to the chief seat. This is wholly devoid of truth, the sequel has proved its utter groundlessness. He did resign, but his favourite did not succeed him. Mr. Pigot has once more returned to his profession to await patiently the recurrence of better times. Fortune has proved unkind, but he can afford to bear with her "remorseless sport"—he can address her in the beautiful translation of Dryden—

"Fortune, that, with malicious joy
Does man her slave oppress,
Proud of her office to destroy,
Is seldom pleased to bless;
Still various—and inconstant still,
But with an inclination to be ill,
Promotes—degrades—delights in strife,
And makes a lottery of life;
I can enjoy her while she's kind,
But when she dances in the wind,
And shakes her wings, and will not stay,
I puff the prostitute away—
The little or the much she gave is quietly resigned."

Our estimate of Mr. Pigot as a lawyer may be collected from the preceding observations, but in accordance with our usual custom we will sum them up for the good of the commonwealth. He ranks among our first-class lawyers without being among the profoundest—a very intelligible distinction. He does not fathom the deeps of the law to the extent of his late colleague; but his range stretches over a wide and comprehensive compass. Without being a great master of jurisprudence, he is an expert and skilful one. If he does not stretch out into the open sea—if he keeps too close to the shore, he never grounds, like more daring mariners, on shoals and quicksands. In managing a case, he exhibits great skill. Every view of the subject is inventoried with the most painstaking and prudential accuracy, and though others can enter more deeply into the argument, few can, like him, discriminate infinite shades of difference with such surprising quickness, and in the most perplexing variety. He brings out, as it were in an optical instrument, minute features of distinction in propositions which at first appeared identical. It must not be supposed that he works himself up with effort to this system of refinement in reasoning. It is his nature—a part and parcel of his versatile and ingenious mind—the element where he must either live or have no life. He goes through the most elaborate argument with the most perfect ease—not of manner, for that is for the most part strong and energetic, but of acquaintance with the most important as well as most trivial points connected with its proper developement. His, too, is that last refinement of excellence, to conceal the difficulty of his means, and make that masterly facility which has been acquired by the methodical study and experience of years to appear the sudden stroke or accidental felicity of the moment. Broad principles of law he can lay down clearly and accurately, he can discuss them powerfully and learnedly, but his skill chiefly consists in tracing the more remote and hidden analogies which are perceptible only to the microscopic eye—in splitting up into numberless subdivisions what to others would seem a complete and solid unity, and in detecting resemblances where none appeared to exist. When he has an infirm case to manage, this love of the minute is his grand resource. Defeated in the open plain, and driven from position to position, he takes refuge among the crags of a remorseless logic, and there defends himself, never thinking of a surrender until every chance of escape is gone. If he cannot make good his own ground, he seeks to annoy his adversary by demolishing his "cases in point," or weakening their effect. He works with the finest and sharpest instruments, of the hardest metal and the best temper. His reasoning is often more close than clear, which arises from the intensely logical structure of his mind, and more prudent than bold from his rare venture on topics not supported by well-defined authority. Give him a cramp or obscure will, and he will construe it with rare ingenuity, of course always bearing in mind the intentions of the testator—give him a nice position to defend in pleading, and no man can do it with more safety as well as subtlety. He has the power, almost without limit, of throwing true or false weights into the scales of legal casuistry. In that

department of art he is the most perfect master; but he never exercises the latter branch of this dangerous power until he is fairly hunted into the toils, and he must either succumb or struggle.

The attributes of his style are eminently graceful. It has a winning harmony, a fascinating attractiveness, and now and then a spirit-stirring energy, but even then "the trumpet has a silver sound," and the temporary excitement is not allowed to disturb the soft lineaments that are characteristic of his manner. We look on, as it were, interested spectators—we smile at the sly but kindly humour of some of his observations—we acknowledge the great tact and skill that pervades others, and we are in fact so hurried away by the mingled current of professional power, reasoning, and eloquence, always confined within safe and moderate limits, that we forget to pause upon his occasional slips. We have heard him address juries with great effect. He always selects what is most fit to be urged, and by grouping it into such forms as may catch the attention, or impress them with peculiar force, and scattering over the whole such trains of argument, or sarcasm, or seriousness, as every one must feel to be natural, and own to be powerful, his success is great. The light which his understanding throws in with such inimitable judgment, the same warm glow which spreads itself over his style, and the tone of animated mildness, if we may speak without a paradox, with which he uniformly sustains it, we do not remember to see developed in any of his cotemporaries. It has nothing about it capricious or accidental, because it is the nature and seasonable fruit of those faculties that work the surest, and continue the longest in vigour—of clear strong sense, and nice perception, joined to the rare and invaluable quality of concentrating all on whatever subject he has on hand. His voice is remarkably expressive, and contributes not a little to his success as a speaker. There is a sort of musical voluptuousness in his rich and finely-harmonized tones, that we linger at the close of each with a satisfied delight. It ranges from the highest to the lowest note with the most graceful ease, and falls on the ear like the soft melody of a flute. It has not the formal flow of the Attorney-general's—like his it does not sometimes fatigue by its monotony, but is always round, rich, and expressive, sinking or swelling with the subject, and by its pauses and inflections a true exponent of rapid energy or tranquil repose, with all its intermediate stages.

Mr. Pigot is a man of the finest and purest taste—not that transitory and useless quality which loses all connexion with reason, or is only sensitive to such impressions as are recognized and sanctioned by fashion, but of that loftier quality which implies a deep and permanent sensibility—that taste, to use the words of Dugald Stewart, "whose distinguishing characteristics are strong domestic and local attachments, accompanied with that enthusiastic love of nature and simplicity which in every department of the intellect is the surest proof of genius." He shows how easy and agreeable the highest intellectual attainments may be in practice, by exhibiting them as they are in truth most commonly to be found, united with the sweetest temper, and most amiable manners. Those who know him intimately

will recognize the reality of this picture, and the absence of all exaggeration in the colouring. We may perhaps have been ignorant of the harmony of hues, and the other graces of art which mark only the accomplished master; but though rude, we claim for our draft the merit of a correct likeness: we have avoided all company with the inventive and ideal, and directed our attention simply to the living lineaments of the man.

ANSWER TO

"JOHN ANDERSON MY JO!"

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

JEAN Anderson, my ain Jean,
Ye've been a leal gude wife;
Ye've mair than shared my pain, Jean,
Ye've been my joy through life;
I lo'ed ye in ye're youth, Jean,
Wi' bonny snooded brow;
But maun I tell the truth, Jean,
I lo'e ye better now.

O! they were pleasant times, Jean,
When first I trysted thee;
They come like holy chimes, Jean,
O' sabbath bells to me;
But sweeter to my heart, Jean,
Than a' the past can prove,
The hope that when we part, Jean,
Our souls shall meet above.

I've been a man o' toil, Jean,
And aye obliged to roam;
But still ye had a smile Jean,
And canny welcome home;
Our hearth was aye alight, Jean,
The kail-pot on the fire,
When I cam back at night, Jean,
I found my heart's desire.

Our bairns hae bred some cares, Jean,
But thanks to thee, my Jo,
They brought not our gray hairs, Jean,
Wi' shame or sorrow low;
And when at last our bed, Jean,
Beside the kirk maun be;
They'll honour us when dead, Jean!
And that's enough for me.

SAVINDROOG.*

CHAPTER V.

THE BHEEL'S COWRIE.

It is sweet to rove the jungle while the year is in its prime, and to listen, midst the deep shadows of its mighty recesses, to the varied notes of its feathery denizens. It is pleasant to brush the dew from its flowery valleys, and when the sun puts forth his power, to seek shelter amidst the pillared arbours of the Banyan tree, whose self-propagating vitality seems to afford a fit emblem of eternity. There the Atimucta, or flower of Spring, the favourite plant of Sacontala, and called by her the Delight of the Woods, puts forth its lovely and thick clustering buds; with an aromatic fragrance that justly entitles it to the praises which Calidas, Jayadeva, and other Hindoo poets delight in bestowing upon it. There the loftiest trees of the forest are decked with variegated flowers, which creep in a thousand graceful forms up their majestic stems: while the graceful squirrel bounds from branch to branch, or peeps from the clustering foliage on the passing traveller; and the Cuckoo, which is called by the Hindoos "Love's Messenger," because her song is especially heard at the season of Spring, the friend of Love, deposits her eggs in the nest of the crow, too indolent herself to bring forth her tender offspring.

Amidst the mighty labyrinth the sweet scented Areka palm rears its slender and graceful stem, while the tendrils of the Betel cling round it lovingly, and put forth their pale green buds as if grateful for the support. The broad leaved plaintain waves its rich satin foliage on the breeze, and offers its delicious fruit to the hungry wayfarer: the cooling tamarind, the milky cocoa nut, the nectareous mango, and the gigantic Pumbalo yield him a beverage unequalled by art and unsurpassed in nature; while innumerable birds, of varied note and plumage, cheer him as he explores the mazes of the jungle with their simple but ever grateful strains. Often, however, amidst those sylvan shades, so favourable to solitary musing and unsophisticated enjoyment, some lurking snake, or beast of prey, invades the traveller's repose; or men, still more savage, pollute the calm and silent forest with scenes of rapine, or of blood, that make humanity shudder at its own superior cruelty.

The Persian's wrath at the insult offered to his vanity having at length subsided, he again addressed his venerable companion in a tone of amity and forced respect, and besought him to explain the nature of the fears he seemed to be so strongly imbued with, while passing through the territories of Kempé Goud, though surrounded by so numerous an escort. Thus entreated, the Brahmin, after casting a suspicious glance around him, shrugged his shoulders, and replied as follows:

"While we loiter in these woods and wilds my spirits are oppressed

[1] Continued from p. 21.

with mysterious awe and boding fear; for innumerable hordes of ruthless Bheels may, even now, be lurking round us unseen, and listening to every word we utter."

"Worthy pundit," exclaimed the Persian with a smile, "your imagi ation seems to be haunted by those terrific Bheels, as if they were the very imps of Eblees himself."

"In truth are they," said the Brahmin, "the children of Eblees, or Yama, as we designate the lord of Patala. They are a hardy and a cruel race, who live by rapine and the shaggy spoils of the forest; and they delight in every opportunity that presents itself of evincing their abhorrence of our sacred name and creed."

"They have, doubtless," said the Persian, "suffered some heavy calamity at your hands, to inspire them with this vindictive spirit."

"None whatever," said the Brahmin. "On the contrary, we seek to load them with benefits, by conferring upon them our inimitable institutions; and subjugating their uncultivated territory to our sacred and patriarchal sway."

"Call you that nothing?" demanded the Persian. "By the sacred tomb of Mecca, such kindness would inspire my own breast with a similar gratitude to that of the Bheels."

"They are an incorrigible race," said the Brahmin, "and nothing short of extermination will ever convince them of the evil of their ways."

"Mashalla!" exclaimed the Persian, "that will be a very effectual remedy."

"Amidst the impenetrable fastnesses of the jungle," continued the Brahmin, "they rove in unrestrained liberty, shunning every description of peaceful labour, and claiming from all travellers a tribute which they call the "Bheel's Cowrie;" and which, if not willingly and liberally paid, too often leads to plunder and bloodshed."

"Nay," said the Persian, "such forest laws may be just and equitable for aught I know, or care; but they can only affect peaceable wayfarers, wealthy Sirroffs, and money loving Banians. To apply them to men whose trade is war, and who are ever more ready to give a blow than stand to be stricken, is, however, a degree of folly which these same lurking robbers, I opine, will not be guilty of."

"That," said the Brahmin, is a notion which we must not allow to lull us into a fatal security. The soul of yon jungle Chief is as brave as ever stemmed the tide of battle: his breast is like the ocean tossed by the angry gale of pride; and, putting aside his claim to tribute on those who wend their dangerous way through his territory, he is possessed with the uncontrollable demon of revenge against all who acknowledge fealty to Mysore."

"Revenge," said the Persian, "may indeed do much, being a just and a powerful stimulant: but I have yet to learn, short time as I have been in your royal master's service, whether the vengeance of Kempé Goud will be well or ill founded; or if it be likely to instigate him to such a deed of madness as an open and daylight attack on troops of such acknowledged bravery, and strict discipline, as those which I have the honour to command."

"You shall judge," said the Vakeel, "for yourself, by the history

of this formidable marauder. In early times the ancestors of Kempé Goud dwelt in the sunny vales below the Ghauts, where they tended their rural flocks in peaceful and happy obscurity. Insult and oppression, however, forced them to abandon their native soil; when quitting the wide plains of the Carnatic, they sought refuge in the fastnesses of the Table Land, and chose for their future residence this wild and extensive forest. Here their descendants, disdaining the peaceful life and humble calling of their sires, assumed the garb of warriors; and collecting around them a numerous band of adventurous spirits, they spread their predatory reign over mountain, glen, and jungle, absorbing in their still increasing dominions the petty possessions of all the neighbouring chiefs and Polygars. But frail is the dominion of man; even in its palmy state unstable and deceitful as the seiraub of the desert. Of all the laughing valleys and lofty hills which owned the imperious sway of his sires, there now remains but one solitary possession to Kempé Goud, the present Chief; the towers of Maugree and the embattled hill of Savindroog now alone acknowledge his sway."

"In Allah's name," cried the Sirdar with vivacity, "who committed this terrible havoc on the bold monarch of the wilderness? Methinks the troops were somewhat hardly tasked who sought him in this trackless wild, and their fare could have been none of the daintiest."

"For many a mile," continued the Brahmin, "the country around is overspread with the gloomy shades of the jungle, the haunt of Bheels and beasts of prey; and many a lofty Droog uplifts its embattled head amidst the wilderness. But though Kempé's land is well fenced both by art and nature; though his heart is brave and his hand is strong, and his wit keen and subtile as the Cusa leaf,* yet has he suffered many defeats from the arms of Mysore, and often fled inglorious before the conquering sword of Kistna——"

"Ah," exclaimed the Persian with enthusiasm, "that indeed is a leader you may be justly proud of. What a splendid stud! What noble armour! How gracefully doth he fold his turban! I question much if Iran itself can show a more accomplished rider at the ring."

"All this he is," said the Vakeel with a sarcastic smile, "and more than this, for he is the sun of battle, the sword of the State, and the shield of our holy religion. When he led the squadrons of Mysore into this howling wilderness, the Bheels vanished from before him like the morning mist, the lofty trees bent in homage to his feet, and the virgin Droogs opened their arms to him as to a welcome bridegroom—the sun looked yellow with envy at his superior brightness—the moon pale with terror at the clash of his arms—the earth trembled as he trod—the heavens—"

"Nay, nay," said the Persian laughing, "a truce with your poetry, or by the sacred Caaba, though no believer in your foolish doctrine, I shall begin to suspect that you are imbued with the soul of Mirza Mahommed, surnamed Bulbul, who used to drive the very nightingales frantic with envy at his superior melody. Discuss to me, O learned

* Some of the leaves of the Cusa grass taper to a most acute evanescent point; whence the Pundits often say of a very sharp minded man, that his intellects are acute as the point of a Cusa leaf.—*Sir W. Jones.*

Pundit, in plain mortal language, was it really the gallant Kistna, whom you figuratively call the Sword of the State, and who, if fame speak truly of certain passages between him and the princess, will ere long bear its sceptre also, was it he, I say, who wrought all this deadly mischief on the Bheel?"

"Yea," said the Brahmin, "he it was, who with braver heart and wiser head even than the doughty Kempé Goud, has despoiled him, one by one, of all his hitherto deemed impregnable fastnesses, and reduced him to his last stake of Savindroog.—"

"Then I wonder not," said the Persian, "at the bitterness of his hatred; and if his power be equal to his malice, you have reason, venerable pundit, to dread his approach."

"His power is terrific," said the Brahmin, "and dreadful accounts are given of his personal appearance. Some say he has two heads; others assert he has four arms, and that his eyes are balls of living flame: but in this there may be some exaggeration."

"Most likely," said the Persian with a sneer.

"Towards us," continued the Brahmin, "the Bheel's declining fortunes have filled his soul with the bitterest hate; and even for our lives I fear if he should catch us napping in this delectable greenwood shade; for quick of sight and swift of foot must he be who hopes to shun the never-erring bow of the Bheel."

"Nay, let him come," said the haughty Persian, "with all his crew of outlaws and jungle knaves; my gallant band will quickly curb their presumptuous pride, and send them howling back to their deserts, while at my saddle bow I'll bring the head of their doughty chief as a trophy to our noble Rajah."

"Praised be the name of Vishnu!" said the Brahmin, sarcastically, "but take care, gallant Sirdar, that you do not leave your own in the jungle."

"And if I do," cried the Persian, "is it not written in 'The Book,' that whosoever falls in battle, his sins are forgiven at the day of judgment; his wounds shall be resplendent as vermillion, and odoriferous as musk; and the loss of his limbs shall be supplied by the wings of angels and cherubim."

"Would you not rather," asked the Brahmin, with a sly chuckle, "be supplied with those same wings, gallant Sirdar, before the battle than after?"

"You may smile, worthy Pundit," replied the Persian, "and think perhaps I would shun the steel of this marauder; but you err in thinking so, for when the hour comes what hand can stop its course? Should it even now be my happy lot to enter that shadowy gate which veils* from mortal vision the peerless land beyond the skies, a Moollah will be all I shall require to read the Koran above my tomb, that thus my martyred soul may fly within the sacred crop of one of those green birds that eat the fruits of Paradise."†

* A well educated Mussulmaun is very unwilling to say directly that a man died. He uses some circumlocutory expression, which gives the fact by inference.—*Memoirs of Baber.*

† The souls of martyrs (for such they esteem those who die in battle against infidels,) says Jallalodin, are in the crops of green birds, which have liberty to fly wherever they please in Paradise, and feed on the fruits thereof.—*Sale's Koran.*

"The paradise of your prophet," said the Brahmin, "is one of sensual pleasure, infinitely beneath that absorption into the essence of the deity which we look forward to as our supreme reward."

"And what is your absorption, as you call it," replied the Persian, "but total annihilation, as it were? Bah! Bah! the cold fancy of you infidels never dreamt of such a thing as our prophet's paradise; the stems of whose shady trees are gold, whose earth flings a musky odour around,—where rubies and sparkling gems are the pebbles of its crystal springs,—and where the heavenly songs of Israfil wrap the soul in ecstasy."

"And how do you hope to be employed," said the Brahmin," in that delectable place?"

"How?" cried the enthusiastic Mussulmaun, "why there I shall quaff the rosy wine that's sealed with the signet of Salomon ben Daoud for the lips of true believers alone, and kiss those musky maids whose youth and beauty spring for ever. With such a heaven as this in view, think you I would shun the Pagan sword? By Allah and the Twelve Imaums!* I wish the robber chief were here——"

"Then have thy wish!" cried a voice in startling accents by his side, "behold him here, with the unerring bow of his sires, to claim the Cowrie of the Bheel!"

CHAPTER VI.

THE JUNGLE CHIEF.

Struck with the stern accents which so unexpectedly realized his half boastful wish, the Sirdar with a bound sprang up from his recumbent attitude, and gazed on the sudden apparition with a mingled look of astonishment and alarm; while he laid his hand falteringly on his bright Damascus blade, though, palsied as it were by some undefinable emotion, it lay awhile inactive on the hilt. With an anxious and rapid glance he scanned the object that stood before him, whose graceful but athletic frame, light and immoveable as the stem of the Palmyra, seemed better calculated to cope in amorous dalliance with some lady fair, than to wield a falchion or to bend a bow in anger. There was nothing in what he beheld to raise either awe or dread in the Persian's breast; and though his fertile imagination had drawn an image of the Bheel of the form and hue which Eblees stamps upon his ruthless slaves and sworn bondsmen, yet now before him freely and fearlessly stood a form endowed with such almost feminine softness and grace, that he looked like some elfin guardian of the wood, or some harmless sylvan deity.

The costume of the Bheel consisted of a quilted vest, sash and turban, all of dazzling whiteness, without spot or wrinkle. A Chuddah, or muslin shawl, was thrown over his shoulder, and hung down in graceful folds. His legs, from the knee downward, were naked, dis-

* The Mahommedans venerate the whole of the Twelve Imaums, as being the lineal descendants (through Fatimah) and, according to their tenets, the rightful successors of Mahommed.—*Harrington on Mosulman Law.*

playing the most perfect symmetry; and light handsome sandals were laced on his feet, decorated with golden knobs and tassels of the same metal. He was neither short nor tall, but of that medium size best calculated to cope with toil or danger in the predatory warfare to which he was accustomed. With graceful ease he stood leaning on his unstrung bow, more like a simple hunter of the jungle, than the grim and deadly enemy of Mysore; and though a shining Tulwar, slung by golden links at his side, and a quiver, stored with feathery deaths, dangling at his back, might afford some hint of his dangerous profession, yet he looked so mild in mien and feature, and bore so many bracelets of glittering gold on his smooth but sinewy arms, that few could imagine either fraud or mischief lurked beneath so simple an exterior.

The venerable Vakeel, who had also risen from his reclining attitude at the unwelcome intrusion, with all the celerity that his years and dignity permitted, gazed on the handsome Bheel with as much awe as the Persian, though with less astonishment; while the paleness of his features, and a slight shudder which passed through his frame, indicated the terror that had taken possession of his breast. A variety of conflicting emotions kept him mute for a moment; while the Sirdar, more accustomed to yield to the first impulse of his passions, and forming from the Bheel's appearance anything but a favourable opinion of his manhood, exclaimed in haughty accents:—

"By the laughing eyes of the Hoor-al-uyun,* who are formed for the delight of true believers, this Kempé Goud, if such he be, looks more fitting for the dalliance of the Haram than the rough encounters of the field. But be he man or woman, angel or demon, I swear by the prophet, whose name be ever reverenced, that I will bind him captive with his own golden tags and tassels; even were he furnished with six hundred wings, like the angel Gabriel,† to flee from the punishment that awaits him."

As he uttered this threat, the doughty Persian drew forth his crooked blade, which was richly wrought in gold, and adorned in marquetry with small gems; and was about to advance on the smiling and still motionless Bheel, when the Brahmin interposed, and seizing him by the arm exclaimed:—

"Rash youth forbear, blind as you are to the fate you tempt, and which all others would gladly shun; yet learn what is due to rank and age, and yield precedence to one more qualified to parley with this renowned and mighty Chief."

The Sirdar, thus rebuked, yielded the post of honour to the sage; who, before he ventured to approach the Bheel, drew his slippers from his feet, and performed with most elaborate accuracy the Anjali, or respectful obeisance. His head was slightly bowed, and the palms of his hands brought together, and raised laterally to the middle of his forehead, the tips of his thumbs only coming in contact with it:

* The voluptuous girls of Paradise, called from their large black eyes "Hûr al oyûn," are created not of clay, as mortal women are, but of pure musk.—*Sale's Koran.*

† Gabriel is said to have appeared to Mahommed, on the night he made his journey to heaven, with no less than six hundred wings.—*Sale's Koran.*

then, having advanced a step or two, he thus broke the silence in an humble deprecating voice:

"Thrice valiant Turwee! in us, your highness's poor slaves, you see no merchants laden with potent gold or pearly treasures from the sea of Serindib——."

"But soldiers of fortune," interrupted the Persian, "determined on all occasions to keep what we have and take what we can get."

"Nay! nay!" cried the Brahmin in a tone of alarm, "not so, good Sirdar: not so, valliant Kempé. Poor pilgrims to the holy shrine of Mailgotah, we have made bold to traverse your fruitful territory, and humbly implore a Dustuk* from your gracious hand to aid us in our holy quest."

"And you shall have it," replied the Beel with much dignity, while a smile of doubtful character stole over his handsome features. "Old man, your prayer has met from us a ready acquiescence, and order shall be given for your safe and speedy conduct when you pay the usual tribute, which none may evade, the 'Cowrie of the Bheel.'"

"No tribute!" cried the Persian impetuously. 'By the sacred shade of Caaba, not a cowrie, nor the shadow of a cowrie shall be paid in the way of tribute while I am present to hunt this tiger to his lair. Therefore—"

But ere he closed his speech the Brahmin again interposed, and with a meek imploring look thus addressed the jungle chief:—

"Valiant Kempé, your demand is just, and shall be complied with; but most humbly do we hope that power and mercy hold equal balance in the hands of him who rules these fertile territories."

"Doubt it not, old man," said the Bheel. "Of the mercy I myself receive, my enemies cannot object to an equal measure."

"Praised be the name of Vishnu!" devoutly responded the Brahmin. "This being the case, we, your unworthy servants and penitent pilgrims, pray you to name the trifle that will content you; that so we may, from our very limited ability, seek to acquit us of this just and necessary obligation, and that your Highness may be pleased to send us on our way rejoicing, to the altar of our deity."

A slight curl of contempt marked for an instant the features of the Bheel, at this very politic speech of the sage Oodiaver; but, as if he disdained even this fleeting expression of his feelings, he resumed his placid look, while he replied in a cold ironical tone, as follows:

"For myself, venerable pilgrim, I profess to be altogether free from pride and avarice, which are in fact the failings of pampered menials and drivelling dotards; I therefore limit my own demand to yon Moorut of pure gold, which you design for the gaudy temple of Vishnu, but which I shall place at the footstool of Mahadeo, the only powerful god."

"Praises be to the triune god!" exclaimed the Brahmin with solemnity.

"Then be it known to your sagacity," continued the Bheel, "that I have lately married a young and lovely maiden of these deserts, who longs amazingly to go in state, as becomes a royal bride: I

* Passport.

therefore accept, as your free and munificent gift to her, yon stately elephant, with his gilded howdah and his housings of cloth of gold."

"Glory be to the 'Thousand-titled deity!'" meekly responded the Brahmin.

"Further," said Kempé, with imperturbable gravity, "I take leave to observe that all those rare and costly presents, committed to your care for the idle and luxurious Brahmins of Mailgotah, I shall spare you the trouble of conveying any farther; it being my intention to bestow them on Rungapa, my venerable Bhaut; who sings the praises of my gallant followers, and offers up their incense at the shrine of Doorga."

"God is great, just, and merciful!" devoutly replied the sage Oodiaver.

"I have little else to say," continued the Bheel with the most provoking nonchalance, "seeing that your camels and your Arab steeds are, of course, the fair spoils and capture of my hardy band; except, indeed, that I may add, in guerdon of their fidelity to me, whatever else they may take a fancy to about your persons or your equipages."

During the delivery of this very moderate speech, the Vakeel stood listening with an appearance of profound respect, occasionally uttering a pious ejaculation, as if there was nothing in such wholesale pillage that could excite a moment's uneasiness or displeasure. Brought up in that school of dissimulation and self control which renders the Brahmin an apparently impassible object in all cases of emergency, the sage Oodiaver was casting about in his politic mind how he could circumvent the Bheel, by some stratagem, or *tour d'adresse*, which suited better with his pacific disposition than an open appeal to arms. The Persian, on the contrary, who looked on all wily delays and litigious shuffling with characteristic contempt, impetuously exclaimed:—

"Now by that holy tomb which hangs at Mecca in the air, supported by the invisible wings of myriads of angels, this juggling Bheel may well deride our calm and cowardly forbearance; for he thinks, of course, that this precious embassy of ours, is formed of sneaking priests and chattering pundits, who shed no blood and quake with the infirmities of age."

"Patience good Sirdar!" cried the Brahmin, in a fright at the lively manner of his fellow-traveller. "Patience, I say, and let me discuss this matter with the renowned Kempé."

"Most potent, sir!" continued the Persian, heedless of the interruption, and addressing the Bheel in a tone of irony, "most facetious Kempé, who standest there alone like a statue carved in wood or marble, and openest thy oracular lips to this wise pundit and myself, as if we formed part of thy ragged retinue."

"Of a verity," said the Brahmin, in a soothing voice, "you defame the gallant followers of his Highness, the splendor of whose equipments is proverbial in these parts."

"We humbly thank your Royal Highness," resumed the Persian, "for thus disposing of our freight, and saving us the trouble of seeking yonder holy fane; for well I ween that our presence there, unac-

companied by these said costly presents, might prove equally displeasing to the grim god and the portly Brahmins of that blest abode."

"Nay, nay, good Sirdar!" exclaimed the Vakeel, much shocked at the impiety of the Persian; "I must entreat you to have some reverence for the deity, and some respect for the sacred priests of the temple."

"May it please your Bheelship," continued the scoffing Mussulmaun, "to grant me a reply to one simple question. You have kindly disposed of our goods and chattels, viz., one little golden divinity of rare and ingenious manufacture; item, an elephant, with sundry camels, horses, bales of merchandise, &c., &c., &c., now in the name of Allah and his prophet, what is it you intend to leave us?"

"Your lives, false Pilgrim!" cried the Bheel, with a sudden outburst of fury that startled even the hardy Mussulmaun,—"Your lives, dog of Mahommed! And thank the forbearance of the keen avenging steel that gleams in my deadly grasp, that you are even thus permitted to escape from my ruined land!"

Then down he threw his bow upon the earth, and forth from its scabbard flew his glittering tulwar, flashing like lightning from the angry heavens, across the dazzled eyes of the Persian and his venerable companion; while, at the well known signal, the terrific blast of the Collary horn,* flung its wild unearthly peals on a thousand echoes through the forest, piercing the silent jungle and calling forth its invisible inhabitants, as if the last trump had sounded for the day of doom.

Far and near, and in all directions round the devoted travellers, wild and savage yells, clashing arms and echoing horns replied to the fatal summons, as if the very fiends of hell were engaged in deadly combat; and ere the dismal sounds had subsided, forth rushed from the jungle hollows and rocky dells, a numerous band of grim and ferocious Bheels, striking their swords against the iron bosses of their shields, and twanging their bow strings, as if impatient to give immediate proofs of their unrivalled skill in archery. With the activity of the tiger cat these savage denizens of the wilderness sprang forward and encircled their gallant chief, prepared, without question or demur, to shed the blood of whatever victim he should doom to death; and first and boldest of the band was the one eyed Bheel, who had so liberally bestowed the contents of his jaggery pot on the jovial Afghauns at their midday feast. In rude and savage panoply he stood, like the demon of mischief; while, from his fierce and threatening eye, whose restless ball rolled madly in its socket, a fiendish fury gleamed on the travellers, as though he sought, like the Basilisk, to wither with its glance alone the powers of all who came within its deadly influence.

* This is the war trumpet of the Hindoos. It is made of copper, about three feet long, and bent into a semicircle. The tube is small at the mouth-piece, and increases in size, though in a trifling degree, to the end whence the sound proceeds. Its notes, wild as the people by whom it is used, have a powerful and singular effect on the mind, particularly when heard amongst the stupendous crags of a Droog, or the savage recesses of a jungle.—*Tour to the Droogs. M.SS.*

CHAPTER VII.

THE CHARUN.

Aghast with uncontrollable terror, the Brahmin stood, mute and motionless: not all the dignity of his preeminent Caste, not all the stoical self-control which formed the ground-work of his education and the unvaried practice of his life, was proof against the united terrors which now assailed his sight and hearing, and took undisputed possession of all his faculties. Every moment seemed to be his last; and the small portion of animal courage with which nature had endowed him, quailed before the actual horrors of the scene, unsupported by that moral fortitude which so often effectually supplies its place.

Youth and the profession of arms, to which he had been accustomed from his earliest manhood, imparted a superiority over the Brahmin to the bearing of the Sirdar; but even he felt an unaccountable chill strike to his heart, when he beheld the ferocious aspect of his numerous opponents, and knew the unextinguishable hatred of their leader to all who wore the livery of Mysore. It was, in fact, enough to damp the ardour of a soul cast in the sternest mould of nature, to see those wild and ruthless marauders darting from thicket, grove, and glen; dropping from the leafy trees, and springing to their feet from the tangled and shrubby ground, as if the fabled and monstrous production of warriors from the teeming earth, the invention of a rude and early age, had now indeed been realized.

At length the venerable Oodiaver recovered presence of mind sufficient to make another effort on the stern nature of the Bheel, whom, with his head bowed low, and in humble accent, he again ventured to address as follows:—

"Riches and life, O valiant Chieftain! are as transient and fleeting as the pearly dew that falls upon the leaf of the lotus. Knowing this, as you doubtless do, why will you direct your steps to the path of violence and spoil, which must inevitably lead to the fiery gulf of Patala, where Yama, the stern judge of the dead ——."

"Cease your gabble," cried the Bheel in stern accents, "a truce with the gibberish of your fawning and deceitful race! Old man, until your feeble hands can bend the bow of steel which forms the sceptre of Kartikeia—until you can untwine the brazen folds of Sesha, the many-headed snake whose curling volumes support this solid earth —or until from the back of the giant Tortoise you lift your holy Mount Meru, you never can obliterate from my memory the bitter, long and bloody debt I owe your prince for woes unnumbered, the pangs of which have never ceased to gnaw my heart's inmost core, asleep or awake, for a single instant. But my revenge"—and here the Bheel burst into a horrible and frenzied laugh—"my revenge, old dotard, though it may have smouldered for a time, still burns with all its fury in my breast."

Abashed, the Brahmin held his peace, in a mournful, but still ruminat-

ing mood; while the Persian, yielding to the suggestions of his martial pride, exclaimed in haughty accents:

"Why stand we idly prating here, while my gallant troops are at hand to scatter this insolent marauder's ragged crew? Sound trumpet, ho, to arms! to arms!"

Quick as the order was issued the brazen throat of the trumpet pealed forth the note of battle; and ere its echoes had mingled with the breeze the gallant Rajpoots came rushing to the summons: but they came unaccompanied by those martial steeds which constituted the main strength of their body; and whose absence, on such an occasion, was altogether unaccountable. Again and again the trumpet's shrill blast rent the air, in a vain and fruitless summons of the Afghaun matchlock-men; to the astonishment of the Sirdar and the dismay of the Brahmin, not a man of them was visible.

"Ay, call your troops," cried the Bheel, while his sides literally shook with scornful laughter. "Call your troops, hound of Mahommed! but you call in vain. Your trusty matchlock-men, filthy infidels! are drunk and asleep in yonder grove of spreading mangoes: this gallant warrior by my side bestowed his jaggery pot upon them; but for their especial enjoyment he drugged it first with the juice of Datura,* whose narcotic powers have lulled them into visions of bliss. Their weapons now in better hands will speedily be turned upon yourselves."

"Vishnu preserve us!" exclaimed the Brahmin, in a quavering voice, "what a plot is here!"

"You may call your glittering troopers," continued the Bheel, and you see they but half obey your call; for while your idle Rajpoots dozed upon their midday meal, my watchful Bheels—did I not boast their gallant deeds?—crept on their peaceful slumbers, and loosed their Arab chargers; who now snort in freedom, and wildly tossing their beautiful heads, fly through the mazy jungle with the speed of antelopes, to sport and gambol with my Toorki mares."

"We are taken in the toils," cried the Brahmin with a groan, "and delivered over, like innocent antelopes to the fury of the tiger."

"Nay, more than this," cried the Bheel with a ferocious laugh, "false pilgrims, who come into my ruined land with smiling brows but treacherous hearts! Learn that my brave and crafty Bheels have steeped the grain with which your elephant was fed in potent arrack; and now, even now he tramples under foot your ruined camp, and scatters your panic-struck followers like dust before the blast of the monsoon. Thus you can neither fight nor run; then yield, or by the gods you die!"

While yet he spoke a fearful shout echoed from the tents of the Vakeel; and the shrill frantic cry of the elephant rose awfully on the air, as he dashed headlong in his drunken mood amongst the terrified and shrieking followers of the camp.

"Alas! alas!" exclaimed the Brahmin, trying to rouse himself for one last desperate effort, "my boding fears were not in vain; and the

* Datura Stramonium. The natives are well acquainted with its narcotic powers, and infuse the seeds to increase the intoxicating powers of their common spirituous liquors.—*Hardwicke's Journey to Sirianagur.*

nervous twitching of my eye this morning should have proved to me that danger was nigh, and that the day was unpropitious. But, though the toils are spread around us, one feeble hope of safety still remains, and the arm of Vishnu may yet be elevated in our favour." Then raising his voice he cried, "Come forth thou sacred Charun to our aid, and do thy holy office with the Bheel."

One of the peculiar features of the Hindoo religion is the weakness of investing certain pretenders and religious ascetics with supernatural attributes, which they fail not to confirm by the voluntary self-infliction of extraordinary abstinence and frightful penance. Amongst these numerous tribes of religious mendicants the Charuns bear an elevated rank, and are held in peculiar sanctity. According to their fabled origin, it is said that Mahadeo first created the Bhauts, or sacred minstrels, to attend his lion and bull; but the former killing the latter every day, the god was put to infinite trouble and vexation in creating new ones. He therefore formed the Charun, equally devout as the Bhaut, but of bolder spirit, and gave him charge of these favourite animals. The influence of the Charun was therefore very great amongst a people so ignorant and superstitious as the Hindoos; and it was usual for merchants or travellers to hire one to protect them on their journeys, the sanctity of whose name was generally sufficient for that purpose. If robbers appeared, the Charun interposed his ghostly influence between them and his employers: but, if his denunciation was not enough to deter them from plunder, he was bound in honour to stab himself, nay, even to put himself to death; at the same time dooming the marauders to eternal punishment in the event of such a catastrophe.

Such an agent as this was peculiarly suited to the genius of the sage Oodiaver: for, however sceptical his own notions might be as to the divine legation of the Charun, he knew the powerful influence he possessed over the timid and superstitious multitude. He had accordingly provided himself with a protector of this description to make use of on an emergency, not altogether confiding in the efficacy of arms against such devils incarnate as Kempé Goud and his jungle followers; and finding himself now reduced to the last extremity, he called him forth, as we have before related.

At the sound of the Brahmin's voice there issued from a neighbouring thicket a being of unearthly frame and ghastly appearance, whose wild and haggard look and glittering eye few could gaze upon unappalled. Around his lank and hollow waist a ragged cummerband was loosely tied, between whose greasy folds the horn hilt of a dagger was visible; the rest of his body was naked. From his head his matted elf locks descended in wild confusion; some twisted like ropes, and tied round his hollow temples, and others trailing on the ground. His beard reached nearly to his knee, tangled, matted, and filthy. His bending figure, gaunt and stark, was powdered with ashes; and his withered limbs displayed many a lasting token of direful penance by fire and steel. This wretched being, who was introduced to the reader in the first chapter, and who could scarcely be said to exist, so worn and emaciated was his frame, bore, to aid his lingering steps, a mystic branch of the Peepul tree, sacred to Siva, which is said to shelter

beneath its leaves the demons devoted to that destroying deity; and striking at intervals a little brazen gong, which he held suspended from his wrist, he called perpetually, in a doleful and quavering tone, on the awful name of Mahadeo.

So completely had the Charun concealed himself in his thicket, even from the keen and practised eyes of the rovers of the jungle, that when he appeared on the summons of the Brahmin, and interposed his ghastly figure between his employer and the Bheels, the latter thought he had suddenly risen out of the earth at the potent call of the Vakeel; and their astonishment and alarm were considerably increased when, in a hollow sepulchral tone, he addressed them in a species of measured chant to the following purport:—

In Mahadeo's awful name!
I charge you go from whence you came,
And leave the forest fair and free,
To this his favour'd company!

Awestruck at the sudden apparition, the Bheels recoiled a few paces in superstitious dread, for they well knew the terrible penalty they incurred by daring to dispute the Charun's power; but Kempé stood unabashed at the anathema about to be fulminated against him. With unshaken nerves and a scowl of fierce defiance, he gazed on the ghostly minister of Siva, and exclaimed in a firm and even a threatening voice:—

"Cease thine incantations, old man, and preach not to me of peace or forbearance towards the perjured race of Mysore, whom I will pursue to the death and strike even in the tomb. Long ere the upstart race of Rajpoots had come to push us from our pleasant homes, my fathers roved these shaggy wilds, chasing in freedom their sylvan prey, and quaffing in peace the limpid rills that fertilize our once happy soil. Wide and fruitful was their territory, till the destroyer came; but from sire to son, through succeeding generations, the curses of my race against the gaudy slaves of Mysore, have descended as a choice inheritance to me, and with heart and hand I now stand here determined to avenge their sacred cause."

"One warning more," the Charun cried, while his breast heaved with the frenzied enthusiasm of his class: "one warning more I give to thee, O man accurst! who hast defied my god and me. One warning more, and that shall be the last!" Drawing forth his dagger, he flourished it over his head, and suddenly plunged it deep into his shrivelled arm; then, wrenching the blade from the grisly gash, he sprinkled the bloody drops upon the ground.

A cry of horror arose at the piteous sight from the Bheels and also from the Rajpoots, who equally believed in the terrific consequences that were likely to result from this self infliction of the Charun. The Persian, however, who was, at least in his hatred of paganism, a true Moslem, looked on with the most sovereign contempt and indifference, and exclaimed in tones of derision:—

"Ay, send the robber down to Eblees, and when he has been well broiled in hell fire, as we are taught by the sacred volume, he shall

receive a new skin* that he may be roasted again for his wickedness."

Fired at the taunt, the Bheel, turning towards the gallant Sirdar, with fury flashing from his eyes, exclaimed: "Now by thy head and my feet, thou pagan popinjay, I swear that my revenge shall not cease until I hang thee on the Nargil's topmost branch, as a mark for infant Bheels to fire their leaden bolts at, to try their skill in archery." Then turning towards his devoted followers, he cried, in a voice that made the echoes of the forest ring again; "Forward, ye sons of Siva! Forward I say, on the haughty slaves of Mysore, and prove on their bloody crests that you hold their arts and their arms in equal scorn and defiance."

Roused by the sound which had so often cheered them on to victory, the Bheels, shaking off the superstitious terror which had for a moment cowed their spirit, made ready for the onslaught. But ere an arrow had left the bow the Charun struck his gong in fierce and angry mood, and in hollow accents again addressed the impatient Kempé, in the same measured strain as before:—

THE DOOM.

"Hold! while I doom thy land and thee:—
The earth for ever barren be!
The air with pestilence be fill'd!
The water burning poison yield!
The fire consume both thee and thine!
This is the doom of wrath Divine!
And with this dagger's point I seal
My dying curse, thou bloody Bheel!"

With a hideous yell the enthusiast then plunged the dagger in his side, even to the hilt, and rolled upon the ground in convulsive agonies.

As if in momentary expectation of some signal of divine vengeance, the warriors on either side recoiled in horrid amazement, uttering a groan of terror. Even Kempé's stern features quivered, and his colour fled, when the dying Charun, writhing in agony, and feebly raising his shrivelled frame as he leaned falteringly on his elbow, bent his glazed eye on the Chief. With an expiring effort he slowly drew the crimson blade from the wound, and shaking its dripping point at the quailing Bheel, he thus uttered in hollow tones his dying

SUMMONS.

"I summon thee! I summon thee!
To Yama's† awful throne:
To the fiery gulf of Patala‡
I summon thee alone!
Thou long hast sown the fruitful seeds
Of ruin and disgrace,
And thou alone shalt bear the deeds
Of thy besotted race!

* Verily, those who disbelieve our signs, we will surely cast to be broiled in hell fire; so often as their skins shall be well burned, we will give them other skins in exchange, that they may take the sharper torment.—*Sale's Koran*, chap. 4.

† The Hindoo Pluto. ‡ Hell.

"I summon thee! I summon thee!
The Nisib* on thy brow,
Tho' before I could not see it,
I can read it plainly now.
Short space of time thou'rt given,
And one crime doth yet remain,
Ere the fiery bolt of heaven
Shall strike thee in the brain.

"I summon thee! I summon thee!
By that mysterious scroll,
Which round thy neck thou wearest†
I summon thy dark soul!
To dwell for one eternal day
In Yama's burning lake,
While the land that owns thy cruel sway
Shall perish for thy sake!

"I summon thee! I summon thee!
My eyes are growing dim,
And the visions of eternity
Before them darkly swim.
But still one dying prophecy
Shall close my earthly span,
Thou shalt live a life of misery,
And die a childless man!
I summon thee! I summon thee!
To Yama's awful throne,
To the fiery gulf of Patala
I summon thee alone!"

The fast ebbing powers of life scarcely permitted the vindictive Charun to finish his dismal incantation, and its concluding line was slowly uttered in scarce audible murmurs. Feebly shaking the bloody steel at the doomed chief, and bending on him still the dying light of his threatening eye ball, he uttered a wild unearthly shriek which, multiplied by the echoes of the forest, resembled the despairing cries of innumerable fiends, and with this last effort of exhausted nature, his angry spirit took its flight for ever.

The Charun's death was the signal for the conflict. The Mysoreans, emboldened by so palpable a demonstration, as it were, of divine favour, moved forward with the disciplined good order in which they had so long been trained; and though dismounted cavalry fight with manifest disadvantage, yet the memory of their former deeds inspired them with more than ordinary zeal and energy. On the other side, Kempé Goud saw that the best hope of victory lay in bringing his men into immediate action; for, chilled as their courage had been by the terrific scene which had just passed before their eyes, any hesitation on his part might have been fatal to his success. With voice and gesture, therefore, he urged them to the contest,

* The Mohammedans believe that the decreed events of every man's life are impressed in divine characters on his forehead, though not to be seen by mortal eye. Hence they use the word Nusseeb, *anglicé* stamped, for destiny.—*Note to the Bahardanush.*

† The Junnum-pootee, or Horoscope.

calling on them by those endearing terms of martial encouragement which he knew would produce an electric effect, and singling out by name those of his followers whose courage was of the most headlong and uncalculating nature. As the example of the chief is always the best mode of inspiration amongst irregular and undisciplined hordes, the gallant Bheel rushed forward himself to the front of the battle: striking his bossy shield with his glittering tulwar, and calling on the Persian Sirdar, as a dog of Mahommed, to come forth that he might devote his head to Doorga Bhavani; that terrific consort of Siva, of whom it is declared in the Bhawishya Purana that the head of a slaughtered man gives her a thousand times more satisfaction than that of a buffalo.

Nor was the Persian backward in replying to the challenge of Kempé; for, independent of his native courage, he was inspired with the hope that, by destroying this formidable enemy of Mysore, he might win a place amongst the nobles of the Court, and even aspire to the fair hand of the fawn-eyed Begum herself. But whatever the event might be, he knew that, in case of failure against the Pagan, his prophet had generously provided for him a paradise of endless bliss; in the company of those ever-blooming girls who are created not of clay, as mortal women are, but of pure musk.

Urged by such inspiring motives, the onset of the two warriors was terrific. The clashing of their highly tempered blades on the iron bosses of their shields produced innumerable sparks of living flame, and every blow seemed fraught with death. The crooked scimitar of the Persian had already stained with a crimson streak the snowy vest of the Bheel, and the nimble tulwar of the latter had more than once penetrated the quilted poshauk of the Sirdar; but as yet no apparent advantage had been gained on either side. Full of youthful vigour, endowed with equal courage, and both eminent masters of their respective weapons, they wheeled, retreated or advanced by turns, as the nature of the ground, or the prospect of advantage prompted them: every muscle of the body was called into action, every nerve was strained to the utmost, every trick of art was had recourse to; while the hard breathing of the combatants, and the heavy perspiration that bedewed their faces, betokened the equal and deadly nature of the struggle.

In breathless anxiety the hostile bands of these gallant leaders suspended their motions, as if by mutual consent, and gazed on the combat as if their own earthly fate depended on its termination; but as victory seemed to incline to either side, or as either antagonist reeled beneath a blow, the anxious spectators uttered shouts of encouragement to their respective champions. Many of the Bheels, however, longed for an opportunity to terminate the battle by an arrow or a matchlock; but so rapid were the motions of the combatants, and so closely were they interlaced in their deadly evolutions, that the truest marksman held his hand, diffident for the first time of his unerring aim.

For many minutes the combat thus raged with equal energy and fury; for, though both chiefs were wounded, their unsubdued spirit prevented them from feeling any physical pain. There was, however,

a circumstance which indicated a speedy termination to the action: in warding off a terrific cut which Kempé made at his head, the Persian received a slight scratch over the temple, which bled freely, and rather obstructed the quickness of his vision. This he had borne for some time with patience, till at length, having put aside a thrust of his adversary's, he, in an evil moment, raised the hand which bore his target, to wipe the blood from his brow. Quick as lightning, Kempé seizing the advantage, plunged his tulwar into the gallant Persian's breast, with such violence that the deadly blade completely perforated his body, the ensanguined point appearing behind, and the soul of the gallant Morad winged its way to the paradise of his prophet.

A groan of horror rose from the Rajpoots, as from one man, while yells of triumph echoed on every side from their joyous opponents. Then it was, that the one eyed Bheel, who had bestowed his jaggery pot on the matchlockmen, rushed on the sanguine ground with ungovernable fury. On his left arm he bore a small round target, studded with iron knobs, over the rim of which his burning eye-ball flashed like lightning from a sable cloud. His sword was of a peculiar construction: the blade was enormously long, broad and two edged: the hilt was enclosed in a hollow iron tube which covered his right hand and arm to the elbow, and formed a complete piece of armour. His mode of attack and defence consisted of incessant springs, wheels and turns, which he performed with astonishing vigour and activity, using his formidable sword sometimes as a spear, darting it forward at the enemy, sometimes as a scimitar cutting round him in every direction, every sweep of his terrible weapon deriving additional impetus from the velocity of his motions. Thus doubly armed, as it were, with sword and lance, the vengeful Bheel flew through the enemy's ranks, wheeling in mazy circles, and inflicting many a ghastly wound in his progress.

But though the children of the desert followed eagerly in the path thus opened for them by their ferocious leader, while their arrows and the balls from their matchlocks were poured with murderous effect upon the unshrinking Rajpoots, the latter bravely disputed every inch of ground, and scorned to fly before so base an enemy. Their ranks were thinned, but still they shouted "Ramah! Ramah! Victory!" The standard of the sun proudly floated over the little Herole band* and their turbans were bound with the well known scarf of hymeneal yellow, which it is the usage of Hindoo saints and warriors to wear in action, to indicate that they go to battle as to a bridal feast, determined to die or to live exulting conquerors. Fiercely again the battle waged, and, as their swords and lances were freely died in the blood of their opponents, they called to mind how oft the Bheels had fled before them when led on by the gallant Kistna. Inspired by that immortal name every breast was filled with renewed energy and courage, and they bore back triumphantly the crowding Bheels, who were half unmanned by the dreadful doom and dying curse of the Charun. Kempé, however, and a chosen few still bravely kept the field, giving and taking wounds and death; yet, exhausted by their incessant toils, they must ultimately have yielded the ground to their

* Forlorn Hope.

enemies: but suddenly, at this critical moment, a shout of fury rent the air, and Rungapa, the Chieftain's Bhaut, rushed forward from the jungly screen that had hitherto concealed him.

The Priest and Bard, with eye on fire and withered form, had often by his inspiring strains led the Bheels on to victory; for, to recite genealogies, and sing hymns and warlike songs in battle to animate the troops, was the peculiar province of this half-sacred class. His wrinkled and moody brow was encircled with a wreath of Peepul leaves, intermingled with strings of Lotus blossoms. His Veena, an instrument resembling a lute, was suspended from his neck; and, with a wild and haggard gaze, he struck the trembling strings, rudely but harmoniously, as he thus poured forth his bold inspiring strains:—

To the battle! to the battle!
Sons of Siva! God of woe!
Let your fiery arrows rattle
On the bucklers of the foe!

Flashing swords and lances gleaming
Charge the Children of the Sun,
Set their purple life-blood streaming
On the field that you have won!

Darters of the lightning* rally!
Pour your fatal bullets round:
On the false Mysoreans sally!
Drive them from our holy ground.

See your Chief the battle waging,
All alone devoid of fear,
Like a hungry tiger raging
Thro' a flying herd of deer.

To the battle! to the battle!
Sons of Siva! God of woe!
Let your fiery arrows rattle
On the bucklers of the foe!

Roused by this stern appeal the ruthless marauders of the forest, concentrating their forces, poured in a volley of arrows, and rushed on their now sinking opponents in a mass which bore down every obstacle, and finally decided the fate of the day. Overwhelmed, but not conquered, the Herole band, with dauntless bravery, defied the Bheels to the very last, and fell as they fought, in unbroken ranks, round the body of their slaughtered chief.

* Burkendauz, or lightning-darter, is the usual term in India for a matchlockman.

THE DAMOSEL'S TALE.

CHAPTER I.

The Knight's losses—The Steward's gains—Gille's walk to the Manor Place.

In the days of King Edward III., there dwelt in the midland parts of England, as had done his forefathers from the time of the Conquest, a young and lusty knight, of ancient race and fair possessions, by name Sir Thomas de Mourtray. He had one goodly mansion and estate in Bedfordshire, and another in the pleasant woodland country, lying in the south-east of Huntingdonshire; at which last, called Malthorpe Manor, those of his house had been wont chiefly to make their abode, both for the sake of sport and neighbourhood; as hard by was the great Priory of the Augustines, at Charlewode, whose lands were ever open to them for hunting and hawking, and whose priors and monks seldom let them want for good fellowship, whether in the chase or at the meal-board.

After this same prosperous fashion might Sir Thomas also have lived on there, from youth to age; but unhappily, soon after his heritage fell to him, he was seized with a fantasy to follow the wars in France. So providing himself handsomely with men and horses, and all kinds of warlike gear, he betook himself to the Prince of Wales's camp in Saintonge, where the way of life pleased him so well, that he never again quitted it, but served on through all the troubles in Castile, Guienne, and Bretaigne; leaving the care of his affairs at home to one Daniel Forde, a lawyer, and his steward, who thought but of making his own profit of the estates, and harassed and oppressed the poor tenants and villains without mercy.

In his foreign service, Sir Thomas, though he earned much praise, gained no other advantage; being so little in the good graces of fortune, that losses and mishaps were seldom abroad in the army without finding him out. Whenever he passed over to England—which was only when he wanted money: he came back to his home a poorer man than he left it; and was forced to pinch and grind his farmers and bondsmen harder every year—at length there was no more to be got that way, and then he had recourse to Daniel Forde, who kindly lent him money on security of his lands, as often as he needed it.

But evil as was the knight's plight at this time, it became ten times worse when, in some few years after, the war turned wholly against the English; for being in Brest when it was besieged, he was amongst the hostages given by Sir Robert Knolles to the French for the surrender of the place; and on the breaking off of the treaty was marched away prisoner with the rest by the Constable, who was so enraged thereupon, that they deemed themselves too happy to escape with life on paying a heavy ransom.

Sir Thomas straightway addressed himself for the twenty thousand francs set for his liberty, to his friend Daniel Forde, nothing

doubting of his ready help; but what were his trouble and anger when the cruel steward, profiting by his distress, refused to pay down a single florin, unless he first gave over to him his house and fief of Malthorpe, in payment of that and such other sums as he had lent him in former time. But since his need was pressing, and no other way to come at the money, he was forced to comply; and being ransomed with the gold, that was by right his own, he quitted the estate to Master Forde, and went a poorer man than ever to join his friend Sir Thomas Carrington at Saint Sauveur, where he had but just arrived, when the town was given up to the French by treaty.

Weary of following fortune in the field, he resolved to try if she would look more kindly on him at the court; whither he accordingly betook himself, in hope, by marriage or otherwise, to find friends who might help him to a good place; and in this design he sped so far, that ere long he obtained to wife a kinswoman of the Lord Latimer, then in much favour with the king's uncles, who governed all things. But his evil destiny had not yet forgotten him. Within the year his lady died, leaving him neither lands nor goods, save a thriving young son; and as if this trouble was not enough, about that time Sir John Annesley appealed him and the other knights concerned in the surrender of Saint Sauveur, as traitors, who had basely sold the place for French gold; and having made good his accusation upon their commander, Sir Thomas Carrington, by vanquishing him in the lists in Palace Yard, that unhappy knight was drawn to Tyburn and there hanged; whilst Sir Thomas Mourtray, being thereupon, with the rest, adjudged to be equally guilty, was glad to escape out of England with his life alone, and fled none knew whither, no further tidings, good or bad, being ever heard of him. His remaining estates in Bedfordshire, now forfeited to the king, were granted to one Cottinton, a squire of the Duke of Lancaster, and he himself speedily forgotten by all.

Daniel Forde, who had been wholly cast off by Sir Thomas on recovery of his liberty, in recompence of his hard dealings, had meanwhile taken up his abode at his house of Malthorpe; where, finding no further gains to make at his lord's cost, he set himself to oppress his miserable thralls and soccage villains without mercy or measure; robbing them of their wretched maintenance under pretence of suits and pleas, fines and amerciaments, until they were well nigh weary of their lives. Neither did he make them such small amends as the gentry were wont to do, by spending in free and generous living what he thus cruelly took from them; for he was of low birth and mean estate, and knew nothing of the customs of gentlemen, but lived ever more in the poorest nook of the Manor Place, with one serving man, whilst many goodly chambers stood empty, left to go as they might to ruin and decay.

Not content with being an extortioner and a niggard, he was a churl to boot, and as pitiless of look and word as of deed; never paying or giving to God or man aught that he could withhold from either, and driving friar and beggar alike from his gate, by aid of a fierce mastiff and his reeve, "Shrewd Sampson," as he was called by the folk round, who found him, if possible, yet worse than his

master. In matters of religion, Daniel Forde was no better than a Jew or a Pagan—he never went to mass or confession, and the chapel at the Manor Place was given over with the rest to the use of the owls and martens. Some talked of summoning him before the archdeacon for a Lollard or a heretic, but were kept back by the lord prior of Charlewode, a noble gentleman, and of great influence in those parts, who would countenance no persecutions on the ground of religion, so long as men were contented to hold their opinion in secret. So he was suffered to live on, as safe as bars and walls and moat could make him, with none to trouble him save his own conscience, which was thought by many to give him disturbance more than enough at most seasons.

The Manor Place of Malthorpe was a fair dwelling, well built and spacious, and standing by a grove of linden trees on the edge of a wide common, over which ran the road from Kimbolton to Charlewode Priory, and scantly an arrow flight off was a little thorpe or village, by the wayside, inhabited for the most part by artisans and other free people. But not one of the whole cared to consort with Master Forde, who dwelt alone, save his man Sampson; for he had neither kith nor kin, and his wife had died years before in Bedfordshire, as was believed, of pining and hardship—for she was of gentle blood and nurture, and could ill brook such a way of life.

Yet was there even under that dismal roof one innocent creature—a little child—but whether boy or girl could not be told by the fashion of its ragged garments; that, alone and untended, was wont to come forth at early morning, and stray barefoot over the common, pulling wild flowers or gathering blackberries until sunset. The people at the thorpe would often try to follow and speak with it; but at their first attempt, the poor wild thing would spring away like a startled bird, and fly as if it had wings over turf and broom, until they lost sight of it—the only two faces whereon it would ever stay to look, being those of May Gille and John Ashtoft.

The first of these was a small, pale, meek-visaged maiden, of twenty-five years of age, dwelling in a sorry cot hard by the thorpe, with her mother Muriel, a comely, dark-browed dame, and who had been in former days a person of much credit and worship at Malthorpe; first in her youth, as bower-maiden to the knight's ladymother, and after, as wife to the head forester. But when Master Forde came to be the lord there, the yeoman her spouse, perceiving that there would be little of his craft needed for the time to come, straightway bought him steel cap and habergreon, and set out to find Sir Thomas at the wars, whence he never returned; and dame Muriel, being quickly driven from their lodge by the new master, was fain to take shelter at the thorpe, and live as she might by labour and the charity of the lord prior.

Beside Gillian the dame had no child, yet was she little fond of her—never giving her so much as one kind word, and taunting and chiding from morn to night, although the poor maiden was the most humble and dutiful creature that ever broke bread, and spun and toiled day and night for their sustenance. But she was, by ill hap, grey-eyed, yellow-haired, and somewhat flat visaged, wherein in truth

she resembled her sire's Saxon ancestry—a fault not to be forgiven of the dame, who being herself of free Norman blood, and none of her forefathers less than frankalmoigne tenants, was wont to set so great store by her own dignity, to the disparagement of her neighbours, that folks thought the old wife's tongue had little less share than his lord's misfortunes in the departure of Giles Forester.

With the mother and daughter abode a third, in quality of servant, as he called himself—a shaggy-headed, bull-necked, brawny varlet, of whom no more was known, than that, long years ago, he had come over from France, maimed of his right hand, with Sir Thomas. He might have been Gascon, Breton, or Norman, for he spake all their tongues; and if he once had a name, he had lost it in crossing the seas, for none in those parts had ever known him by any other than Gauchet, or left-handed. He was a cunning, oily-tongued knave, who had gained so much on dame Muriel's favour by his honeyed speeches and French virelais, and tales of battles and adventures, that when they were turned out of house and living, she would by no means part from him; so he tarried on there, helping in such household matters as pleased him, and spending the rest of his time in snaring conies, or cutting arrow-shafts in the priory woods, to sell to the fletchers of Kimbolton and Saint Neot's.

It remains but to speak of John Ashtoft. This was a boy of seven or eight years old, who, being poor and destitute, was maintained at Charlewode, on a corrody, that is a founder's allowance, by favour of the lord prior, and was called his page; though little resembling those lying, prating, small varlets, tricked out in lace and embroidery, that follow the gallants of the court—being but a round-backed, ungainly, unhandy lad, with homely features and bashful mien, who would have ill become any gayer livery than his doublet and slophose of brown cloth, as he would have been perplexed to acquit himself of any higher office than to trudge early and late over the country on my lord prior's charitable errands. Amongst these, he never failed to look in, against Sundays and holidays, with a loaf of white bread and a pitcher of ale, at dame Muriel's cot, where he was loved of all, not more for his lord's sake than for his own; for he was as kind of heart as courteous of speech, one that never jeered or flouted the poor or aged; and uncouth and ill-featured as he was, he had yet in his countenance somewhat so mild and tender, that as the maiden Gille was wont to say, the very dumb creatures would look up at it as to a friend—and even that poor wandering infant fled not from him as from the rest, but would stand and watch him from behind a tuft of broom, or follow him at distance, if alone; though did he but turn as if to speak to the child, it ran away without tarrying to listen.

It was about this time that the realm of England was beset by great and sore troubles, whereof the first was a winter such as had not been before known for cold and scarcity, and great numbers perished in all parts of hunger and misery, despite the charity of the monks, who threw open their storehouses and granaries, and freely relieved all that came to them. And this calamity was the cause of what followed, for the straits and hardships they then endured, joined

to the rigour of the taxgatherers, and the oppressions of the nobles and gentry, inclined the common people but too readily to listen to the mad friar, John Ball, and such like, who went about preaching that things would never be righted until the gentry were all destroyed, and the whole country divided equally amongst the poorer sort. So that hearing, day by day, such discourses, and being too ignorant to know that if they could even bring this to pass they would be none the gainers, since the strongest of their own party would then take the lion's share—it was no great wonder that about Whitsuntide, in the year 1383, they rose in open rebellion in most of the southern and eastern counties, with intent to march to London, and right their grievances by force.

The news of such an outbreaking, it may be supposed, caused much stir and uneasiness amongst the richer sort, and not less in the parts about Malthorpe and Charlewode than elsewhere; since though little was to be feared from the country at hand, whereof part was a royal forest, and part priory lands, where the people were at their ease under gentle and merciful lords, yet their neighbours east and north were up and marching towards them, committing all kinds of mischief, and on the other side were the Bedfordshire rebels, every whit as fierce and dangerous.

Now the prior of Charlewode in those days was Gilbert Nevil, who was not only sprung from a martial and noble race, but had been himself in his youth an expect man-at-arms, and having, beside his thirty monks, many lay officers and servants, of whom not a few were stout and courageous like himself, he armed the tenants and serfs of the priory lands, resolving to withstand the rebels with lance and sword, ere he would see the country round laid waste by them; and for greater security, he gave leave to all that chose to carry their money and valuables into the vaults at Charlewode, there to be kept until the danger was past.

A sorely frightened and perplexed man was Daniel Forde at this pinch; for not only was his life in jeopardy, but what he loved far better, his gold, of which he had ample store hidden up and down in his house; and though he well knew that never was Jew or Lombard more hated than he was, or less like to find mercy, yet durst he not lodge his bags and coffers at the priory; since, judging of others by himself, he doutbed if he should be suffered to get them back again. So he resolved to go to work more cunningly, and to that end gave out that he had put his treasures in safe keeping at Charlewode, first taking care to pick a quarrel with his man Sampson, whom he turned out of his doors, that there might be none to give him the lie on that score. This done, he made all as close and fast as he could, both in court and dwelling, shut and locked the little wicket door, threw the footplank leading thereto into the moat, (the causeway before the great gate had been broken down many a year,) and departed as if for a journey in sight of all the neighbourhood. Nevertheless, that same night he returned again stealthily, with provision and all things needful, and getting in unperceived, hid himself and his gold together, determining there to abide whatever might befal, so long as the troubles lasted.

These, happily, passed over without any mischief done in these parts: Walker's and Lister's mobs from the north taking their way by Norwich, and the Bedfordshiremen marching direct for London, when both one and the other were in short space wholly discomfited and dispersed. Peace was soon restored. Every man came back and dwelt in safety at his own home—alone were no tidings heard of Daniel Forde.

By some it was thought he was gone beyond seas, and so was longer of hearing the end of the disturbances, whilst others believed and hoped he had been met with and killed by the rebels, in which case the gold he had left at Charlewode would doubtless fall to the house. But although there were none to grieve for the miser, yet both the boy Ashtoft and the maiden Gille often thought and spoke together of the poor friendless infant, which had never been seen since the day he went away, now a good three weeks past; until at their joint importunity the knave Gauchet consented to set forth for Kimbolton to inquire tidings of Daniel Ford and the child, from some with whom the miser was wont to have dealings.

It was the vigil of Saint John, and the sunbeams already fell aslant the old oak, in whose shade sate Dame Muriel at her cot door, watching alike the coming of her yeoman Gauchet from the town, and of her festival cheer from the priory, whilst Gillian was busied within, setting all in order for the morrow's holiday. But she sang not at her work as maidens are wont to do—for Gille had neither heart to sing, nor any that cared to hear her—yet was there no lack of noise, though music was wanting, since the dame stinted not her prate for one moment.

"What!" will the lazy quean never make an end of strewing and sweeping? Dost hear, fool? I bade thee bring me a cup of wort and the honey-pot anon—the poor weary varlet will be come, and never a drink ready to moisten his throat."

"He will not be back afore nightfall, mother," answered Gillian, as she brought the cup; "he hath too many gossips to talk with by the way."

"And who, o' God's name, is to blame for his tarrying or his going but thyself, that must needs send him after the Saxon churl—the same that drove out thine own mother to the ditch by the roadside? But truly thou wert never kindly natured like other daughters. Bencite! wouldst thou have me mix the drink with my finger? or is there never a sprig of rosemary i' the herbyard to stir it with?'

"I will go seek one, mother," said Gillian, and turned her toward the herb-plot.

"Eh! whither runs the fool now? Go, get thee in for a stool, and set it here i' the shade. Lo! fair young Master John coming yonder by the stile. Now God and dear Saint John give thee a fair even, my sweet clerk!" shouted the dame, as the prior's page came slowly and heedfully on, somewhat toiling under the heavy fardel he bore.

"Grandmercy, good mother, and to you no less," said the boy; "as also good even and morrow from my lord, with his benison, and this flask of Bourdeaux, and here be two manchet loaves, and a cold capon, that Dan Joce, our cellerer, bade me bear t' ye for old acquaintance and sweet Saint John's sake."

"All thank be to his high reverence and my lord Dan Joce for their courtesies, not forgetting thine own pains in the bringing, gentle master mine!" answered dame Muriel. "And now must thou sit down here a breathing while, and comfort thyself with a drink of mead."

"Fie, dame! remember you not this is a vigil and a fast? and in good sooth I lack time for sitting also. I will but bestow the fardel in the house, and then hie me back for complines."

And away he sped into cot, tarrying there but to whisper somewhat in the ear of Gille, as he aided in emptying the bag, and to shake his head and look sorrowful at her answer, then started off again in headlong haste the way he came, without so much as looking behind him.

Now had he but turned his head, it is like enough that he had gotten a fuller answer to his inquiry, for scantly had he crossed the stile when Gillian, at the sound of a quick sobbing breath, looked up, and perceived in the doorway the cause alike of his question and his trouble, the poor forlorn child from the Manor Place.

It looked both pale and pined, and deadly scared to boot, for both clothing and hair were drenched and dripping, and it panted as if for very life; but in place of fleeing away as formerly, it came boldly in without heeding even dame Muriel's presence, caught the maiden by the gown, and had dragged her out of the house, and a pace over the green, ere she knew what it would have; but then, finding that it wanted to lead her straight to the abode of that terrible man, Gille stopped, and gently besought the child to say what ailed it.

It answered not—but gazed so earnestly, yet so piteously in her face, that she seemed to read its tale without the help of words. "Mother!" she said; "I must needs go, for sure am I some terrible thing hath befallen yonder."

Now the dame, who never failed to gainsay every word and purpose of Gillian, no sooner heard her than she cried, "Yea, wilt thou so? now, so God save me, as thou shalt neither mell nor make in the matter. Peter! what reck we of the boot or bale of yonder thief? come back, I say, with mischance to thee."

Gillian stood doubtingly for a moment, for she was lothe to withstand her mother's will; but the child set up a low wailing cry, and again drew her on so forcefully that she wavered no longer, but hurried forward, even as it led, over the darkling common, regardless of the storm of threats and railings that waxed loud and fierce behind her.

Dame Muriel, left alonewith her anger, which grew tenfold more bitter from having none on whom to bestow it, at length got weary of chiding the air, and set herself perforce to the cooking of the supper which Gille in her haste had left to fare as it might. But being little wont to demean herself to household matters, and her thoughts running more on her griefs than her work, allwent amiss—so that she had just made an end of spilling the eggs, overthrowing the porridge into the fire, and burning her fingers, as Gauchet entered, sharp-set as a greyhound from the fields, and ill enough disposed to a meal of black rye-bread, with the dame's troubles for sole seasoning

thereof. But to take even this in quiet was denied him, for ere he had well tasted it they were startled by the noise of hurried footsteps, and the next moment Gillian stood before them, not less pale, terror-stricken, and breathless, than the poor infant had been a while before, and with a close-folded napkin in her hand.

"Gauchet," she said, in a strange hoarse voice, "thou must this very instant to Charlewode, beseech audience of my lord prior himself, and pray him by this token to make all haste to the Manor Place for life and death."

CHAPTER II.

The Lord Prior.—The Miser's parting from his Gold.—The Heir.

If Dame Muriel had been thus sorely displeased at her daughter's setting out, what was her ire on finding her return in this fashion, and at once take upon her the ordering of the household! Nor was she in any wise appeased when the old man, weary and hungry as he was, no sooner heard the behest, than tarrying not even to throw on coat or hood, which he had put off at entering, he caught up a fragment of the loaf he was eating, and hurried away without reply. Nor would he have refused a harder task at bidding of Gille, of whose discreet words and ways he took more heed than he held it wise to discover to the dame, who, certes, was offended enough with him as the matter stood, and comforted herself accordingly, after her wont, by calling to mind all the faults she deemed her daughter to have committed, from her very birth; Gille the while listening in silence as one too long used to be thus rated to hope now that excuse might avail her. But at length Madam Muriel perceiving, that though her tongue was still, her hands were busied in putting into a basket the flask of wine and one of the loaves brought by the little page, she went and took her a buffet on the cheek, crying, "Saint Poule to speed! art thou wholly distraught, minion? Dost think that thou shalt steal my substance to feast on with Sathanus and his crew yonder?"

"Out and alas, mother," said the maiden, shuddering; "for heaven's love forbear such talk. Surely it were too hard-hearted for one human creature to deny such small aid to another at his need."

"Now, by my fatherkin, darest thou call that caitiff and his crew fellows and mates for Christian folk? Parde, if the meanest church-bell clink at his departing, foul wrong were it ever after to deny such holy office to Jew or Loller."

"Nay, mother," said the maiden, "the worse his estate in such matter, the crueller were it to withhold from him present succour. Beseech you then but to suffer me to sort this gear in readiness against my lord prior's coming, by whose pleasure we must be ruled in this as in all things."

"My lord prior's coming, quoth the fool? Now help us, Saint Thomas o' Kent! dost deem verily that the lord prior of Charlewode, and he a Nevil of the north to boot, hath no other business than to ride the country by night at thy bidding, thou crazy dolt?

Saint Nicholas keep the silly knave that went for thee from a beating at the gate in guerdon thereof; and for those that have taken thee to their counsel in place of older and wiser folk—truly they shall find to their cost, and that anon, what thy fair speeches, and glozing words, and courtesies be worth."

"Well-a-day! little need have any to desire such office as I was called to," said Gille, as she made fast her veil under the chin, and opened the cottage door, though without going forth.

"Eh, maiden," said the dame, "since it lists thee to go at all, go at once, and that wholly o' God's name, and never let me—"

But here the deep silence without was suddenly broken by the sound of bridle-bells, that rose and fell on the summer night breeze, and in short space several torches showed themselves over the brow of a low hill, a bowshot off, whence half a score riders came galloping on for the thorpe, the foremost of whom reined in his steed at dame Muriel's door.

He was a right worshipful and comely looking person, though somewhat low in stature, and corpulent therewith, but little past middle age, with a clear lively eye, and much graciousness, as well as dignity of aspect and speech. He wore a rich cope, furred and guarded with miniver, with hood of purple samite, and bestrode not a churchman's ambling palfrey, but a gallant brown courser, fit for the riding of knight or man-at-arms, that stood tossing about the foam, and pawing up the earth before the cot door. Beside him was Sir Steven, the almoner, who, having been in his youth a jolly hunter and outrider, was commonly chosen to keep my lord prior company on a journey, as best able to bear his paces; the rest, to the number of five or six, were lay folk and sturdy yeomen of the house, bearing torches, and armed and guarded with sword and dagger, steel-cap and buckler.

The first sight of this noble lord and his retinue sufficed, as you may suppose, at once to quiet dame Muriel, who hasted to pour out for him in her wooden quaigh the draught of mead which, whenever he passed that way, she failed not to proffer as courteously, nor he to accept as kindly, as if it had been the silver goblet of spiced wine of Lepe or Malvesie from the hall of Malthorpe. But on this night he but touched the cup with his lips, saying,

"Nay, dame, not this tide. Now call me hither the maiden—we may not proceed without her. Ha, maiden," he went on, espying Gille, "thou hast done well and wisely, and thy presence shall much avail us where we are going. Gerveis, thy horse is both strong and sober—take up the maiden behind thee, and ride on at my side."

At the word, one of the varlets flung his torch to his fellow, and, dismounting, swung up Gillian to the crupper behind a grave, aged yeoman, and the next moment the whole company had trotted on, leaving the dame speechless with amazement.

"And now, maiden," said the lord prior, as they rode along, "I would learn more at large the history of that deadly token thou hast sent me, and of what hath happened in yonder forlorn dwelling."

"So please you, my lord," she answered, "some two hours past, a young child, well known by our folk to belong to Master Forde, came to our cot,

all pale and terrified, and besought me to go with it by look and sign so earnestly, that I could not for pity say it nay; so we went on to the Manor Place, and round by the outer wall until we came to the back wicket, which stood open, but the foot-plank was gone. And whilst I looked for some means to cross the ditch, the child got down, and led me over at a place where the water was shallow, and then into the house, and through the passages, as far as the door of the buttery-hatch, where lay much blood, newly spilled, all along the pavement as far as the cellar-stair, and in the midst thereof the whittle knife your lordship has noted. Then I looked further, and in the entry to the cellar I saw lying dead, one on the other, a man and a mastiff dog, at which sight I would have turned back, but suddenly we heard a low groan hard by, and the child with that drew me forward again, and we hasted by them to the small chamber beyond the spance, where I found Master Forde himself, lying along on the stones, like one in the death agony, and heavily moaning. Seeing he was yet alive, I got water, and bathed his face, and then would have sought for a cup of wine to revive him; but he waxed wroth at mention thereof, and bade me let be, for that his hurt was without remedy, but that if I would befriend him or the child, I must pray the lord prior of Charlewode to speak with him whilst he had yet life and breath; whereupon I sent, as is already known, to your high reverence."

"Yea, maiden, and, by my sooth, right prudently hast thou discharged thine errand, as shall be remembered hereafter to thy profit," answered the noble prelate. "To the left there, brother Stephen! the causeway before the great gate is broken down, and we must seek entrance on foot at the wicket behind."

By this they were come opposite the wicket gate, and all lighting down, two of the yeomen waded through the moat to fetch and lay the foot-plank, when they all passed easily over and entered the dwelling, some going before to light their lord and Sir Stephen through the dreary passages, whilst Gillian followed at a distance, trying vainly to espy the child, which had vanished she knew not how or where, whilst she was busied about the wounded man.

"Now God assoile us," said the foremost varlet, holding down his torch as they came where lay the dog upon the man, "but here hath been a fierce and fearful combat! See, the very ground is strewn with shreds from his garments, and all soaked in blood!"

"So help us Saint Thomas of Sude," cried his fellow, "they have fought it out, tooth and nail, like two wolves! the man hath strangled the beast, and then bled to death at the grisly wound here in 's throat."

"Turn the dead over, and look on his face—haply some one of you may know it," said the lord prior.

"So may I thrive then," answered he who had first spoken, "if it be not the miser's own man, Sampson—Shrewd Sampson, as the poor thralls wont to call him—the same he thrust out at Whitsuntide, when he fled away for fear of the Jack Straws."

"Bear them both into the court, and make speed to clear and cleanse the place," said the prelate, crossing himself as he stepped

past. "Gerveis, take thou a torch, and go before; maiden, thou must tarry at hand, in case the sick man need thy help."

And thus saying, he and Sir Stephen passed on to the chamber where Daniel Forde lay, shutting close the door, whilst Gillian, in obedience to his command, turned into the spance hard by, where she sat her down alone and in darkness, to await his further pleasure.

In the space of an hour or more, the yeomen having ended their work, had all withdrawn to the courtyard, and no sound was to be heard save a faint murmur from time to time within the next chamber, when suddenly it seemed to Gillian that there was a low breathing in the spance, and next a noise as of something creeping softly round her. Somewhat startled, she would have sprung to her feet, but was held down by a heavy weight on her skirt, and, ere she could cry out, a small cold hand was put within her own, and she knew straightway that it was the child, which had thus come to find her out. So she laid hold of its little hand, and drew it towards her with kindly words; and the poor infant came and nestled at her side, like a young bird under the wing of the dam, and thus they sat for a while longer, when they perceived a cold pale streak of light thrown on the opposite wall from a window above their heads, and, shortly after, heard the sweet voices of the birds all bursting into song together, to welcome the peep of dawn. A joyful wight was Gillian at this sight; and seeing that the child looked pale and weary, she bethought her of the basket, and taking therefrom bread and wine, gave of both to the poor thing, who began to eat like one famished.

With break of day, the house, which had been until now as still as death, seemed once more astir; the door of the next chamber opened suddenly, and some one passed in haste, then feet went hurrying through the court towards the wicket, and horses were heard galloping away, one after the other, as on pressing business. At last, the door next them being once more unclosed, steps as of two persons passed out, and went towards the stair beyond, that led up to the hall of dais. Marvelling much what all this should mean, Gillian tarried patiently where she was, and the child with her; yet another while, and then she saw the lord prior's yeoman, Gerveis, pass by, and with him a couple of monks, bearing tapers, and chanting the prayers for the dead, and all straightway entered where Master Forde lay.

The monks remained, but the yeoman left them, and, looking in at the spance-door, bade Gillian go find the child, and attend the lord prior's pleasure in the hall.

The maiden started up to obey, though not a little perplexed how to prevail on that shy, fearful infant to go with her into the presence of strangers; but her gentle voice and usage had already so won on its love, that, to her joy and wonder, without staying for eatreaty, it wrapped its face in her gown, and ran at her side to the place whither they were commanded.

This was a fair and spacious room, and in time past as richly arrayed as beseemed the knightly estate of the Mourtrays, who had there many a day held feast and dance, with minstrelsy and mirth, from the reign of King Will downward. But now hall and bower were alike fallen into sore decay; the costly hangings, cunningly enwrought

to the very life with men and horses, hawks and hounds, were hanging everywhere in tatters, the green damps stood on the walls behind, the floor lay unswept and unstrewn, the martens built their nests in the corners, and flew in and out where the glass had been, rattling the leadwork as they passed, whilst the seeds they had let fall had sprung up in grass or grain all about the chinks of the wall and pavement.

A sorrowful sight was it to the Lord Gilbert Nevil, who now stood in the midst of all this disarray—for, though little known to Sir Thomas, he was of distant kindred with his lady, and further grieved, as gentle blood should do, for the mishap of so worshipful a family; but his companion, Sir Stephen, who had lived at Charlewode from his youth, and been a bold rider after hawk and hound with the knight, could scarce refrain from weeping.

"Strange is it," he said, "that I, who heard, with little change of cheer at the time, of the troubles which befel that noble gentleman, am now thus moved at sight of this desolate chamber, and the memory of the joyous hours spent here, in the days when, God assoil me! I thought overmuch of pricking after hart and hare, and all too little, it may be, of mine own cloisterer's estate. Parfay! it seemeth but yesterday that I last beheld Sir Thomas seated here at his board, when he was home to array him for the war in Castile. Little deemed I he should never come back, or that his fair house should fall to the heritage of churl's blood!"

"Nay, brother Stephen, comfort thee; if yet living, there may still be a turn o' tide for him and his," answered the prelate; "and for the poor infant now lawful heir to these lands, methinks its evil hap in such parentage heavily outweigheth all worldly gain. Come hither, my pretty child," he said kindly, as Gillian and the infant at that moment entered. "Come nearer, my child, we would gladly see thy face."

Gillian hereupon lifted up the child on the dais, and withdrew the covering from its face. It looked earnestly up at the mild and gracious countenance of the lord prior, and then quietly suffered him to take its hand.

"Gillian of Malthorpe," said that noble lord, "we have long noted thy meek and tender nature, not less than thy discreet behaviour; in guerdon whereof, as also that we deem our choice cannot be amended, we here commit to thy charge this little maiden, who must bear henceforth the name and estate of the lady of Malthorpe Manor. Nay, doubt not but dame Muriel shall be joyfully assenting"—(for Gille was about to refer her to the old wife)—"by the token, that we will out of hand provide her likewise an office in the house, whereof we will advise her in the way homeward, and further take order for setting things incontinently in a more seemly fashion about here."

In short space the least ruinous of the chambers were sorted and arrayed for present use, by diligence of the folk sent over from the thorpe and priory lands by the lord Gilbert's command; and in this labour they got ready help from dame Muriel, who arrived with the first, followed by her yeoman, Sir Gauchet—her wrath at Gille's advancement being somewhat appeased by the courteous wise in which the good prelate had prayed her to take on herself the charge of the

household affairs, and yet more by the hope of days to come of good cheer and jollity, in which, like a true-born Norman, she most delighted.

Ere long came the Hundred constable, together with the king's officers, to make perquisition touching the death of Master Daniel, when, it being fully proved, both from the tale told by the dying man to the lord prior, and the manner of their being found, that the cast-off serving-man had broken in, with intent to rob and murder his master, in which work he had been set upon and slain by the mastiff, the deemster gave his verdict accordingly. The dead being privately carried over to the priory, were laid, without noise or state, in the burial-ground that same night, and trentals and masses being duly said, neither they nor their misdeeds were ever after spoken of.

In two days from this time returned the messengers whom the lord prior had sent away to London in such haste the morning that Master Forde died, bringing letters from his brother the Lord Latimer, together with writings from those of the royal Exchequer, setting forth that the king had been pleased to accord to the lord Gilbert Nevil, on payment of a fine of four hundred marks, the sole wardship of Avisa, daughter and heir of Daniel Forde, deceased, of Malthorpe Manor.

(To be continued.)

THE HUSBAND.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

Bear her my sorrow! I may not be near
  Her dying couch, to see her soul depart;
The scoffing world would ridicule the tear
  Gushing too fondly from my servile heart.
The heart, that can forgive such injury
  As she inflicted—could alone inflict,
Branding my children's name with infamy;
  That thought! that thought should pity interdict!
But Oh! I only can think of her *now*
  As when I wooed and won her, trembling coy—
(With *sacred* modesty stampt on her brow,)
  To be my household's light, my hearthstone's joy.
How did she nestle to my shelt'ring breast
  With that dependence, woman's greatest charm,
When I imagined she had found a rest
  That would secure her from all future harm!
Briefly the years sped of our wedded bliss,
  When, like a flow'ret blighted in its bloom,
She droop'd upon the brink of that abyss,
  Which now hath brought her to a shameful tomb.
Think not I dote—though *madness* comes from grief,
  And what I here assert seems impotence;
But still my heart will nurse the fond belief
  She sinned unconscious *how* dread the offence.
Then, bear my blessing to her, and O! say
  To the indignant Majesty of heaven,
For her transgressions I will fervent pray,
  That He will pardon, as *I* have forgiv'n,
That when her spirit, self-condemn'd and worn,
  Full of repentance, Death shall kind release,
Angels above, will greet it without scorn;
  And He permit it to repose in peace.

THE RUSTIC GOING TO COURT.[1]

BY EDEN LOWTHER.

CHAPTER VII.

As Godfrey Langelande journeyed on he found upon inquiry that King James was sojourning at Hampton Court, and thitherward he directed the steps of his four-footed friend.

We pretend not to enter into Godfrey Langelande's new sensations on these his first steps into the world. Experience makes great things small, and inexperience finds small things great. Thus to our hero every trivial thing was an event, all that was new was wonderful, and what was only strange appeared inexplicable. But we must needs skip all this, and "on with our tale."

As Godfrey Langelande approached the precincts of a court he began to feel it necessary for him to assume the courtier, and in this character he told himself that it was incumbent upon him to present himself courtier-like. Midday had passed as his little nag brought him within sight of the square phalanxes of bricks and mortar that constituted the royal residence, with its noble avenues of trees, and its spacious and stately terraces and gravel walks, and Godfrey piqued himself not a little on being strong-minded enough to resist his inclination to hasten straight to the palace, and rush into the embraces of his uncle, and claim his warm welcome, and his much-desired rest and refreshment; but he did resist the impulse most magnanimously. He stayed the footsteps of his tired nag at the door of a house of refreshment of very different calibre to that of his last resting-place, and remembering that he was fast ascending into the higher places of life, that he was the nephew of a courtier, and likely soon to be one himself, he called for the ostler in a tone of lusty authority, which not only highly satisfied himself, but, what was more, instantly brought out the required official. At sight of Godfrey in his hodden grey, it is true that the establishment had a sort of doubt upon its mind as to whether he belonged to a class privileged to use such authority; but the doubt was in his favour, and his assumption met with assumption's accustomed success. He was shown into a better chamber, and more assiduously attended. Here Godfrey changed his garb; doffed his every-day garments, and donned his sunday suit. Truth to tell, Godfrey was a comely youth; he was tall and stalwart; his cheeks glowed with health, his eyes sparkled with brightness, and there was that rich and peculiar expression of hopefulness about and around him, that is like the lustre of the gold, and radiancy of the diamond. Surely the brightest of bright things is hopeful ardour, and Godfrey was rich in this. He fancied himself at the summit of his wishes. He came but to see and conquer. Having made his toilette, he called for refreshment with the air of a king, and partook of it with the appetite of a clown; and having proclaimed his relation-

[1] Continued from p. 112.

ship to the illustrious Master Nicolas Langelande to all whom it might or might not concern, with a style of most imperial importance he betook himself to the palace.

Our hero began, however, to feel certain symptoms of insignificance in himself as he approached the royal residence, probably because he involuntarily measured himself with all that he saw. Groups of richly-apparelled retainers, the guards of honour, officers in full dress sauntering about, gaily caparisoned steeds prancing hither and thither, equipages passing and repassing, people coming and going with faces indexing volumes of importance, bursts of rich music from a military band stationed in the quadrangle, the jingling of spurs as many a measured tread sounded on the pavement, and a thousand other of the indescribable significations of regal occupage struck upon our hero. He felt as if he were breathing the atmosphere of royalty. He was in the presence of things that were daily in the king's presence, and the association seemed to bring him there too. At first he fancied that he should never be admitted within the charmed precincts, but the talismanic name of the uncle, to whom he proclaimed himself nephew, gained him entrance, though not without a wondering stare; and then, as if to prove the truth or falsity of his pretensions, a richly-garbed lackey was summoned, to whom Godfrey was consigned as a species of somewhat doubtful contraband luggage to be conveyed to the presence of the worshipful master Nicolas Langelande.

So Godfrey was convoyed along under arch and through cloister, in at some massy oaken door and out at some large iron gate, now passing a murmuring fountain, and treading round the court of some little grassy square, catching at intervals glimpses of the winding sparkling river, or the freshening breezes from vast beds of flowers, or the sight of a long vista of gravel walk overhung with trees standing majestically like nature's noblemen, or beholding some shelving terrace, or some daisied lawn; still was he hurried on, until the multitude of objects, all so new and strange to his countrified mind, became one mass of jumbled-up splendid confusion. But at length Godfrey's gaudy lackey paused at a large oaken door, and having tapped rather daintily with his knuckles, withdrew on one side with a sort of supercilious look at our hero, which might have been interpreted into speech thus—"Now we shall see what you really are—somebody or nobody."

The door was opened by a youth attired by the very hand of particularity in a suit of the soberest brown. Not a rumple or a wrinkle disgraced his dress, not a pucker disfigured his collar, not a spot, or a speck, or a soil was upon him, and not a hair awry, while the demure and expressionless cast of his features matched exceedingly well with the skim-milkiness of his whole personality. This demure-looking serving man gave Godfrey a slight though masterly glance, by means of which he instantaneously ascertained that his own brown cloth suit had cost considerably more than his visitor's hodden gray one, and having exchanged glances of sympathy on the subject with the court lackey who had been Godfrey's conductor, and ascertaining that they cordially concurred in the opinion, he

modulated his voice into exact accordance with the sentiment, and demanded his business.

"'Tis with thy master," said Godfrey, whose pride was once again put in motion by the civil assumption over him. "Thine is to conduct me to him."

"And how may it please you to be announced? for I suppose thou hast at least what all other men have—a name."

"Thy master's own," replied Godfrey angrily. "Tell him that his nephew, Godfrey Langelande, hath come to the court to visit him."

The lackey was at fault. He looked more meaningless than ever, but determined upon suspending his opinion until he had ascertained that of his master. Meanwhile he submitted, though with a little self-doubtingness, to Godfrey's assumption of superiority, and conducted him into a little oriel to await his master's pleasure, instead of leaving him, as he would otherwise have done, dancing attendance in the lobby. Here Godfrey was left looking out on the noble gardens with their stately avenues of trees, their outspreading lawns, their broad beds of luxuriant flowers—fountains, pedestals, reservoirs—clumps of lofty monarch-like looking trees, giving the appearance of a rich woodland, with here and there a white sculptured pedestal gleaming from out the deep shadow of the umbrageous verdure—the vast gravel walks leading to the out-spreading terraces, and all brightened and relieved by the glancing, and gleaming, and sparkling river, as it gaily danced along, showing itself only at breaks and intervals. Godfrey looked on the polished beauty of the scene with admiring eyes. It seemed to him like the diamond of nature, polished by the hand and the art of man. Later taste has decided against this stately style of garden architecture; but in Godfrey's eyes it had something noble in it which we doubt whether modern lines of beauty, circuits or serpentines, could have coped with. But we suppose that we have all felt how transiently the new objects of a new situation can affect the mind when we are standing on the brink of a change which we are altogether ignorant of the *how* in which it may affect ourselves. The eye may be struck by new objects, and if our minds were unoccupied by uncertainty and anxiety, we might pause, and examine, and inquire, and they might for the time prove food enough for our mental appetite. But when our fortunes are passing through a transit, we feel ourselves so much in them that we cannot long find amusement or interest in examining the different phases of the change. And thus it was with Godfrey. The fair gardens for a while gratified his eye, but the thoughts of what his interview with his uncle might produce soon superseded every other consideration, and he waited with impatient patience until he should be summoned into his presence.

Time wore on, however, and Master Nicolas Langelande seemed in but little haste to receive his brother's son. Godfrey heard the trampling of feet in and out of the antechamber next him more than once, but he was still left to his own cogitations. "Doubtless," thought Godfrey, "he is occupied with high and grave matters, or it may be that that careless, senseless-looking serving-man hath altogether omitted to announce me. Nevertheless I will await. The

pastor Muttlebury hath often enjoined upon me the need of patience, and that it well becometh youth to show humility to age."

And so Godfrey waited—waited until the shadows of evening stole away the colours of the lovely flowers, and in their stead presented to his eyes the first faint glimmerings of the evening star. Godfrey's store of patience became now utterly exhausted. Surely he was either forgotten or insulted, and in neither case would he remain longer without signifying his remembrance of himself. He therefore left the oriel in which he had been thus sequestrated, and passed out into the lobby. The brown serving-man was resting in a sleepy attitude, carefully selected so as not to rustle or rumple his dress, upon the stiff but highly-polished wooden settle that was stationed against the wall, and looking as vacant as if his mind had been recently and entirely spunged out, and no time intervened to chalk anything into its void again; but on Godfrey's approach he rose, though evidently unwillingly.

"Hast thou acquainted thy master that his nephew is here?" demanded Godfrey.

"Yea, have I," responded the brown serving-man.

"And what answered he?"

"Marry, that he might wait."

"But didst thou say that it was his nephew?"

"Ay, that did I."

"Well, and what answered he then?"

"That it might or might not be so. He knew not—but that one man could wait as well as another."

"Go thou to him, and tell him that Godfrey Langelande, his brother's son, hath waited, and to his thinking long enough."

The brown serving-man looked a little doubtfully, whether he ought, could, would, or should carry this message, but after mentally stumbling a little he departed through a massive oaken door which opened out into the antechamber. Presently he returned, a sort of bewilderment occupying the vacant place of his face.

"Well, hast thou carried my message?" impatiently asked Godfrey.

"Ay, have I."

"And brought the answer?"

"Ay, have I."

"Then tell me what it is?"

"Why, master saith, forsooth, that he desireth no man to cool his heels awaiting his leisure, since he hath so little of it, and that he is sorry that you have tarried so long, but that an you think it long enough, or over long, he shall not feel at all angered an you take your departure."

"Mine uncle is a reasonable man," said Godfrey, "and far be it from me to take advantage of his lenity. I would not offer him so great a slight as to depart afore I have wished him happiness and a good e'en, and therefore hasten thou back, and tell him that I shall willingly tarry his leisure an it be till midnight."

The brown serving-man opened his eyes a little wider than was

wont, looked rather wonderingly, departed slowly, and returned the same.

"And now what saith he?"

"That an he must see you, he may as well see you eft as later—so an you please to follow."

Godfrey followed his guide across the floor of that lofty antechamber, passed the threshold, and found himself in the indistinct presence of some indistinct person whom he could only guess to be his uncle, the worshipful Master Nicolas Langelande.

Godfrey paused a moment or so at the entrance. The lofty windows admitted a large expanse of the soft twilight, but not more than sufficient to give dim outlines and dark forms. The panelled walls frowned gloomily down, their masses of carved oak growing more grim in the shadows of the evening. No luxurious carpet robbed the foot of its echo across the inlaid floor. A few stiff and stately chairs were ranged in frigid formality against the walls, and one large table stood before the ample fireplace, on the ungrated hearth of which mouldered the embers of a few fagots. Godfrey thought of the cheerful fireside of his own dear grandame's cottage, and the merry laugh of Mabel, and the noisy happiness of little Austin, and felt a sensation of pity that his poor uncle should be obliged to live in such comfortless grandeur. A very little insignificant-looking man, whom Godfrey only guessed to be his uncle, but whose features, or even garb, he could not at all make out by the unequal flickering firelight, or the still dimmer twilight, was standing in front of the fire, but did not advance a step to meet our hero, so Godfrey was still thrown upon himself, as he had been from the very origination of his journey.

"Mine honoured uncle," said Godfrey, advancing into the apartment, doffing his beaver and lowlily saluting its occupant. "Mine honoured uncle, I have travelled far to pay my respects unto you, and to inquire after your health and welfare."

A small sly, dry, sneering voice from the little figure replied, "To answer thee categorically, my most sage nephew, since such thou declarest thyself to be, I regret exceedingly that thou shouldest have put thyself to the pains of thy travel by just so many miles as thou art distant from thine own rookery; thy respects I beg of thee not to impoverish thyself of; my health is altogether so sound, that I am not likely soon to be leaving legacies, and my welfare is as good as my friends, and better than my enemies desire it. And now, having answered thee in a business-like fashion, what more wouldst thou have of me?"

"I would have," said Godfrey, advancing farther into the room, and speaking with a sort of sturdy straightforward honesty, "I would have a welcome."

"A reasonable requisition, considering all things," replied Master Nicolas Langelande in his sneering voice. "I bid thee, however, be seated, and warm thyself." And the little satirical man pointed to a chair against the wall, and glanced at the fire, which was nearly out.

"Rest of mind," said Godfrey, "seemeth to me ever better than

rest of body, and the warmth of a cheerful greeting better than that of a blazing fire."

"Ay, 'tis the fashion to say so, even at court, and those who be needy and alms-asking ever think so."

"But I am neither needy nor alms-seeking, and yet I think so."

"Then since thou art neither, why art thou here?"

"I thought it my duty, being now come to years of discretion, to make myself known to my father's brother."

"Years of discretion! Art sure that thou hast arrived at them?"

"I shall be one-and-twenty an I live till ——?"

"Enough, enough! I am convinced. I thought thou hadst but now leapt out of thy cradle."

"Ah, time passeth," said Godfrey, "as our pastor Muttlebury useth to declare, and we forget its lapse. Then that altogether accounts for thy non-remembrance of us, mine honoured uncle, and we must take no umbrage at it."

"Marry, now, I think ye ought—ye had better so—ye have reason to do so. Take umbrage by all means."

"Nay, that would be unchristian like, and the more so since thou acknowledgest thy faults, which is much from a man of thy years to a youth like me."

"My years! concede to thee!" exclaimed the little man in a flash of hasty anger. "But, no matter, whilst thou art a maudlin baby I cannot be very old."

"What mean ye, uncle?" asked the rustic of his courtier uncle.

"Simply this," replied Master Nicolas; "since I set ye the example of forgetfulness, why have ye departed from it?"

"Only to set a better," replied Godfrey.

"I came not near ye—troubled ye not!"

"Nay, but ye should have come anigh us, and fostered us, for we be your own flesh and blood, but since ye forgot us, we thought it our part not to forget you, that would have been unchristianly, so I be here a ready to do my duty an you be ready to do yours, and our pastor Muttlebury would utter just such like words."

"Well, mine honoured nephew, and what dost thou hold to be my duty?"

"Why, uncle mine, an thou foundest me on better acquaintance—"

"Nay, our present acquaintance sufficeth."

"Thou seest me with an eye of favour."

"Nay, nay! I be clear of that!"

"Well, then, since thou art pleased to find me somewhat a youth of parts."

"Ay, ay."

"Then mayhap thou wilt not be altogether averse to taking me by the hand."

"A most modest request. Ay, ay."

"And leading me to the king's majesty."

"Ah! well, well—go on!"

"And saying to him thus—"

"Ay, let us hear."

"May it please your majesty's grace to throw the light of your gracious countenance upon this youth, who is my nearest of kin, being mine own brother's son, and, as I think, a likely youth, quick-witted and well-favoured; and if it would please your gracious majesty to take him into your majesty's favour, and bestow upon him some office of trust, I verily believe that he would act bravely and faithfully, and prove himself your majesty's grace's most loyal and loving subject till death."

When Godfrey Langelande came to an end in his oration, a pause ensued, broken only by a sort of chuckling, cackling, choking in the throat of his uncle, which Godfrey thought might possibly be arising from some spasmodic affection, and which more than probably was so. Whatever it might spring from, it was certainly stifled in a little while, and then Master Nicolas Langelande, drawing a chair unto the verge of the spacious hearth, and motioning for Godfrey to do the same, and to be seated, the uncle and nephew continued their conversation on a somewhat different footing.

"Nephew Godfrey, canst thou take and follow good advice?"

"I strive me ever to follow that of the good pastor Muttlebury."

"Perhaps, then, thou wilt be the readier to take mine, and I will bestow it upon thee."

"I thank thee with all mine heart, good uncle."

"Ay, thou mightest like it, were it to follow on the bent and beckoning of thine own fancy. And what hath the pastor Muttlebury in his wisdom taught thee?"

"Ever to speak the truth, and take no heed to consequences; to believe that all things go well with them that act uprightly; to have no secrets, no concealments, but to let both our words and actions be open, and clear, and honest as the noon-day."

"Then, Godfrey, is the court no fit place for thee, for truth is never spoken, and men hide all their actions under the bushel of hypocrisy. Thou couldst never speak openly without offending, and, in good sooth, with thine honest tongue, thou wouldst soon be baited like a mad dog amongst us."

"Good lack, and is it even so!" exclaimed Godfrey piteously.

"Ay, even so, and worse than I have told thee. Ah, Godfrey, would I were young again, and had thy choice before me! I would get me back quickly enough to my pretty home, and my old grandame, and the good pastor Muttlebury—ay, quickly enough, and think no more of courts and courtiers."

"But mayhap there be none to set the fashion of truth-speaking at court. If men heard it, they needs must like it. Whilst I be here I will speak none other, and it may chance to come into vogue."

"Hopeless idiot!" dropped out from between the thin lips of Master Nicolas. "And in striving to set a fashion which nobody living will follow, what, thinkest thou, is to become of thyself?"

"Marry, men always prosper the better for well-doing. Uncle, thou shalt see that honesty shall get me on—ay, and that afore long! Thou shalt see me come to promotion."

"Promotion to a cap and bells!"

"An I were a fool, thou couldst say no more."

"I proffered thee advice but now; art ready to take it, boy?"

"To hear it, at least, uncle mine."

"Then thus: thou art not fit for a court, boy; thou art altogether too good for us; our sinful doings would craze any honest man."

"How dost *thou* bear it then, uncle mine?"

"Ill, boy, ill; so ill, that I am bestirring me to get away from it altogether. Whilst thou art striving to get into the wickedness of a court, I am striving to get out of it. I tell thee this in strict confidence."

"Shall we change places, then, uncle Nicolas? Thou betake thyself to our country quarters, and I stand in thy shoes here."

"They would not fit thee, boy. But, without more waste of breath, for I see that hot and cold blow on thee alike, thou must get thee hence home with all speed, or thou wilt lose thy morality. It is out of my care for thee that I speak."

"I knew that mine own uncle must have a kindness for me in the main."

"So much, that I must insist upon thy getting hence by daybreak."

"I cannot go till I have seen the king."

"Now out upon thy folly! what wouldst thou with him?"

"Mayhap I may have business with his grace, and mayhap not."

"Thou business with the king! But this is boyish folly. This is but a child's fancy. The king hath just the same amount of eye, and nose, and mouth, and hands, and feet, as other men. Any man thou meetest might have made a king."

"No matter; I must see the king—the real king."

"Stand then in the court as he passes, throw up thy cap, and cry 'God save the king!'"

"That sufficeth not," said Godfrey; I must have speech of him."

"Now out upon this folly! Get thee gone, boy. I have borne with thee long enough—I am aweary even of thy company. I have been dancing attendance upon the king all this livelong day, and now must I do the same upon thee till midnight. In sooth, I must beg of thee to relieve me of thy presence, for I am weary, hungry, sleepy."

"So am I," said Godfrey.

"I must rest me and have food."

"So must needs I," said Godfrey.

"I must be quiet and alone," said Master Nicolas.

"I am thy brother's son, and weary with the travel of coming to visit thee," said Godfrey.

"Thou wilt have time to rest thee when thou gettest thee back again, and the sooner thou settest out, the quicker wilt thou get there."

"But I have not opened out to thee the half of my purposes."

"Thou hast told enough to make me body and soul weary, and I must needs beg of thee civilly to relieve me of thy presence. I am in a state of exhaustion. Wouldst thou have me die of this day's toil?"

"I could almost fancy that thou art bidding me to leave thee."

"Thou art a shrewd youth, and fanciest right. I wish thee a good even, and a happy journey home."

"I am sorry that you be ill, uncle Nicolas, but since you be weary and wish it, I will quit you. But when shall I return again?"

"When?"

"Ay, when shall I renew my visit, since it consists not with your health to retain me now? When shall I come again?"

"Come again! Ay, I will tell thee, and come not again till then: come again at—*doomsday!*"

CHAPTER VIII.

The somewhat lengthy time appointed by his uncle for their next meeting did not, as might possibly have happened to any other, entirely quench the hopefulness and dull the ardour of the nephew. He might be discouraged, but he was not cast down. In fact, Godfrey Langelande's heart was like a floating buoy—however high the waves might lash and dash, it was still uppermost, and uppermost it must be, whether ill-fortune brewed up a tempest, or good-fortune spread out a calm. This heart of his had some of the properties of Indian-rubber—it was elastic, springy, and rebounding—the more it was beaten down, so much the more would it spring up again. Ah, happy rustic, to have so buoyant and hopeful a spirit!

Thus it happened, that by the time the ensuing morning was sufficiently advanced to license a visit, Godfrey Langelande was quite ready and willing again to renew his attempts to get into the heart of his uncle. A door that may be shut, and locked, and barred, and bolted at one time, may be wide open swinging on its hinges another, and Godfrey argued from parity, that though Master Nicolas Langelande's citadel might be shut against him at night, the fastenings might be all loosened in the morning; and besides, he would go and throw half a dozen or so of Master Pastor Muttlebury's sayings at his head, which might explode like bombs, or act like balls, and then where would his uncle be? Would he not be restored to the use of his natural members, of which the heart was certainly one, however unnatural hearts sometimes are? and he would undoubtedly kill the fatted calf to make him welcome, and proudly take him by the hand, and lead him to the presence of the king's majesty.

So, full of this benevolent project of restoring to his uncle the use of his natural affections, Godfrey Langelande once more, and betimes, presented himself at the portal of his dwelling-place. The brown-coloured serving-man seemed to have a great idea of clapping the door in his face, but a something or another in the aspect of the young rustic had the effect of convincing him that it was better to keep it open—at least until he had heard what it was which he came to say. Godfrey Langelande's modest and moderate request was for nothing more than to see his uncle, to which the brown serving-man readily enough replied, that he had been up and out at day-dawn, and, moreover, that he would not return until nightfall and bed-time.

"Then must I even wait for better luck to-morrow," said Godfrey;

and he turned on his heel and was departing, putting up with this postponement of his hopes as he best might, when suddenly the door of communication between the anteroom and sitting chamber was thrown open as by a masterly hand, and he heard the voice of his uncle bidding some departing visitor a good-morrow sufficiently audibly to make it an undoubtable matter that he was there in visible presence, whatever any other voice might declare and utter to the contrary; and Godfrey's ears having certified him of this, he immediately sent out his eyes on a voyage of discovery, to discover whom he might be addressing, when, lo and behold! whom should he see exchanging courtesies with Master Nicolas Langelande but the very identical stranger who had played a temptation to him at the wayside inn, endeavouring so kindly to teach him the pleasures and profits of roguery with all the zeal and gusto of a professor of the art.

Godfrey could not, of course, do two things at once, so he proceeded to doing them singly, and in rotation. His first affair was to acquaint the brown serving-man that he considered him an arrant rogue, for so beguiling and will-o'-the-wisping an honest man, for which, an he had had leisure, he would have caned him or drubbed him with the greatest pleasure; and his next was to stalk up to the stiff stranger, and looking him full in the face with an air of defiance, to say, "We be met again, and now I would fain know what hast thou to say for thyself?"

"Thou mightest have spared thyself the pains of thy firstly, the telling me that we meet, seeing that I am the master of a pair of eyes, and can well see thee; and for thy secondly, it be sooner answered unto still, for I have that only to say which is soonest said, and that is—nothing."

"Marry, thy account with me is not so soon squared," replied Godfrey. "I would know why thou, being a rogue, took me for such an one as thyself?"

"Good Master Clodpole," replied the stranger, "I am altogether innocent of the charge of taking thee for a rogue—I merely counted on thee for a fool."

"And I count thee for both," replied Godfrey.

"I will not give thee the trouble of proving thy words," said the stranger.

"But I will give thee the trouble of proving thine."

"I am in haste," replied the stiff stranger, "but it will need but a small matter of time, and I am charitable, courteous, and liberal; so, then, for the fool's part;—good fortune opened thee a door to prosperity, and thou didst clap it in her face. For that thou dost well deserve a cap and bells. Thou didst flout thine uncle's favour, and now he flouteth thee."

"Ah, ah, my master, I have thee there! I have thee on the hip! Thou that didst proffer me mine uncle's favour, take thou heed to thine own share! I shall presently tell him how thou didst abuse his countenance, and he will turn it from thee. Ah! ah! I have thee there!"

"Thou art indeed a Daniel!" exclaimed the stranger. "But how will this shadow of disfavour fall upon me? Wilt thou be cruel enough to hold a fan betwixt me and the sun?"

"I will of a surety unmask thee! I will acquaint mine uncle what sort of a fox-like visage thou dost carry under thine hood. I will tell him! I will him! Mark thou me!"

"I do for the arrantest—"

"Ay, ay, quake in thy shoes—quake! Mine uncle shall be disabused in thee! He shall know all!"

"Nay, good Master Godfrey—"

"All! all!"

"What, wilt thou reward me thus, when I have been bespeaking his favour for thee? Nay, nay. I tell thee that I have been a telling him what an honest soul thou art. He met thee with but a sour visage last e'en—enter thou now, and thou shalt see what will follow."

"Hast thou indeed had the grace to do me justice in the matters which fell out atwixt us?"

"Ay, marry have I; full justice, as thou shalt see. I have done thy business for thee pretty sufficiently, as thou wilt discover anon. Thou wilt never need recommendation more. Thou wilt find this uncle of thine ready to wrap thee up in the very folds of his heart."

"Is it even so?" said Godfrey, relentingly and gratefully. "Pity that I must needs tell him what a rogue thou art."

"Thou canst not have the heart," said the stiff stranger. "Thou wilt assuredly give me some small requital of praise."

"An I did so, I should be a rogue like unto thyself. Nay, but I must needs unveil thee; but I will do it with a gentle hand, and not in the roughness and rudeness of my first indignation, such as I had before avized."

"This is not to be borne!" exclaimed the stiff stranger. "Ha! ha! ha! I can bear it no longer! I am gone!"

And before Godfrey could speak again the stranger was gone, having in passing said to the brown serving-man, "Show this rich youth in to thy master, and I will bear the blame."

So Godfrey was once more conducted into his uncle's presence.

"Good uncle Nicolas," said Godfrey with a gracious air, "I do not come to reproach thee with thy past unkindness, but to assure thee that I have forgiven, if not forgotten, it all. Nay, I bear so little malice, that I am ready to meet thee as though nothing had befallen betwixt us twain."

Master Nicolas Langelande turned on Godfrey a look that must inevitably have changed him into a petrifaction had he but been made of the right materials. A certain twitching of the lips, and blinking of the eyes, and clutching of the fingers, manifested signs and symptoms of pugilistic propensities, which it required a sort of desperate effort to restrain, but as it happened that Godfrey's eyes were just of the kind that were only constructed to see straight before him, he perceived nothing of his uncle's emotions.

"Heed it not, uncle mine!" said Godfrey; "heed it not. Let us even clasp hands, and fear not that I shall ever twit thee with it again. I be not one that beareth malice, as our good pastor Muttlebury so oft exhorteth, so here be mine hand upon it." And suiting the action to the word, Godfrey held out an honest palm in right goodwill.

"Didst never get thy knuckles rapped?" asked Master Nicolas. "Didst never get caned, or dragged through a horsepond, or dowsed under a village pump? Never get thine head battered or thyself drubbed, or thy bones broken, or thy whole body beaten in a mortar? Never, never, never, never?"

"Never!" said Godfrey.

"Didst never hear thyself called names? Didst never hear thyself called fool, dolt, idiot?"

"Never," said Godfrey.

"Didst never see thyself pointed at as thou passedst along, for one that was less than a man by the lack of his wits?"

"Never," said Godfrey.

"Then go, good youth, go, and let the bellman proclaim at the market cross that thou hast lost thy senses, and that whoever shall bring them will be rewarded according to their value,—their value—and how thinkest thou might they be rated? At the half of nothing?"

"At the same rate with thy feelings, then, Master Nicolas Langelande—only that thy heart must be a worse bargain than my wits."

"Find thy wits first, and then we will apportion their value, and in the mean time, get thee hence and see my face no more."

"Marry," said Godfrey, "I budge not hence till thou hast told me the extent of my misdoings. I leave my character in no man's hands to be knotted and gnarled and ravelled. If thou knowest aught against me, out with it, like a man; but cavil and quibble and quirk not when I am gone."

"Do thou but relieve me from the trouble of thy presence, and take thy character with thee. Sure am I that I wish for nothing belonging to thee to be left behind."

"I budge not till thou hast answered. Wherefore shouldst thou question, whether or not I had been cuffed, and caned, or dragged through a horsepond, and pumped upon?"

"Of a surety only because I thought that thou didst richly deserve such distinctions."

"And why dost thou think my wits are absent?"

"Simply because I do not find them present."

"And wherefore should I answer to the names of 'fool,' and 'dolt,' and 'idiot?'"

"Because thy sponsors should have had thee christened thereby."

"But I require from thee a particular instance of my folly."

"Take it then," said Master Nicolas, changing from his style of bitter gibing into one of natural and wrathful passion—"take it, then: thou hadst a marvellous strange and golden opportunity opened out to thee, on thy road hither, to have done both the state and thine uncle some good service. Thou wert invited, nay bargained for, to serve me afore thou hadst seen me, and thou didst refuse—villanously—senselessly—fool-like."

"I had no honest means of promoting thy ends; and dishonest ones I could not use."

"Honest means! pah! the end sanctioneth the means. Hadst thou but aided in securing to me the packet which that foul-mouthed

ruffian carried, I would have made a man of thee! Such an opening as it was, and lost—lost through thy stubborn, doltish, folly!"

"Would it have gotten thee gold or power?" asked Godfrey.

"I tell thee, idiot, it would have made me arbiter of mine own destiny. That packet would have enabled me to dictate even to the king."

The packet was at that moment under Godfrey's doublet. He laid his hand upon it to feel that it was safe and sound.

"But thou wouldst not have received stolen goods?" said Godfrey, "or welcomed thy brother's son an he had shown himself a thief?"

"Pah! thou speakest of diplomacy and court policy as thou wouldst of a petty pilfering or an ordinary robbery. Things be done differently in courts."

"Then had I better get me home again," said Godfrey, "where men be honest and have consciences."

"That hadst thou!" replied Master Nicolas Langelande, "little room is there for thy marvellous talents at blundering here. Thou wilt do well to be gone to thy plough tail again, for here of a surety wilt thou be dabbling in the mire and knocking thy pate against the wall. Get thee hence, boy—get thee hence, and let me see thy marplot face no more."

"I am thy dead brother's son," said Godfrey, "and dost thou bid me hence?"

"An thou wert mine own son, I would do so," said Master Nicolas.

"Thou hast not bidden me even to a seat," said Godfrey.

"What need, when thou art a parting guest?"

"I came at large charges from a great distance to visit thee," persisted Godfrey.

"The same road is open for thy return," replied his uncle.

"And thou hast not proffered me even a cup of cold water."

"Every bubbling brook will do so much for thee."

"And canst thou find in thine heart to see me depart?"

"Ay, marry and find gladness there too."

"Then, as the pastor Muttlebury sayeth, I will shake off the dust of my feet against thee, and get me gone."

"Not here, good youth, lest thou shouldst make trouble for the sweeper."

"I must needs disown thee—disclaim thee—though thou be my father's brother."

"Give thyself no concern about me; count me not as any kith or kindred."

"It goeth against my nature utterly to give thee up."

"Fond fool!" said Master Nicolas Langelande, "get thee hence to thy plough tail!"

Poor Godfrey laid his head for a moment against the inhospitable door-post of his uncle's dwelling-place, and a large round tear trembled from his eye. He dashed away, however, the witness of his weakness, and departed.

CHAPTER IX.

Meanwhile, King James was sitting at one of the lofty windows of the palace, his eye resting on the calm beauty of the sky and earth; the one over which not a cloud was sailing, the other wearing a holiday robe of flower-embroidered adornment; the river sparkled on, and the blossoms breathed their fragrance, and the king sate on a chair of regal state, over which hung a royal canopy, whilst around him and about him were emblazoned the royal arms of England, and he was environed by all the insignia of sovereignty. But if there were no clouds in the sky, there were clouds enough upon King James's brow, and it was evident enough that the sole courtier who stood, slightly retired at the monarch's elbow, felt the influence of the gloom of the royal atmosphere in no slight degree.

"No news? No news, even yet?" anxiously ejaculated the king.

"None, sire," replied the courtier.

"Hast used the means—the means?" hurriedly asked the king.

"All means, your majesty. We traced your majesty's trusty messenger as far as a little way-side inn approaching the Hampshire coast, where he retired, in good health and seeming, to his couch at eventide, but at cockcrowing he was gone, and not a trace left of his way."

"Now would we give the fairest jewel from our crown to regain that packet. If it be fallen into the hands of our enemies, what a turmoil shall we have raised among the heretics!"

"Sire, we will hope otherwise; whilst your majesty's good subjects keep the peace, we may be sure all is well."

"Ay, clamour and clatter enough, doubtless, we shall have in the conventicles of this happy land! Every steeple will turn out a hornet's nest, and every fold of puritans its tribe, to heap maledictions on us."

"But, sire, you do but act with a fatherly care for the perilled souls of your subjects."

"Ay, ay! but who will give us credit for the purity of our zeal! And yet, in sooth, we seek but the good of holy mother church."

"Your majesty is but her zealous nursing father."

"Ay! ay! we seek her weal above all other things! We long to add a heavenly crown to this earthly one that now makes our poor head ache thus sadly. But yet we shame not to own that we aspire not to the diadem of martyrdom. Our poor misguided people may not appreciate our fatherly care, and forgettest thou the scaffold and the axe—and the——O my father!"

A strong contraction of the muscles passed across the face of the king, and he raised his hand, either to shade his eyes from the light of that dark thought, or else to exclude the gaze of his attendant courtier.

"Nay, sire," expostulatingly said the confidant.

"'Twas 'but a passing fantasy," said the king, "and yet, beshrew me, now would I gladly give a kingly guerdon to have that packet safely back again into mine own keeping."

"Fear not, sire."

"I tell thee, man, there is that within it that will rouse the temper of these English demagogues, and set them on to hiss and ferment like

yeast in the brewing. Why, man, my faithful submission to our holy father at Rome, and my proposal, as a true son of mother church, to bring my people to his holy footstool, and fold my subjects in the sheepfold of the great Shepherd, will raise up the cry of that rank clamour which the ignorant babblers call popery, and then there will be no sound heard through the length and breadth of the land but that blasphemous cry, 'No popery! no popery!' echoed through every chink and cranny of the country!"

"Hitherto your majesty's people have shown the virtue of submission."

"Ay, ay, because we have humoured their dull pates, and given them honey instead of a rod; but if the contents of our packet get bruited abroad, and the vile 'No popery' cry be raised, and it be said that we were bargaining for mercenary lucre with the French, why then this brow of ours may speedily enough make ready for the crown of martyrdom."

"Far be it from you, sire."

"They know not what they do, my poor misguided people!" ejaculated the king. "Like sheep having no shepherd, they are driven hither and thither with every gust of doctrine. Simple children boasting of their free will and their right of private judgment, and I wot not what, when they be but as babes going astray! Ay, fain would we gather them into the fold of holy mother church!"

"Your majesty will yet see your holy yearnings gratified."

"But meanwhile—this packet! this packet! I rest not o' nights, I forget not by days, that this packet hangeth like a sword over our head."

"Sire, take courage, all will be well, and rest assured it is well so long as we hear nothing."

"Ay, we shall know soon enough. The lightning cometh afore the thunder, and we shall be scathed ere we be warned!"

"And what saith your majesty to the prayer of Master Nicolas Langelande?"

"He seemeth full of honest love for our person, and we would fain pay trustfulness with a kingly guerdon. What prayer doth he proffer now?"

"To be made deputy ranger of the Royal Forests in Hampshire, may it please your majesty."

"Ay, ay, well. The post must be given to some of our good servants, and why not to good Master Nicolas?" said the king.

"It resteth with your majesty's good pleasure, but—"

"Ay—well—and what meaneth that '*but?*'—Is he not loyal—faithful—truthful—loving?"

The attendant lord bowed submissively.

"Thou answered not; knowest thou aught against his fealty?"

"Nothing, sire, but presumption."

"Ay, ay, and what presumest thou?"

"May it please your majesty to permit me to keep silence?"

"On thy allegiance speak."

"Then thus, your majesty. Master Nicolas Langelande standeth not so high in other men's favour as he doth in that of your grace. I have

had my suspicions—but I have kept them to myself. I speak not on a venture, more especially when your majesty's grace and favour are put to the hazard. Howbeit, I marked the carriage of this man—his over sedulous fondling around your grace, and his lynx-like watchful eyes piercing as though they would spy out your majesty's very secret thoughts. Then it was that we failed to receive the accustomed assurance that your packet was progressing on in safety, the link of the usual certified communication being broken, and then it was that I bethought me of Master Nicolas Langelande's over-acted zeal and duty."

"Ye ever seemed to hang to each other; we thought ye two engaged in mutual love in the same service. And so, notwithstanding all this outward seeming, thou lovest not this man the while."

"Sire, all other feelings are swallowed up in my love and duty to your grace."

"Well, well, on with thy tale!"

"Thus then,—thinking it within the power of possibility that your majesty's credentials might be traced out by following the windings of Master Nicolas Langelande, I set me to the task—truly in zeal alone for your majesty's service."

"Ay! ay! on! on!"

"And on close inspection I discovered that a certain, bold, sanctimonious, canting, puritanical boaster, whom he retaineth in his service, followed on the heels of your majesty's trusty messenger, met him at the little wayside inn, and, much to the marvel of the village host, they disappeared together. And thus it striketh me, though I confess but on presumption, that Master Nicolas Langelande, the would-be deputy ranger of your majesty's royal forests in Hampshire, is in some measure resting on the theft of your grace's lost packet, for it is certified to me, that the same bold, canting hypocrite, who followed on the heels of our stout man-at-arms, returned last evening, and was closeted with Master Nicolas."

"Ha! and what, thinkest thou, would he dare to do with our own packet?"

"I dare not hint to your majesty."

"Speak, on thy allegiance."

"Thus, then, your majesty—I surmise that he would bargain—make terms with the Prince of Orange."

"Ha! The traitor! Put him under arrest!"

"Pardon me, sire. If this be true, the traitor hath your majesty in his power. If you go to extremities, he will disclose the contents of your majesty's mission, and raise the clamour of a kingdom around you. Leave me to deal with him! He shall be watched—watched night and day!"

"'*No Popery!*' and 'the French!' These will be the cries," exclaimed the king, with a troubled aspect.

"Ere he breathe them he shall breathe his last," said King James's courtier.

THE BACHELOR OF FIFTY.[1]

BY CHARLES DE BERNARD.

NOTWITHSTANDING the formal determination to break off her intimacy with him, which the conduct of Madame Gastoul announced, Louis d'Epenoy was not to be so easily discouraged. For three consecutive days he presented himself at his mistress's door, who showed herself as firm in her virtuous resolutions, as he was himself persevering in his passionate pursuit. On the third day the lover, furious, but not yet despairing, learned from M. Gastoul, whose manner continued to be as friendly as ever, that their departure was fixed for the following morning.

At the hour mentioned by the good-natured husband, the busy bodies of the Rue de Provence might have remarked upon the *trottoir*, not far from the Rue Taitbout, a young man of fair complexion, wrapped in a cloak, which he wore in the Spanish fashion. After a guard, still longer than the one he had mounted a few days previously at the Tuileries, Louis d'Epenoy, whom the reader has already recognized, was rewarded by the sight of a travelling chariot issuing from an hotel on the opposite side of the street.

He raised his cloak, so as to conceal the lower part of his face, and remained motionless at his post.

In one corner of the carriage was M. Gastoul, with cap on head, and blue spectacles on nose, apparently absorbed by one of those transcendental meditations in which he so often indulged. By his side, his wife, enveloped in the ample folds of her travelling cloak, seemed plunged in a reverie not less profound. As they emerged from the *porte-cochère*, she cast along the street an inquiring glance, which quickly discovered the ambush of her lover. Seeing that the ambitious Limousin, as was his wont, paid little attention to the motions of his wife, d'Epenoy threw back his cloak, and presented to the cruel mistress of his heart a look so eloquent with despair, a countenance so haggard, and an attitude at once so passionate and so suppliant, that, in a sudden relapse of tenderness, Madame Gastoul raised her hand to her hair.

The whole scene passed like lightning: in a moment the carriage had turned the corner of the street, and d'Epenoy, making a half step backwards, threw the lappet of his cloak over his left shoulder, with a haughty dignity that would not have disgraced a Castilian hidalgo: then, humming as he went, a triumphal air, he bent his steps towards the café Anglais, where he breakfasted with excellent appetite.

The departure of Madame Gastoul snapped asunder one link of the chain, which during several months had united the various personages in our narrative. They separated, each to return to his habitual mode of life, as at the theatre the actors who have played together in the same piece resume their natural characters when the

[1] Continued from p. 46.

curtainfalls. The piece, however, was not yet finished. Before we proceed to the last act, it may not be deemed superfluous if we fill up some accessory details with which the reader is unacquainted.

Restored to liberty on the morrow of that day which had witnessed her abduction, Mademoiselle du Boissier returned to her home in a state of exasperation which, aggravated by the gnawing cares produced by such a succession of matrimonial failures, and the acrid humours generated in certain cases of celibacy, brought on an inflammatory attack which threatened her life, and obliged her to keep her bed during several weeks. Notwithstanding her rage against d'Epenoy, Mademoiselle Alphonsine, as her audacious ravisher had predicted, abstained from making her adventure public, justly thinking that an abduction, although perpetrated but in jest, would be no great recommendation in the eyes of any future claimant for her hand; and the spinster rising superior to her reverses, persevered more obstinately than ever in her aspirations after marriage.

The illness of Mademoiselle du Boissier left her protectress at liberty to bring to a happy termination two or three little matrimonial negotiations which, during her late desperate efforts for the establishment of "her poor Alphonsine," she had comparatively neglected. But such hymeneal trifles as these, served but as an interlude to the active mind of Madame d'Epenoy, who was presently engaged, to the exclusion of every other object, in an affair of more importance, and of far greater interest to herself personally.

M. de Morsy and Louis d'Epenoy met frequently, without seeking, but without avoiding each other. On these occasions they abstained, as by mutual consent, from all mention of Madame Gastoul, and seemed to forget that they had so lately been rivals. Their acquaintance, therefore, continued on much the same footing as before; the younger, full of deference for the friend of his mother, the elder with undiminished good-will towards the son of his early flame.

D'Epenoy appeared to support with resignation the blow which his affections had received. In a short time, besides, anxieties of a very different and far less sentimental nature, created a diversion from the trials to which his heart was exposed. Harassed by his creditors, the young spendthrift at last found himself under the necessity of making some effort to extricate himself from his pecuniary embarrassments: resigning himself, therefore, to a course from which his pride had long withheld him, he resolved, in order to avoid utter ruin, to have recourse to that terrestrial providence, which is to be found only in a mother's love.

One fine morning, then, this prodigal son made his appearance in his mother's boudoir, not wan, haggard, travel-stained, and covered with rags, like his scriptural prototype, but elegant, graceful, self-possessed, and with a smiling countenance. Having announced, with very little apparent contrition, that he had come to make a general confession of his enormities, he seated himself on a stool at Madame d'Epenoy's feet, and gave so merry an account of his errors, mimicked so cleverly the barbarous physiognomies of his creditors, depicted with such mock pathos the tortures that awaited him in the dungeons of the Rue de Clichy, that the old lady, charmed with her libertine son,

who at each new sin in his catalogue tenderly pressed her hands to his lips, could not refrain in her turn from imprinting a kiss upon his forehead in token of absolution.

"Get up, you good-for-nothing fellow," said she when his tale was finished; "your debts shall be paid, but you must contract no more. I will pay off the mortgage upon your estate of Tillots, and you will have the goodness to start at once for Italy, where you will remain until farther orders. Your penance is not very severe, and it will give you an opportunity of breaking with the worthless society you have kept for many years."

In spite of her indulgent tone, Louis could not but perceive that his mother's resolution was immoveable in this last respect. Whether from feeling that opposition would be useless, he had made up his mind to obey without discussion, or that some afterthought had diminished his repugnance to the proposed tour, certain it is that he promised absolute submission to her will, and redeemed his pledge by leaving Paris very few days afterwards.

In the course of a month Madame d'Epenoy, to whom her son had already written from Genoa, received a second letter bearing the post-mark of Rome, in which he announced to her his intention of passing a considerable part of the summer in that city. Well satisfied with a result that seemed the first step towards the completion of the event she had so much at heart, Madame d'Epenoy gave all her attention to the discovery of some heiress worthy of the darling Louis.

Whilst these events were passing in Paris, the election, of which we have already spoken, took place at Limoges. Notwithstanding the patronage of the committee of the *côté gauche*, and the eloquence of his address to the electors, M. Gastoul was unsuccessful. The beaten candidate himself informed the marquis of the check he had experienced in a letter in which, under the veil of affected indifference and irony, his disappointment and vexation were clearly visible.

"I am not a member of the Chamber—perhaps I never may be," wrote he, "but the press is at least as powerful as the tribune; I am on the point of starting for my chateau, where I intend composing in the course of the summer a volume or two, after the model of the Letters of Junius, or in the style of Courier, which will completely turn the tables upon certain of our political matadors."

With regard to the Bachelor of Fifty, the principal personage of our tale, in addition to his lawsuit, some motives of a prudential nature detained him in Paris. Freed from the tortures of his jealousy, he became aware that the only means of preventing a relapse into that wasting malady would be to deprive it of all nourishment, by renouncing a passion as hopeless as it was extravagant. He therefore heroically resolved on remaining away from the Limousin, and trusted, for the cure of the infatuation under which he laboured, to that universal remedy in diseases of the heart, absence from the exciting cause.

During nearly three months, M. de Morsy's resolution remained unchanged. His courage and his energy were, however, taxed to the utmost. What a void did he now experience in his daily existence!

How solitary was he in the midst of crowds! What a cloud darkened every object that her presence had so lately embellished! What lassitude! what weariness! Never had the spring appeared so dull!

The houses where he had been accustomed to meet Madame Gastoul became hateful to him. He avoided every spot that recalled her dear and cruel memory, but even in his flight, and to his solitude, that memory pursued him. The slightest circumstance, the merest chance, would recal, at every instant, at every step, that dangerous image which he would fain forget. Did the sound of a piano strike upon his ear, it was the valse in which he had admired her graceful form, or the romance she loved to sing. Did a young creature with airy step and elegant contour meet his eyes, so it was she walked. And when the constant recurrence to such dangerous thoughts seemed for a moment interrupted, a passing glimpse of a fair ringlet, a floating perfume, a flower, would re-open all the flood-gates of his love.

Early in the summer, M. de Morsy gained his lawsuit. The interest it excited had sometimes procured him a distraction from bitterer thoughts; when it was decided, the passion that now held undivided possession of his heart raged with redoubled violence and intensity. The marquis sank gradually into a state of sullen dejection. To those friends who complimented him on the successful issue of his suit, he answered with a smile as sad as though that success had been his ruin. He could not tear himself from those melancholy reveries in which he dreamed incessantly of that bewitching creature, the sole idol of his fancy, roving through fresh and flowery meadows, beneath the shade of the chestnut and the beech. In a short time this sadness, these desires, these regrets, settled into a real nostalgia. In the atmosphere of Paris, M. de Morsy pined away; he sighed for the air which she breathed, and the scenes on which her eye rested. He struggled still for several days, but at last he yielded. One morning, without preparation of any sort, without premeditation, almost unconscious of what he was doing, and urged by an impulse that he could no longer resist, the old man set out for Limoges.

On a fine evening in the month of June, M. de Morsy, who had reached his own home but an hour before, was approaching, by a winding footpath, the chateau occupied by Madame Gastoul, at about a quarter of a league's distance. He walked so rapidly, that a younger man could with difficulty have kept pace with him, yet his eye drank in with avidity the most minute details of the scenery that surrounded him. There, on the slope of that hill, stood the grove of chestnut trees, where on the smooth turf he had so often sat by her side. To the left, at the bottom of the valley, meandered the river, on which, behind the alders which fringed its banks, floated the light skiff that she managed with such grace and fearlessness. In front, at the end of the path he followed, was already visible the house, with its green jalousies and white façade, of which in Paris he had so often dreamed. Agitated by the remembrances which crowded back upon him at every step, he yielded to a thousand fresh and pleasurable emotions. Distrust of his own purpose, jealousy, disappointment, weariness of life—all were at that sweet moment forgotten. Already, in fancy, he anticipated the welcome that awaited him—she would receive him as

her friend! her preserver! How rich the recompense! how dear the triumph! Has successful passion any enjoyments so pure, so unalloyed? He believed it not, and in that happy conviction forgot both the loss of his youth and the madness of his love.

Instead of crossing the principal court, M. de Morsy raised the latch of a garden-door that was generally left unfastened, and entered a shrubbery, which concealed him as he approached the house. He reached the hall unperceived by any of the servants, ascended the staircase with a noiseless step, and advanced to the drawing-room which Madame Gastoul usually occupied. The door was ajar; he pushed it gently open, and was about to cross the threshold, when a picture met his eyes which drove every trace of colour from his cheeks as effectually as if a dagger had been plunged into his heart.

At the end of the room, stretched on a sofa, amidst a heap of newspapers and pamphlets, M. Gastoul was enjoying the sleep of the just. Near a window, his young wife, leaning idly back in an easy chair, held upon her lap a piece of embroidery, at which, however, she was not working; at her side, upon a small ottoman, sat Louis d'Epenoy, the open book in his hand alike disregarded; the hands of the two lovers were clasped in each other, their eyes swam with tenderness as they met: their whole attitude spoke of secret intelligence, mutual passion, happy love!

Overcome by his emotions, M. de Morsy leaned for support against the wall. This movement, by the slight rustling it occasioned, roused the happy couple from their ecstacy. Madame Gastoul bounded from her seat like a scared deer, and, blushing deeply at sight of her Mentor, darted out of the room to conceal her confusion. At the noise she made in quickly closing the door behind her, as though she feared to be pursued, M. Gastoul awoke. He raised himself to a sitting posture, rubbed his eyes, and at last became aware of M. de Morsy's presence, as he stood at the farther end of the room, gazing vacantly on the scene before him.

"Is that you, marquis?" cried M. Gastoul, getting quickly upon his feet. "Delighted to see you! We were afraid that the delights of Paris had quite put you out of conceit with the Limousin. Madame Gastoul will be charmed to see you back again. But why are you staring at our friend d'Epenoy, as if he were a wild beast? Ah! I understand. You were taken in too by the Italian tour. Excellent! capital!"

M. Gastoul burst into a roar of laughter, which found no echo in his companions. Notwithstanding his habitual self-possession, d'Epenoy was a little out of countenance; a mist swam before the eyes of M. de Morsy, a confused humming sounded in his ears; all his senses seemed paralysed.

"Come, in, come in; why do you stand there in the door-way?" resumed the master of the mansion, pushing forward a chair for his new guest, who sat down mechanically, and without uttering a word.

"First of all," continued M. Gastoul, whose hilarity seemed on the point of running over at every instant, "first of all, I must recount to you the adventures of our friend d'Epenoy, here present; if they do not make you laugh, you are incapable of enjoying a joke. One

fine morning, about six weeks ago, who should arrive here but the young and handsome d'Epenoy, on his way to Italy, whither he was going by his mamma's orders. He had deviated a little from his route in order to pay us a visit, for which friendly proceeding I cannot sufficiently thank him. He sets out by informing us that he is sent to Italy to kiss the Pope's toe, and is in no way delighted with his mission; not that the journey is so disagreeable in itself, but because everything we are forced to do becomes odious on that very account; such is the nature of man's heart. I myself have never been able to obey. I commiserate the hard fate of the pilgrim, when a sudden idea strikes me. 'What should hinder you from making your tour in Italy without going a step out of France?' My friend there looks up in my face in blank astonishment, and I resume: 'I have friends at Genoa, at Rome, at Naples, to whom I can send, under cover, your letters, dated successively from these different places, and addressed to your mother in Paris; my correspondents will have nothing to do but throw them into the post. As for you, my library is furnished with a dozen works on Italy, so that you may enlarge as much as you please upon the Coliseum or Herculaneum. Your erudition will enchant your mother. But you must remain some time with us, otherwise I will have nothing to do with the business. D'Epenoy finds the plan admirable, and gives into it with the best grace in the world; the Italian correspondence commences at once, and our tour is made out to perfection."

M. Gastoul threw himself back upon the cushions of the sofa, and re-commenced laughing with the air of a man highly satisfied with himself. This new fit over, he turned towards his younger guest,

"Whilst I entertain the marquis, will you go and see what my wife is about," said he familiarly; "had she known of our excellent neighbour's return, she would have been here long ago."

D'Epenoy, glad of an excuse to escape from his embarrassing position, left the room at once, apparently with the intention of fulfilling the mission confided to him.

"Delightful fellow that!" said M. Gastoul; "gay, obliging, always ready to be pleased; with little learning, and no solidity, he is full of wit, and what the English call humour. You must know that my letters on the model of Courier's pamphlet are going on swimmingly. I have entrusted some of the comic parts of them to him; they are full of drollery and point. I fancy that messieurs the electors of Limoges will be ready to cut their fingers off, for having refused me their votes. I renounce all connexion with them; I have shaken off the dust of my sandals at the gates of their town. But what is the matter? You do not speak; are you ill?"

"No," replied the marquis, pronouncing that single word not without an effort.

"D'Epenoy cannot find my wife, I suppose; I must call her, for if you were to return home without seeing her, she would never forgive me. However, you will stay and sup here of course."

The successor of Courier left the room in quest of his wife, who was no where to be found. Madame Gastoul had taken refuge in a grove adjoining the garden, where, confused, humiliated, and it might

be, repentant, she awaited M. de Morsy's departure. D'Epenoy too was invisible. Tired with his fruitless search, M. Gastoul returned to the drawing-room, which to his great surprise he found deserted; the marquis had left the house.

The next day, immediately after dinner, M. Gastoul announced his intention of returning M. de Morsy's visit, and d'Epenoy could not refuse to accompany him. They proceeded together, therefore, to call on the marquis, whose servants they found plunged in astonishment and dismay. "Their master," they said, "on his return home the evening before, had sent at once to Limoges for post-horses, and had started in the middle of the night, without saying whither he was going, or when he would return."

"This is strange," said M. Gastoul to his guest. "Did you not remark that there was something wild and agitated in his appearance yesterday."

"I did so," replied d'Epenoy, who was interested in concealing the real cause of M. de Morsy's conduct. "You must not be astonished. My mother, who has known the marquis for many years, tells me that on several occasions he has acted in a very flighty and whimsical manner."

"I have never perceived anything of the sort; but really this proceeding of his is a little mad-like, I must say."

The departure of the marquis was in consequence looked upon as one of the caprices incident on temporary derangement. Without troubling his head farther about so trivial a circumstance, M. Gastoul applied himself with renewed ardour to the important work, which was destined to eclipse the Letters of Junius. Too vain to be accessible to jealousy, he became more and more charmed with d'Epenoy, who, always obliging and good-humoured, assisted the political pamphleteer with the poignancy of his wit; but made him pay for it, rather dearly, it is true. Thus passed two happy months; but the moment at last arrived, when the mystification of the letters dated from Italy, became known in Paris.

Mademoiselle du Boissier, who, like many single ladies of a certain age, carried on a very extensive correspondence, was informed by one of her friends, who resided at Limoges, of the domestication of the soi-disant tourist in M. Gastoul's chateau. The spinster, who had neither forgotten nor forgiven her impertinent ravisher, availed herself eagerly of this opportunity for revenge. She lost no time in communicating the circumstance to Madame d'Epenoy, who was greatly annoyed at the intelligence; not that the indulgent mother saw anything very criminal in the amorous perseverance of her son, but that she dreaded lest this liaison, which she had flattered herself was broken off, might prove a serious obstacle to a magnificent marriage, of which she had already arranged the preliminaries.

Without loss of time, she sat down to indite a letter, in which good sense and maternal tenderness spoke so forcibly, that the heart of Louis was touched; unable to combat his mother's reasoning, he ended by resigning himself to her will. Two or three months earlier, the fellow-labourer of M. Gastoul might have proved less tractable; but d'Epenoy had enjoyed his hundred days of successful love; one

great empire lasted no longer, and how many *grandes passions* cool far sooner! The most unromantic, but at the same time the most inevitable of catastrophes terminated this attachment, which was to have been eternal. Many tears were shed, many vows of untiring constancy exchanged. Vows at the moment sincere, but quickly forgotten in absence; tears, bitter indeed, and from the heart, but which those only trust, who have never wept the like! The separation of the lovers was sad, passionate, agonizing; and yet in less than one short year, d'Epenoy was married, in obedience to his mother's will. Arrived at that time of life, when interest and ambition are more powerful than frivolity and gallantry, he made what the world calls a superb marriage; in other words, he sold himself to a woman of large fortune. At the same epoch, Madame Gastoul, it is true, still wore the willow in memory of her first love; but her despair gradually softened down into a tenderer feeling; a melancholy, which, whilst it feeds sadly on the remembrance of the past, looks forward without distaste to what the future may bring forth.

Whilst these every-day occurrences were taking place, a young man finding consolation for the ugliness of his wife in the beauty of his horses, and a victim of the tender passion shedding tears, the bitterness of which decreased daily, what had become of the Marquis de Morsy? For nearly two years, this question remained unsolved. He was travelling do doubt; dragging from land to land the chain which bound and ate into his heart; but whither he had gone, what climes he had visited, continued a mystery. He reappeared at last unexpectedly, in an hotel at the Faubourg St. Germain, when his presence, unnoticed by the rest, excited the liveliest curiosity in two persons, who were acquainted with his story.

Amongst the ladies who formed the society of that drawing-room, were Madame d'Epenoy, and Mademoiselle du Boissier; the first, as busy as ever, in making marriages for her friends; the latter, tormented as much as ever by the desire to make a marriage for herself. The protectress and her protegée are seated side by side. Mademoiselle Alphonsine, who had reached the critical age of forty a few days before, wore an aspect of melancholy, not far removed from despair, when suddenly her small green eyes lighted upon the figure of the man whom above all others she detested. She had made up her mind to detest all mankind, but the marquis was the object of a hatred unequalled in bitterness. On recognising him, the old maid smiled maliciously, and turning towards her neighbour,

"Do you see M. de Morsy?" said she, in a tone of contemptuous pity. "How old he has grown! How broken he is! Do look at him; his hair is as white, and he is as much wasted as a man of seventy; and all for love of a provincial coquette;—poor man!"

Madame d'Epenoy remarked, with sincere sorrow and compassion, the ravages which grief had worked in the appearance of her early friend; and was shocked by the insulting irony and pretended pity of the elderly maiden.

"Mademoiselle," replied she with a severe look, "ridiculous pretensions may be borne with, but malicious feelings are insupportable.

You have a bad heart, and henceforth I should fear to incur too heavy a responsibility, were I to induce any man to make you his wife."

With these words, the old lady turned her back upon Mademoiselle du Boissier, who heard with consternation and dismay this condemnation to celibacy for life pronounced upon her.

From that day, M. de Morsy resumed his usual habits; he again sought the companionship of his friends, and mingled in society as before. With the exception of an appearance of premature age, for which many causes might be assigned, the people whom he met in the world saw little change in him. His manner was, as before, dignified, affable, almost affectionate; he spoke but seldom, it is true; smiled more rarely than was his wont, and took but little share in the gaiety of those around him. But this seriousness, tempered as it was by the most perfect good breeding, did not exceed what was suitable to his age and his condition. His appearance was so calm, his address so prepossessing, the expression of his countenance so sweet, that few could have guessed how cruel and incurable was the wound which festered in his heart.

A man of fifty seldom dies of love, but the wounds it inflicts on such can never heal. At that age, the mind can no longer feed on those fond illusions with which Hope sustains the young. Powerless desires, all pervading sadness, self-contempt, and dull despondency, these are the lot of him who has neglected to store up in family ties and family attachments aliment for those warm feelings which the icy hand of age cannot extinguish. What a destiny! Grey hairs, affections still warm, no children on whom to bestow them! Ah, rather let us pity than mock at those who are condemned to such a fate; are they not already sufficiently punished for having neglected the laws of Providence, which, in dividing the life of man into two portions, has given to each its treasure; to youth, love—to old age, paternity.

THE BROTHERS.[1]

A TALE OF VERONA.

Some few days after the events we have above described, the subject of general conversation in Verona was the splendid masquerade which the noble Duke Antonio purposed arranging for the whole nobility of the principality, and the deputies of the adjacent cities. The preparations which were made for this unexpected manifestation of ducal favour were on a scale of great splendour and magnificence. The night on which it was to take place had no sooner arrived, than the exterior of the ducal palace was illuminated with thousands of variegated lamps. The German body-guard had no sinecure that evening. The crowd before the palace was so great, that it was no easy matter to preserve due order and an uninterrupted passage for the numerous groups of Chinese, Turks, Moors, monsters, and other favourite characters, who were anxious to gain an entrance to the halls devoted to festivity, fun, and frolic. Several spacious saloons, and one immense suite of apartments, were splendidly adorned and arranged for the reception of the guests. Antonio and his royal consort, Bartholomaeo, and their several courtiers and attendants, sate spectators of the festive throng, in a kind of balcony which had been constructed for this particular purpose. The dancing had already commenced, and the goddess Mirth assumed the direction of the whole scene, when Antonio and the duchess, followed by Leone and some ladies, were observed to retire. It was whispered through the apartments that the princes and their suite were also going to take an active part in the festivities of the evening, and expectation was strained to the utmost pitch in conjecturing the characters in which they would appear. Antonio accompanied the duchess to her apartments, dismissed his suite, and, attended only by Leone, withdrew into his private closet.

"You are quite sure she is here?" asked Antonio.

"Quite," replied Leone. "She is dressed as a princess, and came with the wife of the elder Spineta. Nogarola himself is not here; he has got the gout, and his physician would not allow him to leave his room. Your highness may recognise Lucretia by the mantilla she wears over her dress; it is trimmed with ermine and gold, and sweeps along the ground when she walks; you cannot mistake it; besides, her majestic figure alone is sufficient."

"And the other matters?"

"Are all arranged. At the proper moment, a procession of masked characters will make their appearance, ushered in by a herald, who will make known that an embassy from the grand sultan of Samarcand purpose performing a festal dance, in accordance with the customs of their country, in honour of Don Bartholomaeo Della Scala, to whom they are desirous of thus manifesting their humble respects. Your brother will naturally believe that this intermezzo has been arranged

[1] Continued from p. 63.

by his friends and adherents, and, in this persuasion, will consider himself in honour bound to be present during the performance. Whilst this is going on, you must discover yourself to Lucretia; go with her, as if led by chance, into another room, call for refreshment, and—you know the rest."

"Excellent!" exclaimed Antonio—"excellent, Leone!—but the duchess?"

"Appears as sultana, covered from head to foot with jewels," replied the knight with a contemptuous smile. "I have dressed up Frobriant my equery and two of my pages, as slaves. Should the duchess find no inclination to be present at the dance of the sultan's embassy—and I have reason to believe she will *not* honour it with her presence—Frobriant has directions to engage her attention in a speech which is calculated to gratify and flatter her vanity, and in which he will supplicate her powerful mediation in the emancipation of himself and fellow-slaves."

"Capital!—most excellent, thou prince of intriguers! We *must* succeed! The opening scenes of our comedy are most admirably contrived; St. Zeno grant a favourable end!"

"And favourable it must be—I am not at all apprehensive on that point, noble duke," replied Leone with confidence. "Continue but to play your part as you have begun; heap upon your secret enemies seeming manifestations of your favour;—you will gain many friends; even your enemies will waver; but, above all things, noble duke—and this I cannot too frequently, too earnestly repeat and urge—do not play, in Lucretia's presence—at least to night not—the fiery lover, but rather the gracious, the well-meaning, the condescending sovereign."

"Well, well, thou everlasting mentor, thou shalt see; I will follow thy directions; thou shalt have reason to be satisfied with me for once. But now go and arrange thy preparations."

The general mirth and festivity of the motley throng was suddenly checked by strange and almost overpowering music, which was heard outside the doors of the saloon in which the company were assembled. A herald made his appearance, and, with a stentorian voice, made known to the assembly, that the reputation of the Scala house, and, above all, the glorious virtues of Bartholomaeo, had penetrated even into the interior of Asia, and the all-powerful sovereign of Samarcand had been graciously pleased to despatch an embassy, whose herald he was, for the purpose of laying at the footstool of the young duke's throne the sentiments of esteem and friendship with which he was deeply penetrated.

The herald had no sooner pronounced these words than the guests crowded into the principal saloon, to be eye-witnesses of the ceremony which was about to be performed. A number of harlequins and pulcinellos took the greatest pains possible to increase the confusion and disorder which this information had already created, by their noisy, laborious, but fruitless endeavours to make a free and clear passage for the Samarcandian embassy, who, most singularly dressed and ornamented, now entered the apartment. But notwithstanding the originality and novelty of the scene, there was one figure in the room,

although in no way connected with the procession or company we have described, evidently indicated by his dress and bearing, to which the attention of many was involuntarily directed. The person to whom we allude was dressed in white, splendidly decorated with golden chains and jewels. He was attended by a hermit, and those who were in his immediate vicinity were able to catch the words which he whispered into his companion's ear—

"Don't lose sight of her! I shall be with you directly."

A member of the Samarcandian embassy now approached the person whose appearance had excited attention, prostrated himself before him, and, in a speech remarkable for the extravagance of its style, and the weariness of its length, assured him that his majesty Abdurhaman the Great took an immensity of interest in the prosperity of the princes of the Scala house, but that he had empowered him, *in specie*, to be the bearer of these sentiments to the never-to-be-sufficiently honoured Duke Bartholomaeo, in the execution of which agreeable office he knew no more seeming method to adopt, than to address himself to the "white knight," whom he looked upon as the duke's *alter ego*, and, finally, that he humbly solicited permission to perform, with the assistance of the other members of the embassy, a festal dance, according to the rites and customs of their native country, Samarcandia.

The white knight replied, in a few but well-expressed words, that he considered himself authorized to accept this instance of Asiatic gallantry, in the name of the prince for whom it was intended. The dance upon this commenced. It was in every respect in exact conformance with the masquerade dances of that period, with this exception, that, at the termination of the ballet, the performers assumed such a position, that, taken in a body, they formed the letter B, the initial letter of the duke's name, which instance of gallantry, absurd as it may appear in our days, was at that time looked upon as imaginative, graceful, and ingenious.

But whilst the Samarcandians were thus manifesting their respect to Bartholomaeo, and their performance calling down the applause of the host of harlequins and pulcinellos who surrounded them, Duke Antonio, in a distant apartment, was occupied in earnest conversation with Lucretia Nogarola. The prince was dressed as a Persian Shah; his girdle, dagger, and sable, were most splendidly set in diamonds. That he no longer courted concealment and disguise was evident, for his face was unmasked. His bitterest enemies, who looked upon him at this moment, who observed the noble air, the commanding brow, must—though reluctantly mayhap—have confessed that he was the perfect ideal of an oriental sovereign. Lucretia wore the dress of a Lombardian princess of the olden time. A simple golden ring, set with diamonds, encircled her brow, and confined her luxuriant raven tresses. A rich folding cloak, trimmed with ermine, was thrown with graceful negligence over her shoulders, discovering sufficient of the figure to enable the beholder to judge of the symmetry of the proportions it concealed. Lucretia was also unmasked, and her eye seemed studiously endeavouring to evade the piercing glances which her companion cast upon her. There was no

one in their immediate vicinity but the hermit, who, his head resting upon his hand, had taken possession of an ottoman, and who, as it seemed, had purposely sought refuge here from the noise and confusion of the ball-room.

"I must again request you, beauteous maiden," observed Antonio, "again most earnestly request you, to express to your worthy father the sorrow which I experience at not seeing him—at not having seen him at court,—although, I must say, it is what I had scarcely expected. Misunderstandings, whose existence no one can possibly regret more than I, induced Can Signorio to deprive himself of one of his best, his most faithful counsellors. Your father's absence from Verona was of long duration; it is true, he returned,—his possessions, and the honours, which he had so justly merited, were restored to him; but who can censure him for withdrawing from a court which, as he believes, has acted towards him so unjustly? What was in my power I have done; to undo what has been done, is more than any man, and were he the mightiest monarch of the earth, is able to do."

"O how gracious—how merciful your highness is!" said Lucretia, deeply affected at the words of the duke. "These gracious sentiments—"

"Are not what your father expected," interrupted the prince, with a slight smile. "I can easily believe it. There are persons who do all they can to renovate the old dissension,—to freshen up the animosity which has long since expired in my bosom; nay, still more, who would willingly give rise to new quarrels at *my* expense! It is they, who place themselves between the prince and his subjects, who insinuate their poisonous council into the bosoms of brothers and friends, that they may make existing breaches wider, and convert simple differences of political opinion into irremediable enmity! I have often wished to speak with your father upon this very subject, and to convince him, if possible, of the esteem which I entertain towards him. He himself has hitherto thwarted my purpose; but, this unwillingness on his part—this timidity—this wrong interpretation of my feelings—I must regret *to-day* less than ever, as it furnishes me with an opportunity of engaging as mediator in my service his lovely daughter—his Lucretia."

"I look upon it as one of the many misfortunes and evils, certainly not the least, which have so deeply weighed down the spirits of my father, at various times and in various conditions, that his illness prevents him from being here at this present moment, that he might hear with his own ears the noble and gracious sentiments towards him, which your highness hath condescended to utter. I need scarcely say what salutary effect they would have upon him," replied Lucretia, considerably agitated. "Were I permitted to follow the impulse of my own feelings, I would this very moment absent myself from the festal scene, that I might lose no time in communicating to him the glad intelligence which your words contain. I trust your royal highness will feel fully assured that he will not hesitate to return you his thanks in person; and until he can have that pleasure, that you will allow me, for him, to express, though weakly, the gratitude which your kindness, your gracious condescension, has excited in my bosom."

"And this expression, lovely Lucretia, from your lips, is the sweetest reward that I can have," exclaimed Antonio. "And yet," continued he, after a momentary pause, "I must confess I am almost ashamed, when I reflect that I have done nothing, literally nothing, to deserve it. If I had but some opportunity, if you would but point out to me some way, some means of convincing both your father and yourself of my wishes, my most ardent wishes, to serve him and his beautiful daughter Lucretia—!"

"Your highness, this condescension," faltered the maiden.

"O do not give utterance to words so cold, so studied!" exclaimed the duke. "Look upon me as a friend, as one who is desirous of promoting your welfare—more desirous, perhaps, than you believe, have been taught to believe; look upon me as one who would be happy to contribute towards *your* happiness, and who, provided he met with corresponding sentiments on your part, would sacrifice much, would risk much, to prove that his intentions were sincere. Were I," continued he, smiling, "at this present moment, the person whom these gaudy trappings represent me to be, the unlimited sovereign of that extensive empire in the East, how easy it would be for me to testify, on the spot, the sincerity of my feelings and intentions! Do you know what, in such a case, would be my first step? Signora, I should say, this diadem adorns your brow, this ermine your lovely shoulders so beautifully, that it were really a crying shame my court should be permitted to admire the beautiful picture by the light of tapers and torches only, and not by the beams of the midday sun. Signora, you wear them both, as were you, in right of birth, the princess they represent you to be; allow me, then, to nominate you such, and publicly proclaim the right with which nature has already gifted you."

Lucretia blushed deeply; she did not venture to raise her eyes. She felt, however, the necessity of making some reply; but the words died upon her lips—she could not speak. After a short pause, however, she summoned courage, and, without looking at the speaker, replied:

"I do not think, your highness, that exalted rank and power are able at all times to confer happiness. The benevolent intentions, the good deeds, of the mighty in rank, are often more successful in gaining the affections of the low and meek, than the riches which they have the power of dispensing.

"Do you really think so?" exclaimed Antonio; and his piercing look seemed to scan the maiden's inmost thoughts. "But how can I ask if such an opinion proceed from your heart? Your noble soul feels deeply, feels purely; you know that rank and happiness are not always, not often, allied, and that even upon the sunlit summits of the former misery may be, is too often, experienced. Happy is he who, in his gorgeous solitude, meets with one heart that fully understands him; in one word, a heart, Lucretia, like yours, which, if united with his own, would richly indemnify him for every sacrifice, every diminution of worldly power and worldly honour, attendant upon such a union!"

We have said that Lucretia did not venture to raise her eyes; she

felt herself abashed, humbled, overpowered; but, at these words, all the dignity of offended innocence returned, and filled her bosom with courage. She looked upon the speaker, and there was an expression of indignation, of astonishment, of contempt in the look.

"Your highness will excuse—," faltered she. "I feel myself suddenly indisposed;—the excessive heat;—might I be permitted to retire——"

"Not till you have recovered; I cannot suffer you to leave me till I see and know that you are better," interrupted Antonio, with a voice which bespoke interest and compassion. "Allow me to accompany you to the next apartment, and procure you some refreshment, some sherbet; I am sure you will feel yourself better—let me procure you a glass of sherbet."

With these words, the duke replaced his mask, and offered Lucretia his arm.

In the adjoining room, towards which he led her, were several tables, spread with refreshments of every possible description and delicacy. Confectionary and fruits of the choicest make and kind were piled, one upon the other, on silver plates, and occupied a long table, profusely yet tastefully adorned with flowers. A Ceres, masked and of somewhat a manly appearance, presided at the board, and distributed the goods under which it groaned. A Pomona, of pretty robust proportions, presided over the fruit—the grapes, the peaches, and oranges. At an immense large side table, covered with a gorgeous display of gold and silver cups, Bacchus was throned, accompanied by a pretty numerous retinue. A crowd of Turks, Jews, Armenians, monks, and nuns, together with a decent sprinkling of monsters of the most various descriptions, thronged round the tables, and the Olympian hosts had, in reality, enough to do to satisfy the wants of the several claimants, particularly those of the monsters, who, not unfrequently composed of several individuals, had appetites more than usually voracious.

The duke and Lucretia no sooner approached the throne of Bacchus than several of this godhead's retainers, recognizing Antonio by the superfluity of diamonds on his dress, endeavoured to make way for them. One of them, more particularly active than the rest, availed himself, to this purpose, of his Thyrsus staff, and by applying the sharp and prickly pine-apple which formed the head of his baton, to the backs and sides of the voracious monsters, presently succeeded in attaining the object of his endeavours.

"Say, thou well-conditioned divinity of the juicy grape," exclaimed Antonio to Bacchus, who had descended from his high estate, and was now coming forward to salute the duke; "although the Shah of Persia, as orthodox Mussulman, is not permitted to taste the fiery blood of the vine himself, thou wilt not refuse to revive the drooping spirits of this beautiful princess with thy most refreshing beverages?"

The duke had no sooner pronounced these words than the Bacchanal, who had previously manifested his ingenuity in the application of his Thyrsus staff, was the first, who proceeded to execute the wishes of the prince. From a casket, which stood upon the table he produced two golden goblets of exquisite workmanship, placed them

upon a silver tray, and having filled them from two different vessels, presented them to Antonio.

"Here, lovely Lucretia," said Antonio, taking the larger goblet and pointing to the smaller one, "may this beverage revive your failing spirits, and the fondest wishes of our hearts, may they be speedily realized!"

Lucretia's lips were already on the goblet, when she felt some one touch her arm. The hermit, who but a few minutes before they had left in the other apartment, was standing behind her.

"For your life do not taste it," said he; "within these walls danger threatens the daughter of Nogarola."

Greatly terrified, Lucretia put down the goblet untasted.

"And who art thou, audacious mask?" exclaimed Antonio, exasperated at this unlooked-for interference; "who art thou who venturest to prescribe to this lady the line of conduct she is to pursue?"

"One," replied the hermit, "who is empowered to watch over the safety of the signora, and who is determined to fulfil the duties of the order which has been entrusted to him."

"If so," replied Antonio, still more enraged at the hermit's composure; "go and tell him who sent thee, that I will take this guarantee upon myself."

With these words the duke tore off his mask, and cast a menacing look upon the hermit, whose composure, however, seemed by no means disturbed.

"I am bound to consider your princely word as a satisfactory guarantee; but who will answer to your highness for the intentions of yonder Bacchanal?" replied he in a cold but earnest tone. "Until he remove the mask which conceals his features, the signora will not drink the sherbet which he has provided. She knows my voice, and recognizes my authority for the peremptory manner in which I have spoken, and still speak."

"Remove thy own mask, thou audacious varlet, who hast the boldness to address me in such a tone!" exclaimed the duke, waxing in his wrath. "Off with thy own mask!" added he with increased violence, at seeing the hesitation of the hermit to comply with his demands.

"I obey the orders of your highness," replied the hermit, at the same time removing the mask from his face.

"What! How? Galvano of Tagliano!" exclaimed Antonio, surprised; "and who was it, Sir Knight, who commissioned you to watch over the safety of this lady?"

"I must entreat your highness to dispense me from replying to that question," replied he in a calm tone. "The lady herself knows full well that he from whom I received my commission was in every respect entitled to empower me."

"I order you immediately to name the man—the audacious, the arrogant—who has ventured to entertain a doubt of the safety of the signora whilst under my roof."

"That man was I!" replied a voice from amongst the crowd, which had already gathered around them. Antonio looked around him and

saw Bartholomaeo approaching; there was no doubt but that the reply had proceeded from him. The duke cast upon him a look of deadly hatred.

The apartment in which this scene took place had become gradually refilled. Curiosity had excited and brought together such a number of Turks, Heathens, Moors, and monsters, that there was scarcely a possibility of moving.

"I must most earnestly entreat the company," said Bartholomaeo, addressing himself to the guests around, "to withdraw from this apartment as quickly as they conveniently can. The heat, the crowd is so excessive, that this lady has become unwell."

Of those in the immediate vicinity of Antonio and Lucretia, but few had heard the conversation which had taken place between the duke and Galvano, and perhaps not one had fully understood its nature. It was generally believed that Bartholomaeo's request was solely occasioned by the faintness of the lovely signora, and it did not last very long before the crowd had dispersed. The Bacchanal, of whom mention has been made, and who had shown himself so active in the preparation of the beverage, was closing the train of masks retiring from the apartment, when Bartholomaeo interrupted his egress, and in an imperious tone commanded him to remain.

"Go, Galvano, and close the doors," said Bartholomaeo; and the order was immediately fulfilled.

"What's the meaning of all this?" exclaimed Antonio. "For what purpose are these precautionary measures adopted?" added he.

"An unnecessary precaution, perhaps—perhaps to unmask the features of a villain!" replied Bartholomaeo, looking earnestly at his brother. "Off with thy mask," shouted he, addressing the Bacchanal.

"By no means," interrupted Antonio. "This man is my servant and not without my express order ——"

Antonio had not concluded, when Galvano, at a sign from Bartholomaeo, sprang upon the Bacchanal, and tore off his mask. The features of Leone Leoni were discovered.

"Ha! I thought, I dreaded as much!" exclaimed Bartholomaeo greatly excited, but evidently endeavouring to calm his anger. "Sir knight!" said he, addressing Leoni; "you will, I am sure, find nothing extraordinary in my surprise at finding a man of your rank so suddenly converted into the menial of a buffet. May I ask you what has induced you to adopt this character?"

"A joke—nothing but a joke of myself and some of my friends," replied the knight, somewhat confused.

"Jokes of this description have not unfrequently brought the persons who have practised them into no inconsiderable embarrassment," said the prince, in the same earnest tone. It has often been the case that serious earnestness has been concealed beneath them. In order to prove at once that your purpose is as you say, of so light and jocose a nature, I request—and in case of need command—you to empty this goblet, which was prepared and designed by you for this lady."

Not without manifest confusion and agitation, the knight seized the cup, and raised it to his lips; he attempted to drink, but could not; he shuddered, and replaced it upon the table.

"It is sweet sherbet," said he, hesitatingly; "sherbets of any kind I never drink—I cannot drink; I have a natural aversion to them."

"Is it possible?" observed Bartholomaeo, with a bitter smile. "Are you really not able to bring to your lips a beverage which you yourself have prepared? Antonio," continued he, turning to his brother, "allow me, for the present, to hand over this goblet, with its contents, in your presence, to the keeping of a third person; moreover, I must entreat you to give orders for the immediate arrest of the knight Leone Leoni!"

"I really think," replied Antonio, endeavouring to assume an air of composure, "it would be as useless as imprudent to make the least noise about a matter which will eventually be proved to have no other object than what has already been ascribed to it—a joke, and nothing more. That a servant of mine should be found in this disguise, and on such an occasion, in the character of a Bacchanal, why, what is there so very extraordinary in that? It was done at my express order; and I should humbly opine, there is no one present to whom I am accountable for having entertained the wish, and given direction for its execution. With this declaration and explanation on my part, I should think the matter ought to be settled; but in order to give you every possible satisfaction, certainly more than you had any just right to expect from me, I am determined to drink the contents of the goblet myself."

With these words, Antonio went up to the table, took up the cup, and was in the act of raising it to his lips, when Leone, visibly embarrassed, whispered into his ear:

"For God's sake, noble duke!—you know not what its contents may be; it may produce madness, sudden death, upon *you*, for whom it was not prepared!"

"By your leave, Antonio," said Bartholomaeo, perceiving his brother's hesitation, and taking the cup out of his hand, "we will dispose of its contents in some other way."

He turned to Galvano, and whispered some few words in his ear; upon which, the latter left the apartment, and quickly returned, leading in an immense large dog. Galvano thrust open the jaws of the animal, and poured the contents of the cup down its throat.

"Well," observed Antonio, with a forced smile, "we shall now, at any rate, see that what was supposed to be the prelude to a tragedy, is nothing but a piece of fun and folly, by which the pleasure of our evening was to have been increased. By heavens! a joke of this nature is more than I had reckoned on—it surpasses in drollery the festal dance of the Samarcandian embassy!"

"With your gracious permission, noble duke," interrupted Leone Leoni, from whose breast an insupportable load seemed to have been suddenly removed, and assuming the tone of injured innocence, "although the matter in itself bears the stamp of the ridiculous, my honour has been most grievously injured by the base suspicion which

has been excited against me. Should the measures which my adversaries may deem proper to adopt be inadequate to give me ample satisfaction; should this satisfaction itself not be as immediate and public as I may think necessary, I must seek from your justice—"

"Seek it rather where every noble man knows where to find it," interrupted Galvano of Tagliano. "You shall not find me tardy in obeying your summons."

Leone was about to reply, but was interrupted by Antonio.

"I request you, sir knight," said he, addressing Galvano, "to forbear all such interference in a conversation between me and my arm's-bearer. In other respects, be assured, that the boldness—I should call it audacity, had you acted on your own accord—with which you have presumed to cast the slur of suspicion on one of my servants,—your tearing the mask from his face,—the insults you have offered to his person,—shall not go by unpunished."

"If there be any," observed Bartholomaeo, "who has entertained a groundless suspicion, and thus violated the respect due to you, Antonio, it is upon me, and me alone, that your anger must fall. It was I who commanded the knight not to lose sight of the signora, and to watch over her safety."

"And what were your reasons for such an order?" asked Antonio.

"This question I shall answer to-morrow," replied Bartholomaeo.

"I must request you to make them known immediately, and in the presence of those who were eye-witnesses of the insult offered to my house!" exclaimed the duke. "I have been publicly insulted, and it is a public satisfaction which I demand, both for myself and my servant."

"Well, then," replied Bartholomaeo, "if I have done wrong, I will not increase my error by refusing to confess it. I had no certain, no distinct, no positive reason, to fear anything for the safety of this lady. My apprehension was excited simply by a fearful, an unaccountable presentiment, a species of self-deception; and finally increased by the singular circumstance of finding the knight, Leone Leoni, in this unseemly disguise, and performing the duties of a menial."

Bartholomaeo suddenly paused; his eye fell upon the dog, which, after turning several times round and round, as is usual with these animals before lying down, became all at once convulsed, and fell upon the floor.

"Ha!" exclaimed Bartholomaeo, pointing to the animal, whose endeavours to rally and raise himself from the floor were ineffectual, "look there!"

"Holy mother of God!" ejaculated Lucretia, covering her face. She could say no more; she trembled, and fell.

"She is dying! is dead!" cried Bartholomaeo, raising her in his arms, and conveying her to a sofa.

"Is hell then quite let loose?" exclaimed Antonio, horrified. "What an unfortunate event! Heavens! I shall go mad!"

Lucretia had fainted; after some minutes she recovered; she opened her eyes—they rested upon Bartholomaeo. Antonio was upon the point of speaking, but was interrupted by his brother.

"I beg you—allow me—" and his voice trembled from over-excitement. "The deed which was to have been committed here calls loudly for revenge, and I will be its avenger. I call upon thee, Antonio, to declare, whether this base attempt at murder was undertaken at your command."

"May God withdraw his mercy from me, both now and in eternity, if I ever entertained the least thought of injuring the signora! Sooner, much sooner, would I myself have—"

"So then, thou miserable wretch, it was thou—thy deed!" exclaimed Bartholomaeo, seizing hold of Leone by the breast."

"Prince! I assure you—I swear by God—the honour of knighthood—"

"Silence! thou monster!" exclaimed Bartholomaeo, and struck him in the face.

"Ha!" exclaimed Leone, trembling with rage,—"You dare to strike me? That blow calls for blood!"

"Thou speakest truth, thou despicable wretch! Blood! yes, blood it is, that I will have—thy blood, thou craven-hearted villain! Antonio," added he, in a faltering and tremulous tone, for his feelings were too excited to enable him to speak with clearness;—"Prince Antonio,—that the beverage which was presented to this signora by your servant was poisoned, you yourself can no longer doubt; as little will you be inclined to deny that this wretch was found occupied in a duty but little worthy of his rank and station; in a word, that he had the intention of destroying her by poison. Who and what induced him to the act, remain for ever unexplained, provided—and upon this condition I insist—you send me his head within the space of twenty-four hours. If you refuse to do this, after the expiration of this period, I shall assemble the nobility of Verona, and accuse *you* of the crime; and that I shall do this, I herewith pledge my princely honour!"

"Bartholomaeo! brother! art thou mad!" exclaimed Antonio. "Wilt thou leave me thus?" added he, perceiving that the duke, with Lucretia and Galvano, were about to leave the apartment. "Bartholomaeo! brother!"

"I must request you, Antonio, call me not by that name," responded the brother, suddenly turning upon him. "Do not make use of it, when you speak of us. In the Scala House, the name of *brother* has ever been the preface to deeds of violence—of blood!"

"Leone!" exclaimed Antonio, after the others had left the apartment—"Leone! wretch! what hast thou done?"

"No more," replied the knight, "laying his hand upon his breast; "nothing more, most noble duke, than what you knew and approved of. More than this is the work of the witch of Sabioncello, who must be forthwith captured, and put to the torture."

"On what a precipice I stand! He will keep his word, and—I am lost!"

"The precipice on which you stand, noble duke, is not so deep as your highness thinks; two corpses will be sufficient to fill it up!" replied Leone, in a composed tone. "To-morrow morning, more on this subject; and, if it please you, let us now join the dancers—we shall be missed."

TABLEAUX VIVANTS.

BY MRS. FRANCES ELIZABETH DAVIES, AUTHOR OF "MEMORIES OF GIBRALTAR," &c. &c.

TABLEAU III.—THE SPUNGING PHILOSOPHER.

"And still the wonder grew
How one small head could carry all he knew."

THE next applicant for a domicile at Eglantine Villa was introduced by a middle-aged gentleman of a courteous yet cold air, slightly tinctured with an affectation that seemed to proceed from the consciousness of some remarkable power or to be the result of long-received deference. His dress was plain, but fashionable and well selected. His figure slight, and but for a strange plebeian expression about the lower members would have been graceful. His face, without being intellectual, had an intentness of expression that might have been so interpreted by a superficial observer; while the sharp feline glances that continually shot from his gray eyes, plainly indicated caution; nor were less remarkable qualities defined in the sharply-cut mouth and playing nostril.

The lady who accompanied him, although rather matronly as to form, and of an age when girlhood had given place to her more staid successor, still rejoiced in the spinsterial appellative—her companion presenting her as *Miss* Briar, his sister-in-law, who, "by some unaccountable freak of fancy, and, greatly to his wife's annoyance, had determined upon quitting their house, till now her home, for the purpose of receiving day-pupils at Kensington." He had, he declared, used all his eloquence to dissuade her from so wild a project, but having failed, it remained for him to select for her a residence of undoubted respectability; he was sure that Miss Briar would find herself in the enjoyment of complete protection at Eglantine Villa, and he trusted that "a friendship might be established which would endure long after the wilful *young* lady had wearied of her speculation, and returned to the bosom of her family."

Such was the flattering introduction poured into Mary's attentive ears, who, while examining the features of her proposed inmate, fancied that she could discern among her laughing dimples abundant characteristics to justify the grounds of complaint. The vivacity, however, with which Miss Briar pleaded guilty to her brother-in-law's charge, yet declared that for all that, she was the best-tempered girl (*i. e.* of thirty) upon earth, prepossessed Mrs. Courtney greatly in her favour.

"If you require references," said Mrs. Courtney," our landlord occupies the nearest cottage, and ——"

"Pardon me, madam," interposed the gentleman, "our inquiries

were completed before I ventured to knock at your door; as the guardian of my sister-in-law, it becomes me to be circumspect."

Mary bowed.

"My card, madam, will, I trust, prove equally satisfactory to you."

Mary glanced her eyes over the highly-vellumed document, which bore a superscription as follows:

OMNIUM SURFACE, M.D.

M.R.A.S. M.R.S. M.G.S.
F.B.S. M.Z.S. A.SS.
&c. &c. &c.

——— STREET,
MAYFAIR.

"That, simply indicates my town residence," remarked the doctor, with a nonchalant air, as Mrs. Courtney gravely perused this erudite summary of his pretensions; "my family are at present residing at my country-house—but if——"

"This is quite sufficient, doctor," replied Mary; and then with a courteous smile added, "your name, if I mistake not, is already known to me."

"Not impossible, madam," said the doctor, with a bow of proud humility; "the exertions of Omnium Surface are not unrecorded in the book of Fame."

Miss Briar was meanwhile simperingly surveying the capabilities of the apartment, and remarked that it would be difficult to place her pianoforte without destroying the beauty of the *tout ensemble.*

"Is it a cabinet?" inquired Mary.

"A cabinet grand," said Miss Briar imposingly.

"A magnificent instrument, madam," observed the doctor; "this silly girl gave eighty guineas for it only a fortnight ago."

"It is a love! a perfect love!" chimed in the lady. "I selected it myself at Broadwood's—it is the gem of the whole collection."

"Miss Briar is a most accomplished musician," said the doctor.

"I ought to be so after devoting fourteen years' practice of twelve hours a day under the first masters," assented Miss Briar.

"I anticipate a treat then," said Mary.

"But how," interrupted the doctor, "do you mean to stow away your enormous packing-cases? Silly girl, why will you collect so many moveables?"

"I don't know how they accumulate,' sighed Miss Briar; "there are only my books, my music, my drawings, my works, my pictures, besides my wardrobe and a few trifles."

"A few trifles!" echoed the doctor, with a shrug.

"Nay, you must allow," interposed Miss Briar, glancing at her somewhat dowdy costume, "that I am not a lover of finery. Fashion, with all her train of follies, has no charms for me, for the simple reason that I never could discover any one who loved me the more for wearing a pretty bonnet. What, then, is the value of dress, if it do not win affection? The heart is the target that I aim at; teach me to touch that," she added, sentimentally, "and who will, may copy the fashions."

"You are a perfect sloven, Ellen!" said the doctor, gently.

"Well, then, if I give you leave to burn my bandboxes, you must indulge me with my library, and ——"

"Thousand and one appendages that I foresee can never be admitted here without transforming Mrs. Courtney's pretty residence into a perfect storehouse. No, no, Ellen, I must request you to leave all your lumber quietly where it is until we see how long the preceptress mania will hold."

To this proposition Miss Briar, having pouted a half-unwilling assent, an agreement was speedily concluded, payment to be made at the end of the quarter, "when Miss Briar's property was to devolve into her possession."

Perfect novices, as were the Courtneys, in the trade that so soon teaches caution to the most liberal-minded, they apprehended no deception where all appeared so candidly explained. Had any one hinted at elaborate artifice, they would have been as much startled as though they had never perused a daily paper, because, in point of fact, we all read events of daily occurrence with an apathy that prevents our deducing instruction from such lessons, forgetful that the same delusions may some day be practised upon ourselves. Had a doubt, therefore, of the perfect respectability of the parties crossed the minds of our friends, the *recherché* card of the doctor, hieroglyphically enriched as it was, no less than the fashionable address which it bore, would at once have banished so degrading an idea. For how could an M.D., M.R.A.S., &c. &c. &c. A.S.S., whose daily patients must rank among the courtly and the noble, whose intellectual station was defined amongst the learned, form other than an unexceptionable reference for his sister-in-law, herself too, *con amoré*, an instructress of the rising generation?

Indeed, those persons must have been very sceptical,—or very knowing in the world's tortuosities, who could do other than admire the noble independence of spirit, which, while Fortune was preparing to pour its treasures into her lap, induced Miss Briar to draw resources from her individual exertions, rather than to receive temporary favours, even from attached relatives; for such she secretly assured Mary were the motives that actuated her conduct, and warmly did that lady congratulate herself upon having drawn a prize from the great wheel of metropolitan population.

To make inquiries respecting Dr. Omnium Surface seemed, then, a piece of supererogation. The fact of his residence in Mayfair was indisputable, since the impostor must indeed be hardy to challenge scrutiny where detection would be so easy. As to the lady, it could hardly be doubted that Mrs. Surface would give a flatteringly partial account of a sister from whom she had parted with so much reluctance. In due time, therefore, and without further questioning, Miss Briar arrived, escorted by her careful guardian, whose brotherly assiduities, while he earnestly commended his charge to the parental care of her new friend, excited alike respect and admiration.

The doctor had indeed been faithful to his promise in saving the household from the overwhelming importation of the "packing-cases," for the luggage might have been introduced into the royal palace of

Queen Mab, without destroying its dainty arrangements. If the moveables of the lady were not exactly like those of the Hon. Dick Dcwlas, tied up in the Hon. Dick's blue-and-white pocket handkerchief, their bulk was no greater, being contained in the accomplished Miss Briar's blue and white bandbox, and when the servant inquired if there were no more parcels to be brought in, the gentleman's dictatorial, "Not at present," answered by a shrug and a smile from his sister, seemed to convey his authoritative decision, as well as her sense of his overwening despotism.

"My instrument I have determined shall be sent here!" she exclaimed in a decided tone; "nothing shall induce me to give up that."

"And so you shall have it; only be reasonable. I will call at the warehouse, and request Chambers to send it down to-morrow. She shall have her piano—that she shall!" and he patted her cheek as one would soothe a petted child.

"You order me about among you just as you please," said Miss Briar; "but there, go along! Mrs. Courtney is dying to be rid of you. You have done your duty very prettily;" and a meaning smile played round her lips; "so go, go home to your *wife*, sir, as you ought to do."

"Giddy girl!" ejaculated the doctor, and with a low bow to Mary he obeyed.

"And now that tiresome brother of mine is gone," said Miss Briar, with sudden seriousness, "I think the best thing I can do is to retire also, for, to confess the truth, I feel very much inclined to play the school-girl, and have a hearty cry, it seems so odd to be alone, *quite* alone among strangers."

"Believe me," said Mrs. Courtney, kindly, "it shall be my care to make you forgetful of that circumstance."

"You do indeed look good-natured; but at first, just at first, have the charity to pardon me. I have never before been away from my *dear sister* and the doctor, and I own I cannot help feeling a little sad, though I would not for the world have them know it."

* * * * *

It would have been impossible for the most fastidious persons to have required habits of greater correctness than those practised by Miss Briar. She was up with the sun, and, declining the assistance of Kathleen, prepared her own breakfast, fastened her own dress, and was in fact the most independent, active, cheerful creature imaginable. Industrious to excess, she scarcely spared a moment from her embroidery. Her *porte-feuille*, filled with the prettiest sketches, was ever open on the table, while a small hand-globe and a few classic authors occupied a place near her workbox.

One young girl came to learn reading and "manners" in the mornings, and *two* old maids for grammar and arithmetic in the evenings. Could any circumstance have added to the interest Miss Briar inspired, it would have been the delicacy of her health; which, utterly falsifying her voluptuous person and robust appearance, required the incessant watchfulness of the good doctor, whose untiring zeal for her restoration was perfectly exemplary.

"He is so clever," said his attached sister; "London does not contain his equal. His talents are universal, and his practice among the ladies most extensive. Such knowledge!—Languages! belle lettres! philosophy! astronomy! O, my dear friends, you can form no idea of his researches!"

"You pique my curiosity," said Charles Courtney, who had caught no more than a passing glance of this Admirable Crichton. "It is so seldom that one meets with a person such as you describe, that I feel quite impatient for an introduction."

Upon this permission, Miss Briar was not slow to act, embracing the first occasion of the doctor's evening visit, to claim a place for him at Mrs. Courtney's tea-table.

When persons are already prepossessed it is not difficult to confirm a favourable impression; and so well had they been prepared to receive an agreeable acquaintance, that it required little merit beyond the *suave* manners of Doctor Omnium Surface to establish himself in the good opinion of his entertainers.

To be simply a lover of science was to become at once an object of interest to Mr. Courtney, for science was his idol. "What," he was accustomed to say, "are all the triumphs of poetry and the fine arts, but elegant playthings for the recreation of the wise? Science alone is worthy the attention of our graver moments, because it confers blessings upon our species."

Real and unpoetic as was this aphorism, it must not be supposed that Charles belonged to the school of the Stoics; for though, to his wife's great vexation, he was wont to slight the Muses, he was naturally a poet. Adverse fortune had somewhat depressed his spirits, but his genius had been hidden, not quenched—silenced, but was not dead. Some gems he had just flung abroad for popular favour, and his muse waited but the sounding of a single note from Fame's trumpet, to give back chords of the sweetest, fullest harmony.

The sternly self-imposed business, however, of Charles Courtney's life was to work out certain philosophical problems, by which he hoped to render good service to mankind, and perhaps to enrich himself. To one therefore so practised, it would not have been difficult to have sounded at once the depth of the doctor's knowledge; but talent is ever modest, and giving him full credit for the merit ascribed, Charles was content to follow rather than to lead, perceiving quickly among the big words, pedantic sentences, and scientific technicalities, that disfigured the discourse of his new acquaintance, that, although he might not have plumbed the philosophic well, he had at least drank at the fountain.

Guileless as a child, and without a particle of envy in his composition, it wanted but this conviction to induce Charles to submit his labours to the doctor's inspection, and to grant him the rare, and not worthless privilege of supervising the secrets of his laboratory, where, day by day, the philosopher might be found using the privilege of friendship.

With the ladies, however, intimacy progressed in a somewhat slower ratio, but still it did progress.

"I want you to do me a favour," said Miss Briar as, bonneted and

shawled, she one morning entered the apartment where that lady sat at work.

"And that is?"——

"To write me an advertisement."

"Grant me patience, fair lady, what jest now?"

"No jest, but downright plain sense. The fact is, I am tired of dawdling over one little victim, and I wish to obtain more pupils."

"By advertisement!"

"Why not? every thing is done by advertisement, from corresponding with one's friends down to borrowing money."

"You will, I fear, only lose yours."

"You are mistaken—my terms will ensure attention."

"What are they?"

"Sixpence a lesson. O pray don't be shocked! One of our first English singers is making a fortune by giving shilling lessons; if I do not undersell her, I shall do nothing. Economy is the order of the day."

"Or, as Mr. Courtney would say, the prevailing cant of the day; but, to be still more vulgar, I believe 'cheap and nasty' is the vogue of the day."

"Don't be sarcastic."

"And pray what do you pretend to teach for this munificent remuneration?"

"You shall hear."

Mrs. Courtney drew over the writing-case, and instructed by Miss Briar, wrote—

"English *in all its* branches—Geography, Arithmetic, Writing."

"Don't omit astronomy; for there, thanks to the lectures of Dr. Surface, I flatter myself I am invincible!"

Mrs. Courtney wrote on.

"Book-keeping, French, Italian, German, and Latin!"——

"I had no idea you were so learned," observed Mary.

"History, ancient and modern, Botany, Chemistry, Poetry and Literature, Philosophy, Composition!!"——

"It is too ridiculous to require me to write for you!" said Mary.

"Music, Singing, Dancing, and Drawing!!!" went on Miss Briar.

"By the way, your beautiful piano has never arrived yet," remarked Mrs. Courtney.

"No, did I not tell you? the careless porters in shifting it out of the warehouse, or into the van, have injured it so much that it is unfit for use."

"*Indeed!*" exclaimed Mrs. Courtney, and her eyes met those of Miss Briar with a look that more than once disconcerted that lady's self-possession, who, with a toss of the head, and an embarrassed air, added,

"Yes—so as I shall not get it for some time. I wish to hire an instrument, and perhaps you will help me to choose it."

Mrs. Courtney was silent, and then evading the request, retook the pen with an inquiry whether there were any more items!

"You need merely add," said Miss Briar, "Wax-flowers, Indian Paintings, Transferring, and every imaginable kind of fancy work!!!!"

"If you attempt to impart one-third of what you profess, the instruction of a single pupil will occupy an entire day," said Mary, pointedly.

"The usual period for a lesson," quietly remarked Miss Briar, "is an hour. As the terms are low, however, I design to make up the difference in time. Twenty minutes will do very well; should the pupil consider that too short a space, I shall extend the time in proportion to the payment. You need not state that, however; truth is all very well, but there is no use in telling all the truth."

* * * *

"Pray, Mary, may I ask who is that triune Barbarian who is at one and the same time belabouring that unfortunate instrument, assaulting my ears, and murdering Weber?" asked Mr. Courtney, as, on returning one day from the city, he stood a moment in the hall, listening to one of the most astounding torrents of dissonance that ever frightened propriety from the dwelling of a *respectable inhabitant.*"

"Hush!" admonished his wife.

"Nay, I never heard so hideous a din," persisted Charles.

"'Tis Miss Briar."

"What, the professor! the lady who learnt fourteen years from one of our first pianists, and who always practised twelve hours per day?"

"The same."

"May she have compassion on our nerves, and remit the custom in our favour! for, in truth, if this be her practice, it is a practice more honoured in the breach than in the observance," said Charles, carefully closing the parlour door.

"Very extraordinary, after such professions of skill, and such an advertisement!" observed Mary, drawing towards the fire.

"Very," repeated her husband, following her example. "Pray does she sing equally well?"

Mary nodded, laughed, and stirred the fire. "Do you know," she began, "I suspect ——"

"Women are always suspecting," said Charles.

"That the entire talent," continued Mary, unmindful of the interruption, "of our new acquaintance, consists in a certain *brusquerie*, that passes for wit—a dash of satire levelled as often at herself as at others, and a large share of effrontery that serves as a shield for her ignorance."

"If *all* her acquirements are on a par with her musical performances, she must indeed be a desirable instructress," laughed the husband; "however, one thing is certain, she possesses powerful *execution.*"

Few days elapsed before the justice of our friends' suspicions were fully verified, for as pupils thronged about Miss Briar, she was obliged to declare herself an utter ignoramus, and to throw herself incontinently upon the tender mercies of her hostess, whose good-nature became severely taxed to supply her deficiencies, but whose mirth became uncontrollable, on beholding the governess flying through the house in search of assistants for the correction of tenses, exercises, &c.

Had Miss Briar possessed an atom of ability, she was placed in a position where she might have derived real advantage, for, highly instructed themselves, the Courtneys grew nervously anxious respecting their nominal friend, and urgently counselled her application to those studies in which she had so boldly advertised her proficiency; but Miss Briar was a confirmed dunce, and had no ambition to become otherwise, and as there are many advertising Miss Briars, it is well to sum up her pretensions. She wrote a pretty lady-like hand, could flower lace and muslin, do a little Berlin work, and play a few showy preludes so laboriously as to mystify her hearers. Of the globes she had contrived to distinguish the North from the South Pole, and had some confused notion about the Equator and the Torrid Zones. Her English was lamentably deficient. Her French comprised a few school phrases—and of other tongues she knew not a word; but then she adopted a system common to her class. If a pupil applied for lessons in Italian, *par exemple*, she hunted out the *cheapest* itinerating teacher, engaged herself as a pupil, and imparted the lesson she received, in *three* parts. For drawing, wax-flowers, and Indian paintings, she had *less* difficulty, because she could get abundant copies at Ackermann's and the bazaars, which, with the prices *carefully erased*, passed as the fruits of her own labour, and, as she shrewdly remarked, answered "quite as well." Her attentive guardian always accompanied her when she went to make her selections, because he could more skilfully suggest useful questions respecting the manufacture of the articles; which memoranda was carefully jotted down to serve as hints for the lady's future lectures.

Thus the valuable art of appropriating other people's knowledge was most triumphantly practised by these spunging philosophers. As for the lady, nothing could be more admirable than the imperturbable self-possession with which she set about imparting her multifarious gatherings to all sorts of persons, much to the edification and astonishment of Mrs. Courtney, who had never before been admitted to view face to face the impostures practised within the veil of the temple, and who now found herself completely mystified by the sublimity of impudence; and no wonder, for the fair Ellen was a compound of contradictions in every particular—a human puzzle which, having been at the pains to dissect, Mrs. Courtney found herself quite unequal to make up again into a perfect whole.

There were likewise various contradictory circumstances in Miss Briar's position, which, taken in connexion with her affinity to a wealthy and aristocratically practising physician, had more than once rendered her the subject of considerable conjugal debate—and in which the fact of her sister's non-appearance had been somewhat suspiciously discussed, when, as if purposely to shame Mary's fast coming fancies, it was announced that Mrs. Surface was expected to pass the ensuing evening.

"And now, my dear," said Mr. Courtney, reprovingly, "I trust that you will reflect upon your injustice, and not in future suffer appearances to overthrow your good-nature."

"Do not be too severe, Charles," replied his wife nodding; "de-

pend upon it, the world is worse than you, or even *I*, think it—and for all that,

"I do not like thee, Doctor Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell,
I do *not* like thee, Doctor Fell."

And how, the reader inquires, had Dr. Omnium Surface progressed with Charles himself? Were they going on hand-in-hand, or rather side by side, like the Siamese Twins? brothers in study, brothers in skill. Alas! most patient and amiable reader, Charles had soon discovered that their's was an ill-assorted union; they were like the sentimental heroines of the Minerva Press, "paired but not matched." The sole ability of the doctor consisted in a thorough knowledge of fencing, which art was his most elaborate study, and which he practised upon all persons, at all times, and in all places.

Wherever he sojourned, whatever his ostensible occupation, still he went on perpetually, perseveringly fencing. His carte and tierce were matchless; in vain his adversary advanced to assault, or made a feint, the rapid forethought of the doctor neither slumbered nor winked, his agile alertness never halted, he was here, there, and everywhere, now parrying, now retreating; there was no possibility of bringing him to the point, there was no chance of hitting him off his guard!

The gentle reader must not, however, figure to his mind's eye our sapient Esculapius capering through drawing-rooms, and assaulting his acquaintance, sword,—or even foil, in hand. The fencing here alluded to, as practised by our erudite professor, was a less dangerous art, and one in far more general use than that sanguinary accomplishment, now, thanks to civilisation and the king of Prussia, nearly exploded. Fencers, like Dr. Omnium Surface, are known to all persons, they invade every coterie, and insinuate themselves into the most exclusive circles; society is full of them, and though, like the Freemasons, their signs and tokens pass unobserved by the vulgar eye, yet, by a curious anomaly, it is only a non-member of their fraternity that can detect a colloquial fencer.

Whether considered collectively or individually, their pretensions are weighty. They form *en masse* an integral body, whose appellation is "legion;" and to say, "he belongs to the legion," ought to mark the qualities of a modern fencer, as graphically as it once did to say, "he belongs to the Tenth."

The legion is, however, divided into classes or troops, each bearing its distinctive denomination, thus:—the Literary Fencers, the Scientific Fencers, the Clerical Fencers, the Legal Fencers, Legislative Fencers, Fencers Medical, Astronomical, Nautical, Commercial, Aristocratical, Democratical, Torycal, Whiggical, Quackical, and all the other als, significant and demonstrative. Our Galen, however, belonged to none in particular; as were his pretensions universal, so were his fencings; no troop could claim him, because

"He was everything by turns, and nothing long."

His labours were multifarious and incessant; in short, he was on the staff, and though justice might award to a still more distinguished personage the honour of being general to the legion, he certainly must have been adjutant to the corps.

Mr. Courtney's sensations on discovering in what the doctor's strength (i. e. weakness,) consisted, resembled those of a person who from some unsuspected corner detects his intimate acquaintance in the commission of a theft—he was disappointed, confounded!—he blushed for the delinquent, he blushed at having made the discovery!—blushed, do I say? his life became all *couleur de rose*, for as the doctor went on daily fencing, Charles went on blushing, until his existence became

"Incarnardine, making the pale *one—red!*"

* * * *

THIRD ODE OF ANACREON.

"Μεσονυκταις τιοθ' ωραις.—κ. τ. λ."

One midnight, when around its sphere
Boötes turned the arctic Bear—
What time all tribes of men opprest
By labours were reclined in rest,
Then Cupid came—benighted power—
And beat the fastenings of my door.
"Who," cried I, waking at the noise,
"Scatters my dreams of youthful joys?"
At which Love said, in accents mild,
"Open, fear not, I'm but a child,
And I am wet—ah, hapless wight!—
And wandering through the moonless night."
I heard and pitied much his fate;
I lit a lamp, and ope'd my gate,
And, lo! a child assails my sight,
All-winged, in bow and quiver dight:
I bade him near the hearth recline,
And chafed his little hands in mine,
Pressed humid moisture from his hair,
And watched him with an anxious care,
Till all the cold had ceased; when he,
In urgent tone, said—"Let us try
My bow, to see if it hath met
An injury from being wet."
He chose a dart—his bow he drew—
Which like a gad-fly pierced me through;
Then leaping up, the urchin said—
Rejoice, kind host! my bow, indeed,
Remains unhurt, but oh, thy heart
Now feels, I know, a galling smart.

R. S. Fisher.

THE CRITICAL MOMENT.[1]

BY HUMPHREY HOGARTH, ESQ.

"Miss Snaggs's select seminary was one of the most, indeed I might say, *the* most respectable establishment in Kensington. None but real ladies were admitted—no tradespeople's children or any other raff—and the number was exceedingly limited. Well, there I was educated. Having perfected myself in calisthenics and dancing, and learnt music, French, German, Italian, drawing, geography, and in short all 'the accomplishments,' from a very clever governess, who was professor of almost everything you could name, mamma—who kept no house herself, but lived up and down, a month here, and a week there, with her friends—left me to board with Miss Snaggs, giving instruction to the young pupils, and supplying the place of the governess who was discharged, as the equivalent of my maintenance.

"I was then nineteen, but though mamma knew all the gentle people, and used to promise to introduce me to them some day, and to 'bring me out,' I never could persuade her to do it. She seldom came to see me, and when she did her visits were very short, and not a little mysterious. Her connexions were high, but of course I was unknown to them, and all I could gather about papa was, that he was a colonel in the army, and died when I was a child, and left mamma and me badly enough off.

"Of course, there would have been no use in my entering into society when I had not the fortune to support my rank—I should only be made the butt of ridicule and pity. Mamma used to tell me so every time I spoke on the subject, and I agreed that she was right. It was a shocking sort of life though—the life of a school governess. The little wretches I had charge of were always naughty, and the stupidest creatures on earth. I never knew one of them to learn anything good while I was over them. I used to slap them, and make them sit silent for hours, without ever looking at one another, and say their prayers over and over again, and live upon bread and water, but all to no effect.

"My only consolation was, that as there were no grown girls among them I could pack them off to their beds early, and then enjoy myself with Miss Snaggs. Our evenings were generally pleasant enough. We sometimes went to church or took a stroll about the neighbourhood, and contrived to have 'a lark' on the way. At other times we stopped at home, and read Moore's or Byron's poems, or the fashionable novels, and finished every night with a nice bit of supper. Miss Snaggs was awfully fond of gin and water. At first I could not guess how she contrived to swallow it; it burnt my throat. But after a time I found that it was very exciting, and made me so merry, that I was ready to play any pranks.

"I never heard of any other woman in my life who had so many

[1] Continued from p. 32.

secrets as Miss Snaggs. She told me a great number of them—some terrible ones—but I am convinced not the tenth part. There was always something or other queer doing about the establishment that I, at least, could not understand.

"I soon had my secrets too.

"One of the young ladies had a brother who occasionally came to see her. He was the handsomest boy I ever saw;—I say boy, for though he was past twenty, he did not look more than sixteen—just the youth I had pictured Don Juan to have been, with dark curly clustering locks, bright eyes, elastic form; but harmless as a dove.

"I can't say how it occurred, but one day when he found me alone in the visitors' room, he had the assurance to kiss me; and, what is still more unaccountable, I had not the presence of mind to slap him in the face. He looked so bashful and so gentle; besides, he was a mere boy, and blushed, I believe, more than I did, when the mischief was done. It was impossible to be angry with him.

"After that fatal event he became uncommonly fond of little Theresa his sister, and had a message from her mamma, who lived in Norfolk, or sweetmeats to bring her, at least twice a week. Each time he came, by a fatuity I cannot resolve, he discovered me in some apartment where no other persons were present; and then he would call me such sweet names, and press me round the waist so tenderly, and tell me how he loved me, that I was fairly bewitched with him.

> "Alas, the love of women! it is known
> To be a lovely and a fearful thing,
> For all of their's upon that die is thrown;
> And, if 'tis lost" ————————

Louisa's quivering lip suspended for a moment its function. Sympathetic sighs escaped from the long-pent-up souls of Hebe and Victoria. The tenderest chord of each girl's heart was struck. The triple vibration resounded in a deep moan through the cabinet. The heroine resumed her thread:—

"One evening Theodore called much later than usual, and after little Theresa had been ordered to bed. No opportunity could be made by us to exchange a word in private. I racked my brain for some device, but could hit on none. Miss Snaggs began to get fidgetty and cross at his staying, as she was wishing to have her supper and glass of toddy. At length he arose hastily and went away. I had not seen him before for several days. I knew he must have had something particular to say to me. I felt so melancholy that I could not touch any of the supper or endure the smell of the punch. Pleading, therefore, a dreadful headache—which in truth I had—I retired to my chamber.

"From the date of the first tremulous kiss in the parlour I had been daily growing more sad, but it was a pleasing sort of sadness, infinitely more delicious than ordinary gaiety. This evening, however, I was really miserably low in spirits. As soon as I entered my chamber I threw myself into a chair, and had a hearty fit of crying, which relieved me much. I got up to look at myself in the mirror, and to see what effects my grief had had on my cheeks, when I perceived on the

toilet table a note, scrawled with a pencil, and I at a glance recognised Theodore's handwriting. With a faint scream I pressed the paper vehemently to my lips, and read, while every joint trembled—'Adorable Louisa, I have a thousand things to say—perhaps I may never again find a moment to be alone with you—forgive me for daring to appear before you—I had no other expedient left—I am in the room with you—hush!—for your life and mine.' The scrap of paper dropped from my hand; my sight and limbs failed me; I fell —into the arms of—Theodore."

Miss Rowbottom's utterance here suffered another soul-harrowing impediment. Years of anguish, crowded into a little minute, seemed to pass athwart her agonized brow. Miss Marlinspike's visage stiffened into that stern rigidity which becomes a virtuous maiden who listens to a history that shocks her nerves, however it may enlist her pity. The two huge pearly drops that had long been gathering in Victoria's charitable blue eyes, rolled heavily down her cheeks, and dropping thence, like dew, refreshed her palpitating bosom. Louisa proceeded:—

"It would be impossible for me to tell how much I scolded him for his imprudence, or how eloquently he pleaded for pardon. I acknowledge it was wrong—very wrong of us both. But what could I do? Had I made a noise and discovered Theodore, we should have been both ruined; my honour, at least, would have been compromised for ever. Had he attempted to get out at that time he would certainly have been noted. No alternative remained but for him to stay where he was untill Miss Snaggs and the servants were asleep, and then to make his way out by dropping from my window into the front garden, and thence, by climbing over the rails, to get into the street.

"This plan once agreed on, and he having wrung from me absolution for his crime—on condition of his never attempting so naughty a thing again—we became more composed, and, seated side by side, and speaking in accents like angels' whispers, and blending our attuned spirits together, and forming inebriating schemes of future happiness, we spent hours of holy bliss—too heavenly for earth!—hours by the measure of life—seconds only by the glass of love! The sad moment for parting too quickly came. He strained me to his breast in silence. I heard him drop upon the cruel ground—O Heaven! how my pulse throbbed! I saw him overtop the paling—safe in the street. I breathed again—my prayer of thanksgiving was registered in heaven.

"The morning's dawn put to flight that fatal though delicious night. Would that it had also erased the errors of which that night had been the cloak!

"Far from keeping his promise, Theodore—passionately-loving Theodore!—often repeated his perilous offence; and as often did I —not loving a whit the less—grant him a smiling pardon, still under promise not to sin again. Finally, even the formality of objection ceased, and he was in my chamber, whenever he could contrive it, as a matter of course. What an exquisite portion of my existence those few months were! Notwithstanding all they have cost me, I

would not blot one tittle of them from my life's page. The remembrance of them now is more precious to me than anything the future has to offer me. When alone with my Theodore I was truly delirious with joy. When away from him I was feasting in the luxurious anticipation of our next meeting.

"He was now approaching his twenty-first year, at which period he was to come into possession of a small property independent of his father: and it was agreed between us that we should then be married, but that our union should be kept secret for a time, in order that some means might be found to reconcile his father to the match. Indeed, had I wished it, he would have married me before, but, as he assured me, any marriage by him while under age would be invalid, there was no use in my doing so.

"One evening, his eyes sparkling with pleasure, and his whole countenance beaming with goodness, he told me that at length the time was near that was to join us for ever, and that I might confide the secret of our loves—with the exception of the chamber scenes—to mamma, and make the little preparations necessary for our strictly private bridal. Of all the moments of my life this was unquestionably the most celestial. Theodore, as he spoke, appeared to me a god—I sunk down at his feet, and worshipped him. Great was the surprise of mamma, and much greater that of Miss Snaggs, on hearing my good fortune. They thought me deranged, and would not be persuaded of the fact until they heard it from Theodore's own mouth. I believe they were equally pleased, too, at the news—mamma to have me well established, and Miss Snaggs to get me genteelly off her hands, for she had begun to grow cool towards me, in consequence of my not joining her as formerly in her 'larks' and *petits soupers*.

"This person's propensity for intrigue, and her *penchant* for secret adventures of rather equivocal propriety, I have before alluded to, and, though since my own affair had engrossed my thoughts, I paid little attention to her manœuvres, I could not avoid noticing a suspicious correspondence which she latterly carried on with an odd-looking woman who paid her frequent nocturnal visits, and whose curious apparitions the servants began to canvass in whispers to me under the name of the 'mysterious lady.' These surmises concerning this personage I gave little attention to at the time; had I known what a share she was to have in my undoing, it would have been far otherwise.

"The rejoicings celebrated at his father's seat in Norfolk on the occasion of Theodore, his eldest son and heir's attaining his majority, called him away from us for a short period; and the day of his return was fixed upon as that which was to make us united in wedlock, as we had been before affianced in love. This tedious, ill-fated interval was employed by me in getting ready my modest paraphernalia, assisted by mamma, who, for that space, took up her abode at the Establishment—Miss Snaggs giving up to her and me her own apartment, which was more commodious for two than mine, and contenting herself—out of compliment to one on the high road to fortune—with my confined chamber.

"Mamma and Miss Snaggs were in their glory. There could not

then have been two happier beings on the earth. Their faces big with importance, their hands full of employment, their heads stuffed with mysteries, and their imaginations teeming with conjectures, their days were spent in continual labour, bodily and mental. Such overworking of human powers required relaxation during the evenings. This they found in the discussion of a spicy supper—of my splendid prospects—and—O deadly ruin of my hopes!—of gin and water.

"Their utmost persuasions failed to seduce me to swallow a single glass during the absence of Theodore—whose fine feelings I knew would revolt at the bare thought of his wife's touching ardent spirits—until the evening previous to his promised return—the very night before our appointed nuptials. Then, yielding to the wild caprice of my excited soul—succumbing to the wicked example of my parent and of my preceptress—bending, in short, to my inevitable destiny, I quaffed the brain-luring liquid—I took flight into the dazzling regions of temporary frenzy—I rolled in the accursed vortex of self-inflicted insanity.

"Like a priestess of Bacchus, Miss Snaggs laughed and raved; mamma was less intemperate, if not less intoxicated; I was—I cannot describe what—all a flame—a meteor whirling through the hot atmosphere, and blazing with the unholy fire that extinguishes while it inflames it.

"Our orgies were at their height. The door opened unceremoniously—the figure of Theodore danced before my eyes—I felt myself clasped in its embrace—its lips were glued to mine—blood-freezing spectre!—O the torture of that moment! My frantic reason violently dragged back, coerced and chained within my feeble temples, beat and dashed against its prison walls as though it would burst them to atoms. The infamy of the scene in which I had been an actor was laid bare. I shudder even now to dwell upon it. I knew not how mamma and Miss Snaggs composed themselves as they did; all I know is, that I felt Theodore's eye piercing through my very soul—that I heard his voice reproaching me for my crime. I would have given my salvation to explain—but could not. A brief conversation ensued, Miss Snaggs made some ridiculous remarks, mamma pressed him to take supper—his replies were laconic and sarcastic; I had not the courage to utter a syllable. Theodore rose and took his leave—the hall-door closed sharply after him—the dream of my fortune was broken.

"A death-like pause followed. Not one of us stirred a muscle, or, I believe, breathed. As for me, I was a statue, cold, motionless, all but lifeless.

"A loud crash within the house rent this dread stillness; a tumult upon the stairs—a volley of imprecations—a cry of mercy followed, like the successive peals of a thunderclap. Roused from our lethargy, we rushed out. There—O extinction of my last ray! catastrophe of catastrophes!—there stood Theodore, grasping by the throat a young man, partly attired as a female, whom he had caught in Miss Snagg's—lately my chamber! and who was no other than the ill-omened 'mysterious lady.' With the rage and grin of a demon, Theodore forced the trembling caitiff forward, and flinging him towards me,

yelled:—'Take your masquerading paramour, Miss Rowbottom. I, aye—I, give him to you thus. Eternal curses on ye both!' Like a flash of lightning he was gone—never to see me more. Miss Snaggs and I fainted. She soon recovered, but my health has never since been perfectly restored. Many attempts at explanation were made, but they were all ineffectual; every letter was returned. A short sojourn in the country was judged indispensable for my re-establishment; I repaired to a retired village in Devonshire, and there, while slowly recovering from the shock I had sustained, the seal was put upon my fate by the marriage of Theodore with another. In consequence of some representations made to him by mamma—the nature of which I cannot even guess at—the poor fellow had the generosity to settle a couple of hundreds a year on me; and as England had become hateful to me, I came to Paris, where I have since resided."

The spell-bound attention with which Victoria and Hebe devoured the latter part of Louisa's melancholy tale, remained still undissolved after she had ceased speaking—so potent was the charm. It was destroyed by the voice of little Vic, exclaiming, "What a beautiful romance of real life! Never did I hear or read of anything that so much affected me. So critical a moment for the stupid man to return. If such a circumstance had happened to me, I should never look a glass of gin and water in the face again."

"The very name of it sickens me," cried Louisa, with a hideous muscular contraction of the organs of taste—"I would not drink a glass of it for a thousand pounds. Besides, it is not half as palatable or oily as good Cognac."

"Your story is certainly the most interesting one," said Miss Marlinspike, musing, "I ever heard; except one—yes, except one. Your misfortunes were the fruit of your own indiscretion; mine came from the hand of Providence alone, which no wisdom could provide against."

"Your misfortune, dearest Hebe! did you say yours? O, then you have had your critical moment, too!" exclaimed Louisa, forgetting her own sorrows in the anticipated greater griefs of her friend.

"Alas! yes. But listen, and—though I had intended never to relate it to human ears—judge for yourselves."

Hebe was now the centre of attraction, and the glistening orbs of Victoria and Louisa, shining like fixed stars upon her pale front, she proceeded as follows:—

"I was one of the most sensible girls that ever lived—quite a pattern for little creatures of my age in prudence and decorum. No hoity-toity notions of romance, or high-flying imaginings of ethereal love, entered my head. I do not mean that I was not precocious enough in understanding things, but that with my earliest inceptions of knowledge I imbibed a sage and worldly way of turning it to my best account. From the time I was thirteen no young man should take the least freedom of talk or action with me until I knew precisely who he was, what were his prospects, if he were a free agent, and what were his designs. My companions envied me, the gentlemen were afraid of me, and my friends, one and all, said that I should certainly some day make a splendid match. Alas! But who

knows?" This last exclamation had probably more reference to the future than the past. Miss Marlinspike, suppressing the intruding thought, continued:—

"You may easily conceive that I had no lack of beaux. But few indeed could stand the test of my calm analysis. I had long been pestered with the addresses of one who had personally nothing very remarkable about him, save a quantity of jewellery, sufficient to set up a small chapman, and a head and beard red enough to inflame the eleven hundred virgins of Cologne with its unchristian fire. He was the son of a wealthy alderman, but had no means of his own; and though he used entreaties, artifice, and even threats, to induce me to marry him 'under the rose,' I had heard too much of young ladies who had married on speculation, and had been afterwards disappointed, to run any such risk; and therefore resolutely refused to become his, unless with his father's consent and approbation. The man was a decentish sort of thing enough, was very fond, and all that; but for a girl of my sense to throw myself away upon him under such circumstances, would have been silly indeed. Finding me impenetrable to his solicitations, and screwing up his courage to make a bold stroke for me, he asked the worthy alderman, and, as I had anticipated, was desired to attend to his business, and not to dare think of committing such a folly. I was sitting in the drawing-room one day—in the house of a maiden aunt with whom I resided—when Mr. Alderman Tubbs, the worthy parent of my inamorato, was announced. I was at first a little unnerved at so unexpected a visit, but recollecting myself, and assuming an air of becoming composure, I ordered him to be shown up. A short stout man walked—or correctly speaking, rolled—into the room, and without any perambulation of legs or tongue, was in an instant seated in the great arm-chair, and in the middle of mine and his son's affair. The brusquerie of his proceeding disconcerted me for a moment, but I soon regained my self-possession, and as usual turned things to my own advantage.

"It would be too long to repeat our conference; suffice it to say, that such was the good sense, the propriety, and the worldly wisdom I discovered in my conversation, that the old gentleman was taken by surprise. His manner underwent a change as rapid as it was agreeable, and after debating with himself for a moment, and surveying me from head to foot with eyes of suddenly awakened interest, he exclaimed: 'Why look ye, Miss Marlinspike, Tom hasn't a penny of his own, and I'm blow'd if he shall have you. But I'll tell you what I'll do. If you have no objection to myself—an alderman, a widower with only one son, and a man of substance—I don't care if I take you—what d'ye say to that?' I surveyed the person of my new swain sedately. As he sat in the easy chair, his legs barely touching the carpet, he did cut a comical figure—poor man! Quite the representative of his favourite turtle, his little limbs were as nothing when compared with the vast rotundity of his middle structure; and his head, growing right out of his stomach, if as ugly as the toad's, possessed like it a jewel, for his nose, if a real ruby, was certainly worth any modern kingdom.

"Concealing my emotions, which, notwithstanding my great practice,

was in this instance a matter of some difficulty, and with the reserve and caution suitable to my character and peculiarly trying situation, I replied that his person was to me entirely agreeable; that I felt flattered by his good opinion of me, which I hoped I should ever preserve; that his offer was such as I felt convinced no prudent young lady should reject. but that, considering how unexpectedly he had put the question, I trusted he would not be offended if I asked for a little time; and finally, that should he think proper to make his proposal in form to my aunt, I would promise him it should receive the kindest consideration. Nothing could exceed the satisfaction displayed by Mr. Tubbs at my sentiments. I saw that he was charmed with my proper and dignified conduct, and felt that, though appearances were against him, he was a man who could justly appreciate a woman of sterling judgment and discretion. He took his leave with tender deference, assuring me that he would not lose a moment in bringing to a consummation so desirable a partnership. Mr. Tubbs was a man of business, and did things in a business-like way. The following morning a fairly-written proposal, signed and sealed, and under cover, directed to my aunt, lay upon our breakfast-table. It fully bore out the sincerity and generosity of the writer, for by it he offered to settle his landed estate in Surrey, with its dwelling-house, park, and pleasure-grounds, upon me for life, remainder to our heirs in tail, besides such a portion of the personal estate he should die possessed of as he should bequeath to me and our little ones by will, and which he promised should not be less than two-thirds. My answer, favourable I need hardly tell you, was soon despatched, and thus the preliminaries of our treaty were laid down and agreed upon. The affair soon got bruited about. 'We predicted that she would make a brilliant match—for she was always a rock of sense,' cried the elderly ladies of my acquaintance. 'Mrs. Alderman Tubbs, of Tubbsville, Co. Surrey,' is not a bad name to go to court with either,' would remark my aunt, with quiet family pride. 'The Lady Mayoress,' or 'Lady Tubbs,' when my worthy gentleman becomes 'The Right Honourable the Lord Mayor,' and perhaps 'Sir Timothy,' will be rather better though, I opine,' thought I smiling to myself, taking care to confine the thought to its birthplace. 'What a lucky girl! How happy we are to congratulate you!' would squeak my contemporary candidates for marital subjection, who I knew were inwardly envious of my good fortune, and to whom I, as a rule, civilly replied, 'Thank ye, ladies. Many persons have luck thrown in their way; but the merit is to deserve it.'

"A most serious obstruction to Mr. Tubbs's and my union presented itself in the person of Master Tom, his son, who behaved in so atrocious and violent a manner as to put me in dread of my life; but even this was overcome by the indefatigable worthy alderman, who, partly by threats and partly by promises, so subdued the fellow, that he formally gave up all claim to me, and even consented to be a witness at our marriage ceremony.

"Thus, then, at length all went well. Our mansion at Tubbsville was newly decorated and furnished; a handsome chariot was launched; wearing apparel and jewels in costly profusion were ordered

for my use; in short, nothing that an alderman's taste and an alderman's purse could reach was wanting to render our nuptials imposing and magnificent. The activity displayed by Mr. Tubbs in these transactions was amazing for one of his unwieldy make, and, unless one puts faith in the doctrine that love makes light of all things, altogether incredible.

"The important morning at length arrived, warm and sunny as any bride could desire. A *déjeûner à la fourchette*, substantial and sumptuous, even to extravagance, and ordered by the alderman from a celebrated tavern, to regale his city and corporation friends, was spread out in every apartment that could be so appropriated in my aunt's house. The sacred cake, ornamented with many elegant devices and chaste connubial emblems, reared its tempting form in the midst—faithful monument of the over-sugared state of wedlock. Bridal favours were bestowed, and decorated the assembled guests. The contract of marriage was signed, sealed, and attested. The licence had been obtained. The visiting cards engraved and linked together in pretty pairs, ready for delivery. The long line of carriages stretched from the door, prepared to convey us to church, the drivers and footmen bearing the white broad badges of their mission. The prefatory business was continued, and went on like clockwork. Having finished with the lawyers, who witnessed our contract in a private room, Mr. Tubbs led me down to preside with him over the *déjeûner* in the principal *salle à manger*. We were received with great ceremony and due civic honours; and you will forgive my vanity here, if I say that as for myself, I did look something rather passable in my superb white satin robe, my deep flounces of finest Brussels lace, my orange flowers, and my veil. Nor did Mr. Tubbs himself look so very bad either, in his snow-white unspeakables, his light canary-coloured waistcoat, his stainless kids, and his drab hat that he carried in his hand and waved in token of thanks as the company saluted us. I thought this repast would never end. I had expected something extraordinary in corporation deglutition, but my preconceived notions were far outstripped by the reality. Poor Tubbs himself gave the example, and eat, and helped, and did the honours like a prince. Champagne went round, Madeira was drunk in tumblers, hock was mixed with brandy; my ideas of propriety began to get alarmed; I hinted to Tubbs that we had better think of going to the church. My wish was enough; calling for a bumper at parting, all round, each glass sparkled once more to the brim with champagne—was swallowed—and we were *en route*.

"Nothing occurred worthy of remark until our arrival at the church, unless that poor Tubbs was in the most exuberant flow of spirits, acting like a child, and laughing so that I feared he would burst a blood-vessel.

"We were at last upon our knees; our friends surrounded us; the clergyman stood before us with his book in his hand; the marriage rite commenced.

"'Will you, Timothy, take this woman, Hebe, for your lawful wife?' asked the clergyman, with solemn intonation.

"An indistinct gurgling in Mr. Tubbs's throat was the startling re-

sponse: it was succeeded in an instant by a heavy crash—I turned to look—there he lay quivering by my side!—my husband was a corpse!"

Miss Marlingspike made a befitting stop at this gloomy part of her narrative. The laughing devil, that during the recital of the greater portion of her story lurked in the corner of Victoria's roguish eye, here took a gambol over her curved lips, but was quickly reproved for his unfeeling sport. The lachrymal fount of the sorrow-shaded Louisa, whose amiable weakness was to see the pathetic—and the pathetic only—in all she read and heard, gave forth its crystal store in two plenteous streams, saturating her lace-edged cambric handkerchief with the most precious unguents of this earth—a sympathetic woman's tears!

"That was a critical moment, indeed!" continued Hebe; "my contract blotted out as if it had never been; my civic greatness strangled ere it saw the light; the fruit of a life of unexampled prudence blasted in its ripeness; the happy, vain, richly-endowed bride of the morning sent back to whence she came, at noon, a disconsolate spinster, without pity, without friends, without a settlement!

"'Let some one bleed him, for God's-sake!' I cried, with the instinctive energy of a last hope, and was with difficulty prevented from sticking a penknife myself into his jugular, so asto enable him to answer 'Yes;' but human aid was useless—apoplexy had done its worst—the immortal part of poor Alderman Tubbs had departed from its earthly tenement.

"If anything could add to my vexation, it was the knowledge that our estate in Surrey, our money in the funds—nay, our very chariot and horses—passed in that sad moment to the carroty-polled urchin, his son, whom I had so lately rejected, and who, I was certain, detested me now as much as he before liked me.

"Yielding to the weak prompting of my rage, I let slip a word of suspicion that some foul means had been used by this youngster to defeat his father's marriage, and, this being reported to him, his hatred towards me reached its climax. He ridiculed me wherever he went, got letters and cards sent to me, directed 'Miss Hebe Marlingspike (X Mrs. Alderman Tubbs,)' had me lampooned in the low satirical publications, and, in fine, took such savage satisfaction of me, that I had to escape with my life from England, and to seek a refuge here from the persecutions of envy, malice, and revenge."

A host of reflections, moral and political—such as probably occur to the reader—arose in the minds of the three maidens, drawn from their respective mishaps; in communicating and agreeing upon which the greater part of the day was consumed. These to enumerate would be difficult, but they are easily reducible into the simple proposition that—

> "There is a tide in the affairs of women
> Which, taken at the flood, leads—God knows where!
> Omitted"—

It is impious to dive into futurity—let us hope for the best!

IRISH SONG.

THE BRIGHT BOY.*

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Hail! radiant form of glory,
Say what they high behest?
To tell my future story,
And calm this troubled breast?
Say, art thou Love immortal,
That from heaven's golden portal,
Has winged his trackless way,
To tell me of possessing
Domestic peace and blessing?
Say, beauteous vision, say!
Ah no! it is not so!
Where are thy purple wings, and where thy shining bow?

Speak, brilliant form of beauty,
Say, what thine errand here?
To point the path of duty,
To some more blissful sphere?
Say, art thou Hope eternal,
With smiles all fresh and vernal,
Come from yon starry skies
To tell me of the glory,
That passes fame in story,—
The light that never dies?
Ah, no! it is not so!
Where is thine anchor bright, herald of joy or woe?

* The late Lord L———, when quite a young man, and before he had entered upon the thorny path of public life, was once on a visit, together with several other guests, to a gentleman in the north of Ireland, whose mansion was associated with many historical recollections, and was surrounded with wild and romantic scenery. On the night of his arrival, shortly after he had extinguished his candles, and retired to rest, Lord L——— perceived a light gleaming on the dark draperies of the antique bed. Turning hastily round to the side from which it proceeded, he beheld, to his infinite astonishment, the figure of a fair child, "who seemed to be garmented in rays of mild and tempered glory, which beamed palely from its slender form, like the faint light of the declining moon, and rendered the objects which were nearest to him dimly and indistinctly visible." After gazing for a short time in mute wonder at the beauteous apparition, Lord L——— proceeded towards it; it retreated before him;—as he slowly advanced it as slowly retired, and on reaching the opposite side of the chamber finally disappeared. On the following morning his lordship related the singular occurrence to the gentleman at whose house he was visiting, who immediately informed him that there was an old tradition connected with the apartment in which he had slept. That he had seen the "Radiant Boy," and that it was always considered to be an omen of prosperous fortunes.

MISS FINCH.

"Il suffit quelque fois à un jeune homme de rencontrer une femme qui ne l'aime pas, ou qui l'aime trop, pour que toute sa vie en soit derangée."—H. De Balzac.

It was Christmas time—that season of the year when all human hearts put off their dull everyday sleep for awhile, waking to various things, but still waking, whether it be to serious thoughts of the great boon which this festival commemorates, or to a transient enlivenment, the moving cause of which is plumpudding and beer—it was the time when bells ring in the rocking steeples, which sway helplessly to and fro as the clangour goes forth in the frosty air, when holly-leaves deck windows and pew-cushions, and the Druid-loved mistletoe (desecrated in Britain, reverenced in Britanny) hangs boldly bashful behind vulgar doors; when respectable mechanics reel through the streets, describing huge circles (like Rhine steam-boats bringing to) as they proceed, and after awhile go home and beat their wives because it is holiday time, and it is a poor heart which may never rejoice.

It was Christmas time—there was the glaze of incipient frost on the pavement, and through the murky atmosphere the lamps began to glare yellowly, and with a desponding light. I sat at home in my chambers in the Temple. On my table a chaotic mass—law papers and yearly bills—the "Faery Queene" and "Saunders' Reports" by Williams—an empty glass, and a ditto decanter—the "Doctor," and a half-smoked cigar. The clock struck nine. I recollected that I was bidden out; a small party at a friend's house, where I should meet two or three pleasant men, and see a merry face or two. I put away my books, and prepared to go. I donned my cloak. I never put on my cloak without thinking of Sancho Panza's exquisite description of sleep. There was orange-peel and nutshells in the passage and on the staircase—little boys and little girls had been there in the course of the day making their childish feasts. As I went through the Temple I heard not a sound—the men in white aprons had disappeared—only, ghost-like, one might be seen in a distant alley, keeping guard for his fellows, who were keeping Christmas time. In Fleet Street I called a cab. The driver seemed half offended at my rousing him from the ale-sleep wherein he sate nodding on his box, but the prospect of reward excited him; away we rolled into Holborn, down Oxford Street to ——— Square. When we arrived at the house, I was surprised to see lights in all the windows, and to hear a sound of fiddles and of flutes. I went in, and made my bow to the master of the feast. Lo! the familiar faces that were there! I was startled out of myself—greeting followed greeting. I was no more the lone student in silent chamber pent, but a man of the world. As man after man, and woman after woman, shook me by the hand, and some asked me where I had been for a long time, I felt that I was a kind of D'Orsay, and would have given something to have put on a better

waistcoat and a pair of pumps. There were several rooms lighted up, one with a waxed floor, and evergreens stuck about—lights in profusion—a dazzling sight—and therein the young, and the old too; some of them were bobbing in measured circles here and there. I stuck myself in a doorway, and looked on. The music came thrillingly upon my ears—nay, upon my heart. I had heard no music save a barrel-organ for a length of time; and here was the Puritani and Euryanthe, and Heaven knows what, turned into waltzes and quadrilles. I bathed myself as it were in the strains; like Medea's caldron, they seemed to give me fresh youth, new life—Iwas in imagination standing on the bridge of Köln, with a departed one by my side, gazing on a starry heaven, and listening to a far-off *harmonie*, wafted on summer breeze from Deutz. One of the daughters of the house came to me.

"Will you not dance?" said she.

"Dance," thought I, "can I dance?" and the extravagance of the idea gave me a feeling of pleasure; but I answered in measured phrase, "You are very kind."

"Let me introduce you to a partner," said my fair friend.

"Who?" said I.

"O! any one you like. Miss Finch," said she.

"Which is Miss Finch?" I asked.

I was an old friend, which might be my excuse for thus questioning. She pointed out to me a girl sitting on a sofa not far off. I looked at her, and a strange feeling, something approaching to fear, came over me.

"*Gott bewahr!*" said I.

The young lady stared, but she knew I did not mean to be rude, so with a smile and an almost imperceptible shrug of the shoulders, she passed on and left me. Then I fell to gazing upon her, to whom I had just refused to be made known. Figure to yourself a form of eighteen, too young to be altogether beautiful, yet more lovely than if it had been more perfect—a small oval head, dark simple hair, deep eyes, and the most classical outline of features—a plain white robe, and no kind of ornament, save a large gold pin, thrust, Tyrolese-fashion, through the hair-knot at the back of the head. There she sat—Miss Finch—an irrepressible smile playing ever on the curling red lips, and leaping in the eyes. Why on earth was she not dancing? were women jealous, or were men blind? or, possibly (for the widow of Bremen came into my thought) she had but one leg. A thousand wandering speculations instantly possessed me. Who was she? where did she come from? what had her life been? her character? her hopes? what course was shaped out for her in this world? would she struggle through existence, or yield passively to fate? You will say it would have been the act of a wise man to have caused myself to be presented to her at once—perhaps it would, but that never occurred to me. She was there as a peg on which to hang unimaginable thoughts and wonderments; and with this I was content. Suddenly the music ceased—the groups became disorganized—dowagers awoke from their doze—and couples sauntered pleasantly round and round the room. The quadrille was at an end; a very little boy, my

host's youngest son, who had hitherto sate in a corner with his finger in his mouth, became an altered being; he was bounding from room to room, whispering with unconcealed emotion in many ears, his eyes lighting with excitement, his cheeks on fire. The lady who had spoken to me before, touched me on the arm as she passed.

"We are going down stairs to play at snap-dragon," said she.

I started, and turned round, mechanically offering her my arm. She good-naturedly took it, and we followed the throng. We went into a darkened room; for a moment nothing was to be seen but a small wax-taper gleaming with a pale light on the table beside a huge white dish. I was not sure if all this was real; the buz of voices, and the sound of suppressed laughter on every side was so strange; presently one lit a piece of paper at the solitary gleam, which was forthwith extinguished, and applied it to the dish; and then a change —a bright blue flame suddenly started up, leaping, and glimmering, and waving with forked tongues, which licked the air and rose up, and then were lost. Then there was a clustering round the table, and white hands plunging into the flaming sea, snatching at almonds and raisins, which, caught and waved in the darkness, showed like the representation of *souls* in very old pictures—a sort of blue tadpole formed of an evanescent flame.

My conductress had dropped my arm, and rushed into the midst of the tumult—I stood a little aloof—I was looking for Miss Finch; presently my eyes singled her out, conspicuous in the fluttering light, fire on her lips, fire on her fingers, fire playing about her hair. With what a curious subtlety the flame leaped and danced, seemingly amorous, twisting and writhing in the most fantastic contortions as it passed athwart her features, and then went vanishing out in blue forked lightnings over her braided hair. It was a strange sight. I could not very well understand the meaning of it. Was she an angel, or a devil, or a mixture of both? who could tell? I thought of Lamia, the woman-serpent, the beguiler of hearts, who at the same time cheated men of their souls. And yet why should I? Where was the analogy? One lived on a rock, or in a sea-cave, singing golden songs to the hushed breezes. Miss Finch, I believe, lived in Bedford Square. But it were idle, even if it were possible, to retrace the myriad of thoughts which crowded through my brain at this time. After a quarter of an hour or so the flame went out, and the game was at an end. We left the room, and came forth once more to the light, and ascended the stairs. The fiddlers were at their work by the empty bottles and plates which lay near them, huddled into some sort of obscurity—it seemed they had been taking in strength; magnificently the bow rode over the vibrating strings; the cornet-à-piston wailed forth in chorus, and some jingling instrument bore its harmonious part. Music, flushed and triumphant, lorded it over the upper rooms. I felt the impulse—a mist seemed clearing away from before me. I put myself forward to watch the quadrille in which I had almost joined. It grew late, and supper was announced; we moved into the supper-room; there was room for all, seated about the tables. One asked me to take champagne—a stranger—but what of that? I was beginning to feel that no man was an utter stranger.

A general feeling of philanthropy was stealing over my heart, and rapidly penetrating to its core. I drank, and drank again. What drank Jupiter at the banquets of the gods? Talk not of nectar or ambrosia—it was champagne. After supper more dancing. A sudden insanity took hold upon me. I sought out, and found my friend, the daughter of the house, and caused her to introduce me to her whom I had before refused. I asked her to dance—she bowed her head—we stood up—then the rush of feeling which had carried me thus far died away, and I stood beside her tongue-tied. Opposite to me stood a couple who laughed and talked without ceasing. How I envied them! but I had no words. Every now and then I stole a glance at my partner. She stood still, looking on the floor, but at times I thought I could trace a kind of smile flitting across her features—a mocking smile. I was determined to speak; with an effort I found my voice.

"They tell me your name is Mary Finch," said I; "but I am sure that cannot be—your name is *Helena*."

She looked half-frightened, half-amused.

"Indeed it isn't," said she.

Just then a strange undulation was observable in the lights and the feathers, and then a cracking sound. The fiddlers suspended their fiddling, with a vague alarm. Women jumped up from the benches, and men caught instinctively at anything that was near them. A crash, a smash, a general shriek—a vast hubbub, chaotic and dreadful, though momentary—the dancing-room floor had given way.

You may suppose that this caused a confusion and alarm. Several persons were seriously hurt, fortunately none were killed: much glass was destroyed, and the loss in artificial flowers was immense. I was said to have been instrumental in saving the life of Miss Finch—it may have been so, but it is impossible to tell; but I broke my arm, and was covered with contusions, so after the excitement had a little abated I was sent home to my chambers in a hackney coach; there I lay for more than six weeks, suffering considerably; but chiefly wearied, wearied in body and in soul. My sleeping-room was hung about with pipes, which I had brought from various parts of Europe, and to each of which some reminiscence was attached, with pictures, views of places wherein my childhood had been spent; portraits of strangers, which I had bought from a fancied likeness to some well-loved face; with books, not all from Saunders and Benning's, dry musty law-reports; but some of the choice spirits of the present as of former time: all these had been, and were to me for awhile, as companions and friends—but lo! after a month's confinement, how I began to loathe them! they seemed to have changed their character entirely; no longer dumb remonstrances hinting at pleasant recollections, and bringing, one after one, the sweet waters of memory over my soul; but grating monitors, raking up old sins, old sorrows from their lair, and with no edifying, rather an irritating effect; no more did they speak to me of evening walks by the side of some running and sparkling stream, what time the dragon fly flitted here and there, with her steel blue body and filmy wings; no more did they recall, as

of yore, the surging of the gently-encroaching seas upon the sandy beach, and the phosphorescent gleam of the ninth wave rippling with a playful violence up to one's feet; still less, the nights passed in wooing knowledge, coy maid, or the words spoken at morning tide, when I, and one departed, roamed over hills and through glades and green lanes, discoursing of common things in that half rapt, poetic spirit which is inseparable from youth and love; but with a dull monotony they overwhelmed my soul, dragging it down, and chaining it to a round of thoughts which wore me to the bone. Yet through these toilsome days and nights a sweet vision sometimes flashed; the form of Helen, once seen and so well noted, moved now and then with a slow yet pleasant step before my sight; a compassionate smile upon her lips, a look of gratitude in those deep grey eyes; sometimes too, in the watches of the night, when everything was hushed and the silence had become almost oppressive, while the lady moon was looking in through my chamber window, throwing her cold unsympathising light across the floor, then sometimes I thought I heard her voice, which fancy stirred me, as the song of the German night-watcher in some quiet *residenz*, stirs the slumberer from his dreams with a pleasant sound. But these joyful flashes were so unfrequent, and withal so unsubstantial; while the misery of a sick-bed was so real, and so present at every hour. I think if I had lain there another month I should have died. In the meantime, Mrs. Finch sent to inquire after me, every two or three days: kind woman—and yet not overkind—for did she not owe me much? the priceless treasure of her age, the "Margaret pearl," on whom was fixed all her earthly hopes, was it not I who had been the instrument through which she had been saved? So I bore patiently with her inquiries, and resolved that the first day I could get out I would call and thank her for her care. That day came at length—I went out—it was a fine bright morning. O the "ineffable luxury" of going forth into the free air after a long confinement to one room! The streets were bathed in sunshine, and had a kind of holiday air; the people whom I met, had cheery congratulating faces; it seemed to me, in my not unnatural egotism, that they knew I had been very ill, and were glad to see me restored. The very shops were brighter than it was their wont to be; new prints which rivetted my attention, new books, new forms of Taglionis, new silks and shawls. I thought the world had taken a start, whilst I was lying on my bed suffering; or perhaps it was I, who had gone back some few steps which were now to be regained; only the rattle of omnibusses and cabs, the whirl of patrician equipages as they dashed along, somewhat bewildered me for a time. I met a few acquaintances, who were overjoyed to see me, though they had never called on me while I was ill. They thought that I was gone to Germany, or that I was in Banco Reginæ, and had suffered intense anxiety on my account, which was now relieved. I paid my visit, and was introduced to General Finch, and thanked, and offered thanks in return. Helena was at home, playing on the piano some variations on the theme of "Nix my dolly pals, fake away!" In her quiet morning dress, she looked yet more beautiful than when I had seen her some weeks before. General Finch asked me to stop and dine; an im-

mense step in London—dinner parties are so frequent, but you are so seldom cordially entreated to *stop* and dine in a frock coat; I could not do otherwise than remain. We were a party of six, General and Mrs. Finch, Helena, I, and two friends of the house; gentlemanlike, slow individuals, greatly interested in the approaching marriage of the queen.

We had an excellent simple dinner, and some fine claret; such as unlocks the tongues of men, and brings forth their sense, if they have any to bring. By the time that tea was ready, we had got into a kind of argument, and were bandying opinions; I had not had an opinion to speak of, since the night of the ball; but when we went up stairs, I seceded from the discussion, and sat down next to Helena. We fell into conversation, hardly as strangers, almost as friends. She was an admirable creature; there was nothing German about her; an earnest simplicity, a kind of truthfulness not to be misunderstood; no kind of coquetry or affectation, but a straightforward reality, as of a clear mind, which thought sometimes for itself, and feared not greatly to express its thoughts. She had read some books—not a great many, but a few well-chosen works, and had a sort of recollection of what she had read; not that she was a chronologist; dates were things too prosaic, too positive for her somewhat poetic imagination; but most subjects had some well-defined, though perhaps faulty image in her mind. Then she sang; by Jupiter! how she sang! A full voice, of no great compass, but gushing forth with melody; half a dozen low notes, that penetrated into the very soul: had it not been for shame, I could have sat down in a corner of the room and wept. She had a song of a flower-girl; something from one of Bulwer's novels—the last days of Pompeii, I believe—in which the singer was supposed to be blind; and she sang it standing up by the side of the piano, while her mother played the accompaniment; and ever and anon casting her magnificent eyes round the room, and wreathing her lips into an easy and pleasantly-triumphant smile—a smile which seemed to say, "*What think you? perhaps I don't sing like a brick;*" and so, she threw her voice carelessly into every corner, till the room was lighted up, if I may so say, with the melody of her song. I sat entranced—how could I speak? What were words to me then? Should I have said, "Thank you—charming indeed; I am sure there must be another verse." Had I done so, I should indeed have despised myself; but I sate motionless, my eyes dim with an impertinent tear; every nerve in my body trembling to the still vibrating chords. As I looked up, Miss Finch's glance met mine; perhaps she read in my look the feelings which were agitating me—I cannot tell; but with a half-confused smile she turned away her head, and began looking among the heap of music which lay by her side. She found another song, and sang it, accompanying herself; a solemn dirge-like composition of Schubert's, the whole compass of which was but about four notes; she gave the German words:

"Dat Grab ist tief und stille,
Und schauderhaft sein Rand;
Es deckt mit schwarzer Hülle,
Ein unbekanntes Land"——

Lo! how they sank upon my heart! I felt very ill. Just then the servant came in with a tray, on which was some punch. I drank, and was revived; but it was nearly twelve o'clock. I looked round, and my dinner companions were both gone; the general was asleep in an arm-chair, the last number of the Quarterly lying on his knees; Mrs. Finch had pinned up her worsted work, (*Der Fraurige Königpaar,*) and was sipping slowly from her glass. I jumped up to go home. As I shook hands all round, I listened eagerly for the words which I hoped to hear, "We shall soon see you again?" but they came not; only the general said, "Good-bye, Mr. Solomons; I am afraid we shall not meet again soon, as we are going to-morrow to Venice." To Venice!—and he spoke of it, as though he had said, We are going to-morrow to Hampstead Heath. H. M.

(To be continued.)

HYMN TO VENUS.

(From Metastasio.)

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SAVINDROOG."

O bella Venere
Che sola sei
Piacer degli uomini,
E degli Dei!

Propitious in splendor
Descend from above,
O Venus delectable
Mother of Love!
O beautiful Venus,
Whose smiles have been given
For bliss upon earth,
And for rapture in heaven!
Thou whose eyes dancing
With light airy motion,
Make joyous and fertile
The land and the ocean!
Earth with the human race
For thee is teeming,
Under Sol's fruitful ray
Fervidly beaming.

Near to thy laughing stars,
  Placidly shining,
The clouds are all scatter'd,
  The winds are declining.
The green sunny meadows
  Around thee are flowering,
Thou stillest the waves
  When the tempest is lowering.
For thee the tremulous
  Splendors of heaven
Shine forth, and the curtain
  Of darkness is riven;
While o'er the firmament
  Wantonly straying,
The light airy Zephyrs
  Of Spring time are playing.
Inflam'd by thine ardours
  The feather'd creation
Pour forth in thy temple
  Their pure adoration.
The dove and the maiden,
  Tho' timid, ne'er falter,
But brave ev'ry danger
  To rush to thine altar.
Thou tamest the tiger,
  Dread worker of anguish,
Who yields up his prey
  In thy pleasures to languish.
By thee are develop'd
  All forms and all features,—
Thy raptures give life
  To all things and all creatures,
And bright from thy fruitful
  And joy-giving spirit
Springs all that of lovely
  The globe doth inherit!
Propitious in splendour
  Descend from above,
O Venus, delectable
  Mother of Love!
O beautiful Venus,
  Whose smiles have been given
For bliss upon earth,
  And for rapture in heaven!

SAVINDROOG.*

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PILLARS OF VICTORY.

THE battle being ended, Kempé Goud who, to his military talents, added many other good qualities of a prudent chief, took the necessary measures to secure the fruits of a victory so dearly bought, and which would have been more than doubtful had it not been for the inspiring strains of his venerable Bard. Parties were sent in all directions in search of stragglers, and also to collect the valuable booty; a service in which the Bheels evinced a most praiseworthy alacrity, and a *savoir faire* altogether admirable. They not only succeeded in bringing the tipsy elephant back to his tether, but they captured all the runaway chargers, laid sacrilegious hands on the golden Moorut, and confiscated the costly presents intended for the Brahmins of Mailgotah. Nay, so conscientiously exact and scrupulous were some of these gentry in the discharge of their duty, that they ripped up the packsaddles of the camels, and even the quilted poshauks of the dead and dying Rajpoots, in search of hidden gold or jewels. In short, nothing escaped their natural shrewdness and long experience; and, ere two hours had elapsed, the encampment of the Mysorean Ambassador was so prettily pillaged that the most fastidious Pindaree himself would have expressed his admiration at the skilful and workmanlike execution of the job.

Meanwhile the bodies of the slain Bheels were collected and placed on funeral piles, that their ashes might mingle with the dust from which they had sprung, and their souls be absorbed in the celestial essence. The dead bodies of the Rajpoots, so far from being treated with similar ceremony, were left where they fell, as a grateful offering to the wolves and jackals of the wilderness, which were impatiently howling at a little distance, and snuffing, on the tainted gale, the savoury odour of their anticipated repast; while the grim vulture flapped his wings in the neighbouring thickets, as an indication that he also laid claim to a share of the feast. The wounded Bheels were carefully attended to by the Bhaut, and one or two Hirjams, or village barbers, who in India, as well as in other countries that lay claim to a superior civilization, formerly aspired to a knowledge of medicine, and were expert at healing wounds, or setting broken limbs; while their wives practised the obstetric art, and were, moreover, held in high esteem as first-rate gossips by all the females in their respective neighbourhoods.

The dead and wounded being thus disposed of, and Pillars of Victory, according to the old Hindoo custom, having been duly erected, the cares of the chief were next addressed to the refreshment of the living; and sundry wild boars, antelopes, peacocks and jungle fowl, the

* Continued from p. 146.

produce of the previous day's hunting, were prepared for the wooden spit and the earthern pot, with equal skill and despatch. In due time a plentiful and savoury feast was spread beneath the trees, to which the chief and his faithful Bheels sat down without ceremony, and did every possible honour; quaffing repeated draughts of Sendi wine in commemoration of their victory, and in memory of those gallant spirits who had freely yielded their lives to obtain it.

While the cup circled gaily, and the flow of soul was at its zenith, a shout of triumph from an approaching party of Bheels, announced the arrival of some important capture. They were accordingly greeted with cries of welcome, which was suddenly changed to bursts of laughter when the redoubted Hafiz Behauder and his drunken companions were ushered on the scene; staggering and stupified by the powerful narcotic they had so freely partaken of, and looking pitiful, crest fallen and in utter amazement at all that was passing around them. The Chieftain eyed them with disdain; and, with a stern voice, ordered them to account for their presumptuous appearance in his territories, without passport or permission whatever.

Hafiz Bahauder, conceiving himself to be the soberest of the party, stretched forth his hand to speak for the rest; and staggering to and fro thus addressed his stern interrogator, who, he had just sense enough to perceive, was not a man to be safely trifled with :—

" May it please—your highness—hiccup—the ghouls of the desert have enchanted us—hic—with sirrups and love potions—hic—the *jiggerkhar* has eaten our livers,* and stolen our senses, and so—your highness perceives—hiccup—we are nothing more than ——"

" Beastly swine," roared the Chieftain, in a terrific voice, " fit only to wallow in the mire, to the disgust of all true soldiers ——."

Here, fortunately for Bahauder Hafiz and his fellow delinquents, a more important personage was ushered on the scene by two of the Bheel scouts, and whose appearance diverted the anger of the chief for a moment from the drunken matchlockmen. This was a little withered trembling old man, whose once snowy garments and venerable beard were now sadly defiled with mud and weeds, component parts of a stagnant pool in which he had been discovered by the scouts, buried up to his very chin, in the most deplorable state of anxiety and terror.

" In the name of Doorga," exclaimed Kempé, in a voice of thunder, " who art thou?"

" Great Chief," replied the little old man, in a deprecating voice, " much do I regret that my Chobdars are not present to announce me in due form; but the scurvy knaves have betrayed their salt, and fled inglorious from the field."

* One of the wonders of this country is the *Jiggerkhar*, (or liver eater.) One of this class can steal away the liver of another by looks and incantations. Other accounts say, that, by looking at a person he deprives him of his senses, and then steals from him something resembling the seed of a pomegranate, which he hides in the calf of his leg. The *Jiggerkhar* throws on the fire the grain before described, which thereupon spreads to the size of a dish, and he distributes it amongst his fellows to be eaten, which ceremony concludes the life of the fascinated person.

Ayeen Acbery.

"Then announce yourself," said the Bheel impatiently, "for though you are bedevilled with mud and weeds, I have some faint recollection of your features."

"Puissant conqueror!" cried the stranger, with a graceful wave of his hand, "I am known by the title of the Wise in Council and venerable of years, the unequalled sage, Oodiaver, Sahib, Ambassador Extraordinary of the mighty and puissant Rajah of Mysore."

"There is no occasion for a Chobdar," interrupted Bahauder Hafiz, "his dirty highness can sound his own trumpet with a vengeance."

"Silence, hog of Eblees!" cried the chief with a frown that withered the heart of the Afghaun. Then turning to the sage Oodiaver, he apologized with mock solemnity, for not immediately apprehending the dignity of his office: he was unaccustomed, he said, to receive at his Durbar, Ambassadors of so distinguished an appearance and such princely habiliments; but he would now endeavour to make up for his previous want of courtesy. He accordingly gave order that a musnud* should be brought for his accommodation, befitting the dignity of so high a personage.

The one eyed Bheel, who was always at hand to execute the orders of his master, immediately brought in a huge pigskin, stitched up in the form of a bag, and replenished with sendi wine, which is supposed to derive a racy flavour from the contact. This novel description of musnud being placed on the sod near the chieftain, the sage Oodiaver was invited to occupy the place of honour.

A thrill of horror shook the frame of the Brahmin at this gross insult, and he declared his utter inability to place any, even the most ignoble part of his body, in contact with the skin of anything that once had life, particularly of so unclean an animal. His scruples, however, were overcome by two sturdy Bheels, who forcibly placed him on the wine skin, in spite of his struggles and wry faces, to the great amusement of all present, and especially of the matchlockmen, who were doubtless rejoiced that the attention of the chief had been thus diverted from themselves into another channel.

Bahauder Hafiz, emboldened by the frolicksome turn which affairs had taken, now fell on his knees; and biting the grass, according to the custom of the Afghauns when defeated and in the presence of their conquerors, thus addressed the half frowning half smiling Kempé:—

"May it please your highness—has your ox permission to speak?"

"Speak out then," said Kempé, "but let your words smack of discretion, or the cowskin shall right speedily claim acquaintance with your shoulders."

"My life be your sacrifice," said the Afghaun, touching first the earth and then his forehead with the palm of his hand: "My life be your sacrifice, great Prince; but it appears to me that, whatever antipathy the venerable Brahmin has to the pigskin, he may have none, in his present pickle, to a drop of its contents."

"Gramercy for the hint," said Kempé laughing; "give the sage Oodiaver a horn of liquor."

* A Chair of State.

A buffalo's horn, finely polished, and filled to the brim with sparkling Sendi, was accordingly produced; but Oodiaver declared that nothing on earth should prevail on him to do that which no Brahmin of his high Caste could do without unutterable defilement. The same means were, however, resorted to as before; and while one Bheel held the head of the Ambassador, another poured the infernal liquid down his throat, amidst shouts of laughter, which formed a strange contrast to the battle cries that in the earlier part of the day had awoke the echoes of the forest.

"Amongst our Toorki tribes, may it please your Highness," said Bahauder Hafiz, again stretching forth his hand, "it is ever held unwholesome and sottish to drink on an empty stomach. May your slave be therefore pardoned for suggesting that the venerable Oodiaver be comforted with some of the fat collops and rich kabobs with which your hospitable board is so bountifully stored."

This suggestion was also carried into execution; and the unfortunate Ambassador was obliged to swallow, at the imminent risk of being choked, certain savoury morsels of swine's flesh, which finally completed the total forfeiture of his Caste; a misfortune he could never hope to retrieve, unless by ages of unheard of mortification and penance.

The creature comforts, however, of which the old man had so unwillingly partaken, not only restored the tone of his stomach, which had been sadly chilled by the muddy sanctuary he had chosen, but also wonderfully elevated his courage; and he began to remonstrate with Kempé Goud in a style and manner altogether new to the followers of that imperious Chief.

The mighty Vishnu, he said, for some wise purpose, or to punish some unexpiated transgression, had delivered him bound hand and foot into the power of his adversaries, and he had suffered a pollution for which he felt assured that when, in the course of nature, he should be called to a higher sphere, he would have to perform rigid Tapasya,* for at least 40,000 years; standing on the tip of his toe, with an iron style thrust through that unhappy part of his body which had unwillingly come in contact with the pigskin.

"Let them be pinned together, by all means," said Bahauder Hafiz.

The Vakeel, without deigning to notice the impertinence of the Afghaun, begged Kempé to observe that, according to the Institutes of Menu, he, as a Soodra or outcast, had incurred the penalty of having also an iron style, ten fingers long, thrust red hot into his mouth, for this contumelious treatment of one of the first-born of Brahma.

The Chief, in a burst of anger, demanded how one who was so completely at his mercy, dared to brand him with the term out-cast.

"Is it not written," said the Brahmin, who was now waxing, in vulgar parlance, pot-valiant, "how Mahadeo, when sick and unhappy, was one day reclining in a shady forest, when a beautiful woman appeared, the first sight of whom effected a complete cure of all his complaints?"

* Penance.

"A pretty girl," interrupted Bahauder Hafiz, "is always the best cure for god or mortal."

"Is it not further written in the Purana, "resumed the Brahmin, with a glance of unutterable disdain at the Afghaun, "that an intercourse between the god and the strange female was established, the result of which was many children."

"Extremely natural," said Bahauder Hafiz, "both in heaven and earth."

"One of these children," continued the venerable Vakeel, "who was from infancy alike distinguished for his ugliness and vice, slew the favourite Bull of Mahadeo, for which crime he was expelled to the woods and mountains; and his descendants (of which you are one) have ever since been stigmatised with the names of Bheel and Nishada, both of which in our sacred language (the Sanscrit) denote outcasts."

The correctness of this popular tradition could not be disputed, a fact which galled Kempé Goud to the quick; and his mortification became so visible that even the Brahmin perceived it, and followed up his blow with a vivacity inspired by the Sendi wine which now operated in full activity.

"I am now, alas!" cried the sage Oodiaver, with a heavy sigh, "apparently in your power: but what says Menu in the 9th chapter of his Institutes, sections 313, 319, 'Let not the King provoke Brahmins, although in the greatest distress, to anger; for they, once enraged, could immediately destroy him, with his troops, elephants, horses and chariots of war!'"

"Many a big word comes off a weak stomach," said Bahauder Hafiz. "May my wife be three times divorced if I lie!"

"Who," cried the Vakeel, elevating his voice as his subject rose in sublimity, "who could provoke those holy men, by whom the all-devouring flame was created, the sea with waters not drinkable, and the moon with its wane and increase? What prince could gain wealth by oppressing those who, if angry, could frame other worlds, and regents of worlds, and could give being to other gods and mortals? A Brahmin, whether learned or ignorant, is a powerful Divinity, even as fire is a powerful Divinity ——"

Here the Vakeel was interrupted by an immoderate fit of laughter from Kempé Goud, who, seeing the condition of his venerable guests, had conquered his first feelings, and now listened more in pity than in anger; while the sage Oodiaver continued his harangue, every now and then unconsciously taking a sip of the Sendi wine with which his horn was carefully replenished.

"Know you not," continued the Ambassador, "that Vishnu slept for ages on the serpent Ananta, or eternity, floating on the face of the milky ocean?"

"Confound him for a lazy milksop!" cried Bahauder Hafiz. "That accounts for your antipathy to good liquor."

"When the work of creation was to be performed," said the sage, "Brahma sprang from a Lotus growing on the navel of Vishnu, and produced the elements, formed the world, and gave birth to the human race."

"How the world is altered!" cried the Afghaun. "Praise be to Allah and his prophet, that's the women's business now a days."

"Of all created beings," said the Vakeel with increasing enthusiasm, "the Brahmin was the first-born of the god, springing from the mouth of his creator, which is the seat of wisdom."

"And the organ of folly," cried the Afghaun with a significant wink.

"Indeed," continued the sage, "so thoroughly is my sacred Caste imbued with this divine attribute that the very birth of a Brahmin is declared by Menu to be a continued incarnation of Dhurma, God of Justice."

"Odso," said Kempé, "you remind me that I have an act of justice to perform towards those drunken Kafirs that are grinning there at your eloquence. But as the offence they have committed has turned out less to my prejudice than to that of your prince, it is but fair that you should be judge. Mount then the judgment seat, O thou venerable incarnation of Dhurma, God of Justice! Condemn these knaves to such penalty as their delinquency merits, and I swear to thee, sage Oodiaver, that thy judgment shall be carried into immediate execution.

Flattered by this high appointment, and soothed by the handsome manner in which it was conferred, the venerable Vakeel assumed his judicial functions with all the dignity he could muster, and called on the delinquents to stand forth. The labours of the Judge were not very onerous, there being no necessity for sifting evidence, or cross-questioning witnesses: the facts were too palpable to be denied, and amounted to a base dereliction of duty in front of an enemy, for which the ordinary laws of the military code would inflict death; but as the Brahmin's creed forbade him to take that animal life which he could not give, he contented himself with a mitigated penalty.

In his award, however, we must honestly state that the justice of the judge yielded in some respect to the feelings of the man: for, recollecting the active part taken in his degradation by Bahauder Hafiz, he apportioned his punishment accordingly. But this he did with all due respect to decency, and a praiseworthy semblance of impartiality, by stating that Bahauder Hafiz was a greater culprit than any of the others, inasmuch as he had a larger share of wit and understanding: he had, moreover, taken the first swig at the Jaggery pot, and thereby set the pernicious example which had led to such fatal consequences. Under all these circumstances, therefore, the Brahmin decreed that Bahauder Hafiz should be hung by the heels to the summit of the loftiest tree in the forest, to the very verge of strangulation; after which that he and his brother scamps should be heartily scourged out of the camp, and sent to the nearest Mysorean post naked, with their hands ignominiously tied behind their backs.

The judgment of the sage Oodiaver was received with the greatest applause by the Bheels, who prepared to carry it into execution with wonderful alacrity. Bahauder Hafiz was capsized in a twinkling; and a rope's end being tied to his heels he was hoisted up, head downwards, to the summit of a lofty cocoa-nut tree, amidst the scoffs and jeers of

the delighted Bheels; and it was not until he was actually on the point of giving up the ghost that he was lowered to the ground. He was then, with his fellow delinquents, stripped naked, their hands were tied behind their backs, and good heavy scourges, for carrying into effect the remainder of the Brahmin's award, were placed at the discretion of their escort.

There was, however, one slight addition to the sentence of the venerable Vakeel, which he had not at all anticipated: this was, with shame we relate it, that the sage Oodiaver having tumbled off the judgment seat in a strange state of mystification, arising no doubt from the unaccustomed potation to which he had been subjected, he was strapped on the back of an ass; and in this undignified condition he led the march, altogether unconscious of the honour conferred upon him. In this guise the escort of Bheels took the road towards Srirungaputtun, sparing not the rod by the way; and in due time having arrived within a prudent distance of that great city, they bade adieu to their prisoners, whom they had the satisfaction of seeing soon after received by myriads of the citizens, who flocked out to witness the sight, in wonder and amazement at this new exploit of Kempé Goud's. The reception of the mystified ambassador was by no means flattering: his unexpected return spread dismay amongst the females of the palace, by whom the signal and disgraceful failure of his mission was generally regarded as an omen highly unfavourable to the future happiness of the Begum; and the averted looks of the Maha Ranee and her lovely daughter materially enhanced the severity of the penances awarded to the luckless Oodiaver for the recovery of his Caste.

CHAPTER IX.

THE JUNNUM POOTEE.

The Bheels bivouacked on the field of battle; carousing all night, and drinking healths "five fathom deep," in honour of their glorious victory, and joy for their splendid capture, richer than had ever been made on any previous excursion. Foremost in the revels was the Chief himself; for though he strictly and sternly enforced the execution of duty and the usages of war, yet when the service was over, and danger no more required his immediate attention, he loved to unbend amongst his devoted followers, and pushed round the wine cup with a zeal and energy that occasionally even exceeded the bounds of discretion.

Designed by nature to rule over a rude and predatory band, the courage of Kempé Goud was proof to every danger, and his vigour and activity were equal to every toil and hardship. He would chase his prey into the darkest labyrinths of the forest, careless of the assistance of his attendants; and the nilgaw, the tiger, and the Boa Constrictor frequently fell beneath the prowess of his single arm. When at the chase his faithful Bheels shared in his sylvan repasts, and pledged him freely in the wine cup; during which Saturnalia the most unbounded mirth reigned without control, and ribald jests were

not unfrequently levelled with impunity, even at the Chief himself, by his boon companions. On one occasion, however, he flung his boar spear at one of his followers who had put his temper to somewhat too severe a test. The Bheel was struck through the arm; but, with unflinching fortitude and singular devotion, he drew the weapon from the wound, and on his bended knee returned it to its Chief, praying him to amend his blow if so inclined.—The rare fidelity of the man was repaid with a shower of rupees poured into the hollow of his shield, and the circumstance only tended to strengthen the tie that existed between the Goud and his hardy followers.

The earliest dawn of morning put an end to the revelry of the Bheels; and they prepared to leave the scene of their late victory, which was speedily occupied, however, by the winged and four-footed marauders of the forest, eager for their share of the spoil. The elephant, with noble mien and cautious steps, led the triumphal march, the splendid howdah being occupied by the gallant Kempé. The venerable Bhaut was elevated on the packsaddle of a camel, and swept the strings of his veena to lively and martial airs; extemporizing, as he went along, in high sounding verse the raging of the battle and the exploits of his chief. The wounded men were accommodated with the chargers of the Rajpoots, and the remainder of the band pressed forward on foot through the entanglements of the forest.

In this order the cavalcade advanced through the wild and woody scene, over rocky knolls swelling hills and verdant alleys, arched overhead with embowering foliage, impervious to the solar rays. At length from a gentle eminence they beheld the embattled walls and venerable pagodas of Maugree, rising in the centre of a cultivated valley, which was surrounded by the most lovely woodland scenery; while beyond, at a little distance, appeared the stupendous rock of Savindroog, lifting its embattled head in naked grandeur, high over the sylvan girdle that encompassed its swelling waist. Proudly beat the heart of the Chief as he gazed on that bulwark of his power, and long did he fix his eyes untiring on the noble prospect, as he mentally exclaimed, "Though in the tented field my deadly foe may triumph, yet there, in that eagle's eirie, every human effort I may safely mock."

Maugree poured out its martial throngs to greet the conqueror; and multitudes of every age hurried forth in their gayest attire, with drums beating, trumpets blowing, and gaudy pennons flaunting on the breeze. The numbers on foot and horseback, the rapidity and confusion of their movements, the lively colours of their dresses, the shining of their arms, and the glittering of their golden banners, all gratified the eye and pleased the martial taste of the victor; while their shouts of welcome and songs of triumph were delightful to his ear, and the consciousness that he ruled over a devoted people, with the unlimited power of a despot, was flattering to his vanity and pride.

But there was one little circumstance that touched the heart of the Chief, and wrought upon his feelings, until tears of unchecked emotion gushed from his eyes: this was the arrival of a young and lovely boy, who was lifted up on the elephant by his attendants and placed in his

arms. It was his son, his only child, the heir of his martial fame and the successor to his musnud. With unequalled delight he pressed him in his arms, and kissed his smiling face, and smelt his curly head, a mode of expressing intense affection and parental yearning still common in India, and a very ancient oriental practice; while innocent and happy tears ran down the flushed cheek of the warrior. Blessed power of nature! how often do the stubborn heart and wayward will melt at one potent touch of thine! Not all those fleeting joys, too often won by fraud or strife,—not all the pride of victory, when in the first of his fields the shout of triumph burst from his exulting bosom, could equal the heavenly calm that sprang from one pure and holy kiss, which, as the infant twined his little arms round his neck smilingly, that parent gave his only child.

A festival was now drawing nigh which in India is always celebrated with great magnificence, by all who lay any claim to wealth or dignity. This was the birthday of the Chieftain; who, soon after his return to Maugree, the capital of his little territories, made extraordinary preparations for its due observance. The arrangement of the ceremonial was confided, as usual, to the venerable Bhaut, Rungapa; who, in drawing up the Programme of a grand procession to the temple of Mahadeo, failed not to give a conspicuous position to the captured elephant, camels and chargers of the defeated Mysoreans. More than ordinary solemnity and importance were attached to this day; it being, by a happy coincidence, the identical one appointed for unrolling and deciphering the Junnum Pootee, or mystic scroll, inscribed with the horoscope of the Chief, cast at his nativity, and containing a prediction of his future destiny. A belief in judicial astrology having prevailed throughout the East from the earliest periods, this is an invariable custom with Hindoos of high rank, who wear the Junnum Pootee on their persons until the day appointed for its unrolling: and it is also a practice in use amongst them to make a knot, every succeeding birthday, on the string which is tied round the scroll, until the mystic number is complete. To the developement of this grand secret both Kempé Goud and his superstitious followers now looked anxiously forward.

The happy day at length arrived, and the towers and battlements of Maugree, decorated with flags, standards and pennants, shone forth in martial splendor. Many a wild blast of the Collary horn echoed through the jungle; and from the woody hills that rose around, like an amphitheatre, the Bheels came flocking down with joyous alacrity; each bearing some little present, according to his means, of a shawl, a basket of fruit, or a garland of flowers, to grace the festival of his gallant leader. The Polygars, or Chiefs of some neighbouring Droogs, who were on friendly terms with Kempé Goud, also arrived, with guards of honour and martial clangour, to greet their brother Chieftain, and congratulate him on adding another "knot to his years." In fine, throughout the whole jungle, its warlike inhabitants flocked one and all to the festival: some out of regard to the gallantry and generosity of the Chief, some in dread of his power and vindictive spirit; but the great mass to spend a day of idle happiness, to witness the sports and pageantry, and to partake of the entertainments.

As generous as he was brave, Kempé gave a hearty welcome to all, and bestowed his smiles, his compliments, and his presents, with equal judgment and liberality. He received his brother Chiefs in full Durbar; and each being seated on a splendid musnud, and invested with a khelaut, or dress of honour, a large wassail bowl of pure gold was brought forth: in this was placed a lump of opium, on which water being poured, a solution was made by the aid of a stick. Each of the Chiefs then helped his neighbour to the beverage, not with a glass or cup, but in the hollow of his hand; an ancient and indispensable rite on such occasions, which seemed to signify unbounded mutual confidence, and oblivion of all injuries.

This friendly ceremony being concluded, Kempé Goud, whose pride and vanity were wonderfully inflated by his recent victory, announced to his startled brother Polygars his intention to assume in future the style and title of Maha Rajah, or Sovereign Lord of Savindroog, Maugree and their dependencies, with all the forest, woodlands, hunting grounds, lakes, rivers, &c. &c., thereunto belonging, in *seculæ seculorum*. Significant looks and furtive smiles passed round the circle of eclipsed Chiefs at this haughty assumption of regal power, which appeared to them supremely ridiculous; seeing that Savindroog, after all, was nothing more than a barren rock, and Maugree little better than a mud fort, adorned with two or three crumbling pagodas. They all, however, recollected the proverb, that it is not civil to laugh at the lion when your head is in his mouth; and, treasuring up their thoughts for a future opportunity, they joined heartily in the vociferous acclamations which the unexpected announcement of the Maha Rajah had called forth from his devoted subjects.

All matters of etiquette being at length finally adjusted, the grand procession set forth for the great temple of Mahadeo, where the Maha Rajah purposed offering up, together with sundry presents to the altar and the priests of the holy fane, his fervent thanksgivings for his recent victory: and there also was to be at length unravelled the awful secret of his future destiny.

First, according to the Programme of the venerable Bhaut, appeared several files of knights in chain armour, mounted on the chargers of the slaughtered Rajpoots, and armed with lances, swords and targets: next followed a band of trumpeters, whose Collary horns poured forth a strain of wild and martial music. To these succeeded a bevy of dancing girls, whose youthful beauty and graceful movements captivated the hearts of the spectators; and immediately after a young elephant, bearing in a glittering howdah the golden Moorut, destined by the Ranee of Mysore for the temple of Vishnu, but now on its way to the altar of Mahadeo.

But all this pageantry, splendid however it might be, was totally eclipsed by the noble elephant which had borne the Vakeel of Mysore into the fatal territories of Kempé Goud. The gorgeous trappings of this gigantic but docile creature excited universal admiration; and the glittering howdah that surmounted his back was now occupied by the new Maha Rajah and his lovely Ranee; who, we may say *en passant*, was a mild and gentle Hindoo wife, formed by nature for calm domestic enjoyment, and to whose soul the trump of war im-

parted no pleasure, though it comprised the daily care and only pastime of her lord. To perform her sacred duty to her last hope, her blooming boy, with the fond maternal skill implanted by nature in her breast, was now her sole and all engrossing delight; for, though once as dear to Kempé as the rose is to the nightingale, a change had unhappily come over the dream of his first love, and the scalding tear of blighted affection now too often stained the cheek of the gentle Meena Bhye.

Immediately after the Maha Rajah appeared his youthful heir, mounted on his father's favourite charger, led by two young pages. Then followed the friendly Polygars with their picturesque retinues, to whom succeeded the Mysorean camels, laden with the costly presents intended for the Brahmins of Mailgotah; and the procession was finally closed by a party of Bheels, armed with the matchlocks of Bahauder Hafiz and his unlucky companions.

In this order the procession moved on at a slow and stately pace, to the admiration of immense crowds of spectators, singing the praises of their gallant chief. At the temple of Mahadeo they were received by Rungapa, the officiating priest, who led them up to the altar on which stood the Lingam, or generative symbol* of that awful deity who makes the suffering nations groan, and rules the world with a rod of iron. The priest having offered up their thanksgivings, which he assured them were favourably received, the Ranee, with devout and graceful mien, presented at the altar, on a richly embroidered Charkob,† the golden Moorut which her gallant lord had captured with his conquering sword from the defeated followers of Vishnu. It was placed at the base of the Lingam stone; and the Bhaut assured the pious donor, by celestial indications which none but he understood, that it had met with a favourable reception from the mighty Siva, whose destroying attributes would be more than ever directed against the enemies of the Maha Rajah. Numerous rich presents were then offered to the officiating priests and attendants of the temple, and met with an equally favourable reception.

The deity being thus propitiated, Kempé Goud untied from his neck the Junnum Pootee, or mystic scroll which contained his future destiny, and which was written in gilt letters upon a kind of yellow parchment, made of the skin of the hog-deer, used on occasions of great ceremony, and precious from its scarcity. This he gave to the high priest, with a request that he would decipher its hidden meaning, and declare to the world the nature of its contents. The venerable Rungapa received the sacred document with profound respect, and ere he broke the seal placed it on his head, in token of unbounded reverence for the will of destiny which, whether good or bad, he held it to be the indispensable duty of mortals to bow to with submission and respect.

Breathless expectation chained the faculties of the spectators, while

* Mahadeo is worshipped under the form of the Lingham or Phallus, which is a symbol of him in his generative character. It is a conical shaped stone, the base of which is inserted in the Yoni, or mystical matrix.

† The Charkob is a square shawl or napkin of cloth of gold, which is used as a mark of rank and distinction.

the venerable priest unrolled the parchment; and all hung forward in eager anxiety, to catch every syllable he uttered, as, in a loud and sonorous voice, he read its strange contents :—

THE HOROSCOPE.

The Rock of Death shall proudly shine
The bulwark of thy gallant line,
And glory crown thy gleaming sword,
And conquest hail thee for her lord,
Till Virtue change the molten lead
To cold pellucid water,
And Kistna by thy wish shall wed
The Rajah's fawn-eyed daughter!

Loud acclamations pealed through the sacred edifice at the conclusion of this propitious indication of the will of fate, and all present hastened to congratulate the Maha Rajah on the brilliant prospect that now lay before him. He himself, elated with the promised glory, felt his ideas expand beyond the power of control; and, yielding to the sweet delusion, nothing but visions of universal conquest swam before his eyes. The idea of any let or hindrance to his career was too preposterous to be entertained for an instant, and he laughed at the supposition from which alone he could anticipate a change of fortune.

"Methinks," he mentally exclaimed, "in such a world as this, that Virtue must indeed be rare which can boast the transcendant powers of changing the molten lead to cold pellucid water; and Kistna! how I hate the wretch! shall burn in his ambitious flame ere I consent that he shall wed the peerless fawn of Mysore. With such a talisman as this I may well defy aught that is born of woman; nor need I bow the head to any other power save thee, Mahadeo, my guardian, guide, and friend."

The connexion that appeared to exist, in the mysterious scroll of his destiny, between him and the Begum of Mysore, was another fertile source of rumination to the ambitious Polygar. He turned it over in his mind in every possible shape: but, with singular pertinacity, he always came to the same conclusion, that he himself was clearly indicated by fate as the future husband of the fawn-eyed maid. This would not only effectually consolidate his power, by excluding his hated rival, according to the occult meaning of the prediction, from the throne of Mysore, but it would actually elevate himself to that splendid station, and place at his disposal means which, with his military talents, might enable him ultimately to extend his sway even from Cape Comorin to the river Indus. To this consummation of his wishes there was, he conceived, only one obstacle, and here he looked at his tender and affectionate Meena Bhye, who, poor soul! far from fathoming the visions of her husband, was just then feasting her eyes on his gallant appearance, and exulting in his assured prosperity.

"It is true," thought Kempé, "that the laws of Menu countenance polygamy in a certain degree; but I can scarcely expect that the proud and potent Rajah of Mysore will ever consent to allow his peer-

less daughter to share the honours of a divided bed. Time, however, and propitious destiny may work another wonder for the accomplishment of my wishes, and the completion of my horoscope."

The procession returned to the palace of the Maha Rajah in the same order, and the people hurried off to partake of the festivities of the day. Two persons, however, lingered behind the rest; and, as if urged by one common impulse, taking shelter from the overpowering heat of the sun beneath the spreading branches of a Banyan tree, they sat down in moody silence on a stone bench that surrounded one of its numerous trunks. These were Trimbuckjee, the Polygar of Hooleadroog, and Gokla, the Chief of Ootradoog, two of those friends who only a few hours before had shared the draught of amity and forgiveness with the new Maha Rajah. The silence was at length broke by Trimbuckjee, a little, old, cunning looking personage, whose twinkling eyes were constantly in motion, as if in search of matter for his subtle mind to work upon; and addressing his companion, who was a tall, blunt, martial looking figure, he said in smooth insinuating tones:

"What think you, noble Gokla, of the sudden elevation of our royal brother to the sovereignty of this sublime and fruitless wilderness?"

"Think!" exclaimed Gokla, with an explosion of long pent up wrath, "I think myself a downright ass to submit with patience to his absurd pretensions, and to follow his tawdry procession like a tame and spiritless vassal."

"Nay, worthy Gokla," said the wily Polygar, "therein you showed most excellent sense and discretion. Any other line of conduct would only have exposed you to the resentment of the usurper, without benefiting that common cause which we, as independent Chiefs, are bound by mutual interest to support."

"I hate myself for my base compliance," replied the impetuous Gokla, "to such a degree, that I could tear my flesh with rage."

"That," said Trimbuckjee, "would only hurt yourself, whereas your object should be to hurt your enemy."

"I'll instantly quit the territories of the upstart," said Gokla, "and hurl defiance in his teeth."

"With submission to your better judgment," replied Trimbuckjee, "I think you had better wait until those friends who admire your courage and military skill are prepared to make common cause with you against the tyrant."

"Whom do you allude to?" demanded Gokla. "As far as I can perceive, all the other Chiefs have submitted to the gross affront as tamely as I have done myself."

"They have appeared to do so," replied Trimbuckjee, "but resentment rankles in their breasts, and they one and all long for a proper opportunity to gratify their laudable revenge."

"They will lose their opportunity by delay," said the impatient Gokla.

"On the contrary," replied Trimbuckjee, "a little delay will lull the haughty Kempé into a false security, and urge him to commit some

greater follies; for I perceive his brain is already turned by the flattering tenor of his Junnum Pootee."

"What think you, worthy Trimbuckjee, of that document?" demanded Gokla. "'Tis a singular prediction, and I can make neither head nor tale of it"

"My opinion of all such prophecies," replied Trimbuckjee, "has long been formed. They are hazarded in a moment of enthusiasm by some crazy star gazer, and are always susceptible of a double reading."

"That is exactly my opinion," said Gokla, who had a profound reverence for the sagacity of his companion. "I think the upstart's horoscope will yet lead him into a quagmire."

"Doubt it not, brave Gokla," replied the wily Polygar: "it will lead him far beyond his depth, and let it be our policy to wait the happy moment when we can push him altogether into the gulf."

"Worthy Trimbuckjee," said the Chief of Ootradroog, "I have a high opinion of your judgment, and would be glad to hear your idea as to the best mode of proceeding."

"This last expedition," said Trimbuckjee, "has gained for Kempé the mortal enmity of the Rajah of Mysore and the Brahmins of Mailgotah."

"The holy fathers," said Gokla, "are powerful in pecuniary means and religious influence, but they are altogether worthless in the field."

"Know you not," replied Trimbuckjee, "that money buys the sword that wins the battle? Moreover, our brother Polygar of Nundydroog, the haughty Ram Deen, who claims a sort of consanguinity with the sacred Caste, will embrace with all his energy the cause of the venerable fraternity, whose kindred he is always boasting of."

"There are some good ingredients for a confederacy, I confess," said Gokla, "but I am averse to calling in the aid of Mysore, lest, in crushing the tiger, we fall into the fangs of the lion."

"Mysore will interfere," said Trimbuckjee, "whether we will or no: for, independent of this last insult, it strikes me that this juggling horoscope is calculated to incite Kempé to contest the hand of the Begum with the noble Kistna."

"Bah! bah!" exclaimed Gokla, "the man will never be so mad as that comes to."

"I am of a different opinion," replied Trimbuckjee; "but time will show who's right. Meanwhile I have already given a hint on the subject to three or four clever mountebanks, who have come hither to exhibit their wonders to the gaping rustics; and by the effect they produce on the new Maha Rajah, we shall see how the wind sits."

"By Doorga! that will be excellent sport," exclaimed Gokla, with all the enthusiasm of an easily excited temperament. "Let us go, worthy Trimbuckjee, and have a laugh at least at his royal highness."

"With all my heart," said the cunning old Polygar, smiling furtively at the frivolity of his companion. "Let us enjoy, by all means, the pleasures of the festival, but never forget that a day of reckoning must come with our hospitable host."

The worthy couple of malcontents having thus laid the foundation of a confederacy which was intended to overturn and crush the self-constituted Maha Rajah, made the best of their way to the palace, by different routes, in order to avoid suspicion; and, during the remaining festivities, they were the most zealous of all the numerous guests in their attentions to their unconscious victim.

IRISH SONG.

"THE WHITE ROSE OF MEATH."

To an old Irish air.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

SHE came like a sunbeam, she glided along,
She was all that a poet would weave into song;
The step of her beauty was joyous and free,
She was more than wild fancy had pictured to me;
And as blue in its tint as the flower of the heath
Shone the eye of young Ellen, "the White Rose of Meath."

But it is not the brightness that beams from her brow,
Nor the shadowy curls that repose on its snow;
Not the charm of her cheek, with its delicate flush,
Nor her fairy mouth, glowing like morn's early blush,
Nor her bright eye, as blue as the flower of the heath,
Makes me sigh for young Ellen, "the White Rose of Meath."

'Tis the soul of affection, the goodness, the grace
That play like soft moonlight all over her face,
That hallow the days of young passion to me,
More sweet to my soul than the flower to the bee:
O, there's not such a gem in all Erin's bright wreath
As my lovely young Ellen, "the White Rose of Meath."*

* She was the beautiful wife of Sir Henry O'Neill, of Upper Clanboys, Ireland, and being of the Earl of Meath's family, was thence called "the White Rose of Meath."

TALES OF THE PUMP-ROOM. No. VI.

THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

I HAD, some thirty years ago, when in practice in London, a patient—I should rather, perhaps, say a friend, for he was the one long before he became the other—in whom I felt an interest far beyond that taken by every conscientious medical man in the least valuable life entrusted to his care and judgment. Mr. Garrard's life had been a truly useful, energetic one; but the original delicacy of his constitution compelled him to exchange, at a comparatively early period, the harassing toils of the more active exercise of the legal profession for the duties of a law office of less daily labour, but considerable responsibility. To fulfil even these, the state of his nervous system (for there lay the seat of his distressing, undefined complaints) threatened ere long to incapacitate him; and attributing, naturally enough, the little effect of my anodynes to the counteraction they experienced from the constant worry of business, I one day remember saying, incautiously, perhaps, to one circumstanced like Mr. Garrard, "I wish to God I had you two or three months quietly in the country!"

Just then, in the midst of term time, I might as well have proposed change of air in the moon to my patient. But when, with a recess in the courts, came the possibility of a move, my words were not forgotten; and the poor invalid harped on them with a pertinacity which left his excellent wife no alternative but to cast about for the means of indulging him.

To go to the country for two or three months seems now so superlatively easy, that men of all tastes and fortunes have only to consult the file of the daily papers for the castles, halls, mansions, villas, or *cottage ornées* inviting their longer or shorter occupation, and, having chosen (the only difficulty where all seem alike eligible,) to drive to the railway terminus or steam-packet station bearing most directly on the object of their fastidious selection.

But thirty years ago, when railways, and even steam-packets, were not; when stage coaches (for invalids or ladies) were deemed impossible conveyances; when, for a jog-trot journey of a couple of hundred miles—inferring either one's own snug equipage, or a then not wholly unaristocratic "neat" postchaise—some fifty or an hundred golden guineas were usually (spite of the *then* not fabulous highwaymen) a necessary travelling appendage; when, above all, some thousand absentees had not, by deserting their "ain firesides," left them "all standing," as the sailors say, for the accommodation of emigrants nearer home—to find country quarters, for a short period especially, was a matter requiring either long negotiation or considerable luck.

And in good luck Mr. Garrard thought himself, to espy, just as his period of possible emancipation was about to arrive, and his nervousness at its height from a whole session's exertion, the following *then*

by no means common advertisement, the only rarity of which, nowadays, would consist in its ever having been esteemed one.

"A lady and gentleman, without encumbrance, occupying a mansion of superfluous extent, situated in a large park in one of the finest southern counties, feel desirous of extending the benefits of so eligible a residence, embracing sea air, fine scenery, and domestic society, to one or two individuals of congenial taste and habits, genteel manners, and undeniable character, who might be disposed to participate, for a longer or shorter period, on comparatively easy, though, of course, liberal terms, in all the comforts of a well-appointed establishment. It is presumed that this advertisement has only to meet the eyes of such, to claim their immediate attention.

"N.B.—A well-selected library is attached to the mansion, and music forms a favourite recreation with its occupants."

Under the stimulus of this now by no means unusual or exaggerated compendium of human felicity, poor Garrard, who for days past had with difficulty been dragged, more dead than alive, to his office, found his way on foot, though two streets off, to my breakfast-table.

"I was determined to catch you," cried he exultingly, "before you went out for the day. You remember wishing I could get to the country, and here seems the very place for a fellow like me, who could never bear moping myself, or burying poor Mary alive, in some damp, old, musty manor-house, with not a soul to speak to. Books, music, sea air, and scenery! and a pleasant man and his wife to make up a rubber in the evening! The only fear is, I shall never be able to persuade myself to come back to the oar."

Now, since the utterance of the luckless exclamation to which poor Dick alluded, I had become sadly aware of the little probable effect of any change in his deep-seated maladies, and knew rather better than he did (under the influence, especially, of his present excitement) how serious a business it would be to transport, even in his own easy, commodious carriage, and with his own steady horses and coachman, so fragile a frame two hundred miles down into Devonshire, not to mention the certainty of disappointment in some, if not all, of the advantages held out—the irksomeness of domestication with strangers, (to Mrs. G. especially,) and the likelihood of the whole thing proving, if not a hoax, a desperate attempt in persons of doubtful character to effect a return to society. So, taking advantage of my carriage being already at the door, I popped Dick into it, to set him down, *en passant*, at home, and retaining possession of the unlucky newspaper, promised to make, in the course of the day, the necessary inquiries, consider the matter over, and communicate the result at my next visit.

In the course of the day I was summoned out of town to a dying nobleman. Before I got back, Dick Garrard had, from pure excitement probably, one of his worst and most lingering nervous attacks, and before he got sufficiently out of it to travel, half of his brief holiday had expired, and leaving London (further than for a day or two to Richmond or Salt Hill) became out of the question. To pacify him, however, on the subject of his disappointment, and prevent a similar project (from which Mrs. G. very naturally recoiled) for another sea-

son, I hazarded a random assertion of what I really myself believed to be the truth, and by throwing somewhat more than a doubt over the *bona fide* union of the advertising parties, silenced all lingering regrets in my poor friend's breast at the failure of his dubious scheme.

Another season, however, came round, and, unexpectedly to us all, found him rather more than less able and inclined to migrate. As ill luck would have it, (the height of good fortune it appeared to him!) a similar vision of rural and domestic felicity, with a slight difference in the wording, and additional inducements of climate and scenery, (being in the boasted vicinity of Mount Edgecumbe,) caught the invalid's eye; and having deprived myself by my random shot of last year of the benefit of a second hit at the respectability of the advertisers, I was forced to let matters take their own course.

The result of a correspondence with the principal himself was a reply so satisfactory in its tenor, and so liberal in its expressions, that Garrard, in the exultation of his guileless, albeit lawyer's heart, told Mary, as Devonshire was a long way off, to pack up autumn at least, if not winter clothing, threatening, if the extended leave of absence to which long services entitled him were denied, to sacrifice lucre to health, by resigning his office.

The very thought of a winter in Devonshire, among strangers—perhaps designing ones—away from the London where she had grown up and taken root, from her own snug house and primitive establishment in Lincoln's Inn, and from that poor skill of mine, to which she insisted on attributing her husband's prolonged existence, brought a chill shudder over poor Mrs. Garrard's mind and frame. But, laughing as I told her that it would much surprise me if the three months engaged for were even half completed, and inviting myself to eat, if all should go well with them, my Michaelmas goose, as usual, in Lincoln's Inn, I handed her, somewhat less depressed, beside her boyishly-elated husband, into the carriage, not sorry, I confess, to look up at the box, and see perched there comfort and protection for its mistress, in the shape of the most faithful of abigails, and steadiest of family coachmen.

The journey, as I learned with pleasure, from several of its easy stages, was accomplished not only without injury, but with evident amendment to my friend Garrard's health. Nor do I believe that the *materia medica* contains among its recipes such a valuable gentle stimulant, to a mind and frame jaded by professional exertion, as a thirty miles' daily drive in fine weather, in an easy carriage, over good roads, through a new country, and with all the comforts at the end of it which the good posting-inns of old England then supplied. But as my anxiety about Richard's journey abated, I confess my curiosity respecting its termination proportionably increased, and I looked for his wife's first bulletin from L—— Hall with all the impatience of a school-girls for a first love letter.

The contents were of a wonderfully satisfactory kind. The place, though old and dilapidated, justified its reputation for beauty; the interior arrangements, though in some respects odd, were pretty comfortable; and the host himself had turned out, as his letters had led them to expect, not only a gentleman-like, but gay and rather fasci-

nating sort of person, overflowing with anecdote, chiefly of the continent, on which his early life had been passed, and in one of whose armies—he did not particularize which—he had formerly served. On more than one of the instruments scattered about the large and well-stocked library he had soon shown himself no mean proficient, while his beautiful young wife, almost too young to have been supposed invested with the matronly character, sang the melodies of her own and foreign lands with a sweetness and pathos which quite fascinated the musical ears of Mr. Garrard.

The *sine qua non* of the evening rubber was not wanting to complete the catalogue of in-door enjoyments; though, in that dearth (the landlord remarked) of eligible neighbours, which had driven them to seek an accession of domestic society, and to which (gallantly bowing to his guests) they now owed such a valuable acquisition, the only fourth whose services seemed hitherto accessible was the village apothecary—one, however, who, if he had studied Galen as successfully as he had evidently done Hoyle, deserved to figure in a much more elevated capacity.

High play, at least what would now be esteemed such, being then the fashion in private society, and Mr. Garrard, like many lawyers, being used to unbend at the card-table, and accustomed to play for considerable stakes, an arrangement had been delicately suggested by Mrs. G., and cheerfully seconded by her host, viz. that she and the accommodating Æsculapius should mutually settle their own very moderate scores, while the other two more enterprising antagonists should be at liberty to indulge their usual habits and love of excitement on what terms they might think proper. These, however, were as yet moderate, and the luck had been (Mrs. G. added) so decidedly in favour of her and her partner, that, for the sake of all parties, she felt quite relieved they should be so; as, though apparent ease of circumstances characterized the establishment, yet, neither she nor her husband had any wish to impoverish those whom they came ostensibly to benefit.

As to the external advantages held out, they were fully realized. The air and climate had already done wonders for the invalid, and the country abounded in drives of surpassing beauty, which the frequent absences (generally for the whole morning) of their apologizing host enabled them to extend to considerable distances. All above stairs seemed, in short, just what had been promised; and the only drawbacks Mrs. Garrard hinted at in the first letter seemed likely to arise from the unaccommodating habits of their faithful but indulged pair of London servants—a coachman who half doubted if his horses could subsist on any but Haymarket provender, or sleep (any more than himself) in the waste desolate wing of the building in which the stables were situated—and an elderly abigail, whose prim rigidity not even the mollifying influences of Devonshire clouted cream could soften into endurance of an old strange Irish nurse, (as privileged as herself, indeed more so, for, to Sarah's no small indignation, the "half crazy papist" sat down in her mistress's presence,) from whose carpings and exclamations the starched paragon of Lincoln's Inn recoiled with pious horror.

The second and longer letter I had from my patient's lady was oddly compounded of growing interest in the character and history (no common one, she could not help thinking) of her youthful hostess, with occasional misgivings as to those of her bland, insinuating, yet to her evidently despotic lord.

That the young Irish girl—for such, though educated at a convent in France, Mrs. Fatardo had been—stood in awe of her handsome, ever-smiling spouse, was apparent; and not less plain did it seem to the good-natured, frank Mrs. Garrard, that all approach towards intimacy between the ladies was as much interdicted by his arbitrary commands, as by the extreme, nay, almost painful shyness of his young bride, whose imperfect English indeed precluded much freedom of communication with one whose vocabulary, according to the custom of England in those days, was limited to her mother tongue Shrinking, as the pretty young creature did, alike from Mrs. Garrard's motherly kindness, and from the good-humoured familiarity of the old lawyer himself, she naturally became the more to both an object of anxious curiosity; and averse as she was to gossip in general, Mrs. G. had rather encouraged her maid in drawing from the loquacious old Irishwoman the particulars of her fosterchild's brief history.

Early deprived of her parents, and possessed of a considerable fortune, she had been sent, as was then common with her countrywomen, to be educated in France; and while still an absolute child, in one of her visits to a fellow-boarder in the same convent, had been seen by her present husband, who, in a "black day," as old Norah mysteriously expressed it, for her nursling, easily won both the simple girl's affections and her consent to a private marriage, by which he gained possession, on her coming of age, of the fortune which, nurse hinted, a very short time had sufficed to dissipate.

That the marriage was an unhappy one she never so much as pretended to deny, and that she both feared and disliked, on her poor mistress's account, her tyrannical master, would have been evident, even had the garrulity of age allowed her to keep to herself the extent of her aversion. To get back with "Miss Eveleen" (as, in fond forgetfulness, or dogged avoidance of her obnoxious ties, she would often designate her) to "ould Ireland," seemed the object of her fondest aspirations, and some day or other, she would oracularly hint, the liberty of doing so would probably be theirs.

In the mean time, old Norah's feelings towards the gay and plausible Mr. Fatardo, seemed involuntarily extending to my correspondent. She herself observed with pain and disgust, his ill disguised harshness towards his meek subdued helpmate, and could not, even in the guileless singleness of her own heart, banish the misgivings that *would* arise from the circumstance, that since the stakes for which the gentlemen played had been materially heightened—the luck—which while they were low, had either favoured her husband, or fluctuated between the contending parties, now steadily, and rather ruinously, set in on the side of their landlord, whose skill in the game, aided by that of his Æsculapian partner, little needed the uniform smiles of Fortune to enhance its superiority.

These uncomfortable feelings were not likely to be diminished by

the almost shuddering aversion with which Mrs. F—, (though like most young people of that period, familiar with cards) declined, on the inevitable absences of the apothecary, to make one at the whist-table; and when the gentlemen were driven by her refusal to the resource of piquet, escaped, (as if to breathe freely in the solitude of her own apartment) from the sort of *tête-à-tête* with her female guest, to which the preocupation of the others would have given rise.

To be alone with Mrs. Garrard, seemed indeed equally foreign to her own feelings; though once or twice the young creature *had* courted an opportunity for private conversation, which, when obtained, she failed to improve; and to the wishes of her husband, who, while always contriving during his own absence from home, long excursions for her guests—obviated, from the first, by assurance that carriage exercise (should she be induced by politeness to endure it) was strictly forbidden to his wife—their courteous efforts to include in exploring parties, one whom they began to regard with something of the mysterious interest of a prisoner at large.

The doubts and speculations to which a host of little nameless circumstances thus gave birth in the breasts of the inmates of the parlour, were meantime left far behind by the more dashing conjectures and sweeping conclusions of the servants' hall. The old John, who, in the absence of the staid footman left behind in Lincoln's Inn, insisted on performing for his master the easy duties of valet, and whose inuendoes my friend Richard had hitherto good-humouredly evaded, setting them down to the cockney prejudices of one never before beyond the sound of Bow Bell, came one morning into his room, with all the importance of one denouncing a conspiracy against the state; and with all the gravity becoming so weighty a discovery, assured his master, that the very rum gentleman, under whose roof they had been nefariously inveigled, and whom he, John, in spite of his skill in horseflesh, and flattering praises of his own pet pair, had always set down for a bit of a black-leg—was neither more nor less than that foe alike to the king and his lieges—*a coiner of base money!*

Over the huge desolate wing containing, as before mentioned, the former hunting stables of the noble family to whom the Hall belonged—and where, as close as he could get to his own dear horses, Thomas slept—ran a vast unoccupied, and indeed untenantable loft; which, though decidedly empty and deserted, when first curiosity led him to explore it, was now kept strictly locked, and had become, to his horror, the scene of operations, which, carried on during the night, or rather at those *very* early hours of summer dawn when honest people are presumed to be sleeping, could only, from the regular though muffled sound of innumerable busy hammers, be those of the gang of coiners, who (with the connivance, of course, of the master of the house) produced, no doubt, at discretion, the queer outlandish pieces of foreign money with which the purses of the family were somewhat suspiciously stocked.

This last circumstance, while laughing to scorn the idea of the coining, made some impression on Mr. Garrard; combined as it was

with other hints from Thomas, of a less imaginative cast, that after dusk he had frequently seen lounging about the premises people like foreign sailors, who, on being hailed in good plain English, never failed to disappear—as if familiar with their recesses—among the many nooks and corners of the irregular old buildings.

That his host had ways and means of eluding the revenue laws of the country, with which he claimed but half connexion, Mr. Garrard had long suspected, from the profusion of rare French wines and liqueurs which his table afforded; and this illicit traffic sufficed to account for the skulking about at nightfall of the foreign looking sailors on a coast where smuggling was known to be extensively and daringly carried on.

But puerile as it appeared to the cool lawyer's head of Garrard, the story of coining, as through the medium of Sarah it reached her mistress, assumed to her a far less visionary character; and she determined, on her husband declining to interfere, on an attempt herself to elucidate the mystery; not by implicating in it (as her natural politeness forbade) the master of the house—but by communicating to him, in public, at the breakfast table—the information of a gang of coiners having established themselves in his outhouses, and leaving the inference as to his participation, to be drawn from his face and manner, by her sagacious spouse.

Somewhat to the disappointment of one who, timid as she was, and a novice in adventure, had a spice of romance in her composition, Mr. Fatardo—whom the solemn air of Mrs. Garrard had for a moment disconcerted—on hearing the nature of her surmises, burst into an unceremonious fit of laughter, and promised, if she would accompany him, in the course of the morning, to the haunted wing, to dissipate by ocular demonstration his fair guest's misgivings, and satisfy her of the innocent cause of Thomas's matutinal disturbance.

Mrs. Garrard was too true a daughter of Eve not to accept the proposal, and when her usual hour for exercise arrived, was conducted, for the first time, to the desolate looking abode of her pampered town nags; and having, with difficulty, clambered up the forlorn broken staircase leading to the scene of the coining apparatus, discovered the gang to consist of a countless flock of turkeys, whom old Norah (with true Irish ingenuity) contrived to rear in the moist climate of Devonshire, chiefly by keeping them under cover, and had only lately removed from the damp lower apartments usually allotted for them, to the more luxurious accommodation up stairs. The bare sight of the army of harmless stupid bipeds sufficed to make Mrs. Garrard laugh at her groundless fears; but, even while forced to acknowledge that the pattering of so many busy bills, while devouring at daybreak the corn with which they were every night supplied, corresponded exactly with the clatter of hammers which had sounded so ominous in his ears, Thomas went away muttering to himself, "If them turkeys have been there all along, and all alone, which Missus may believe if she pleases, I should like to know where some folks' outlandish money comes from?"

This was a question wiser heads than Thomas's would have been glad to have satisfactorily answered; although the residence at no

very distant period (so lately as during the short peace of 1800) of Mrs. Fatardo at least, in a French convent, and her sudden flight from thence, rendered the possession of a small sum in French money by no means difficult of explanation. The Louis d'Ors, however, which, (as mere pocket-pieces, and relics of a by-gone *régime*,) Mr, Fatardo had, on producing them at the whist-table, been prevailed on by Mr. Garrard to exchange for English guineas, seemed somehow to have been reluctantly parted with, and the possession of them to be accounted for with unnecessary minuteness. And at a time when everything French (for be it remarked, it was at the period of the height of Napoleon's domination, and the hourly expectation of the seriously-dreaded *invasion*) inspired involuntary distrust, Mr. Garrard may be pardoned for sharing in so far his wife's dislike of her *séjour*, as to rejoice that its stipulated and prepaid period of three months was more than half expired.

Foiled in all endeavours to conciliate the confidence, though she evidently commanded the respect, of her young hostess, and thus deprived altogether of female society—for the few ladies seen at church did not accompany their husbands in occasional sportmen's dinners at the hall—Mrs. Garrard pined for a return to her old acquaintance and familiar haunts. The climate of South Devon, first invigorating to her husband, had as the season advanced proved relaxing; and the neighbourhood had been so completely ransacked, that it was with difficulty Thomas and his horses could be turned in an unexplored direction.

He had just come for orders one fine forenoon in August, the disappearance, ever since early morning, of their landlord, having ceased to be regarded as other than an ordinary occurrence, and the favourite drive of some miles to Mount Edgcumbe and Plymouth had just, for want of a newer, been decided on—when the little apothecary (whose conscience perhaps reproached him with even the light stakes of which he had aided so questionable a partner to disencumber Mrs. Garrard,) rushed booted and spurred into the parlour, and catching the words "Plymouth and Dockyard," exclaimed, "Not *there*, of all places, dear madam, at the present moment! but up to town as fast as Thomas and his nags can carry you! your agreeable landlord and my good neighbour, is, in all probability, by this time in custody, on suspicion, (true enough, I'll be bound, now that my eyes are opened to many things which puzzled me!) of being a spy in the pay of France! and it would be very awkward for a gentleman like Mr. Garrard—connected too with government—to be in any way mixed up with so disagreeable a business!"

"It would be much more awkward, methinks," said Mr. Garrard, (regardless of his wife's entreaties to be off that instant,) "for an innocent person like myself to abscond like a guilty accessory."

"To abscond, sir, certainly," replied the little man; "but not surely to quit in disgust the scene of so gross and nefarious a deception. Trust to me, sir, who must necessarily be brought forward as a witness, for a vindication of your conduct and motives, when a regular judicial investigation of the matter comes on. But for Mrs. Garrard to be here when such painful things as a search-warrant are

going on, and perhaps to have your property or person detained as an evidence, would be too vexatious! So with your leave I'll bid Thomas come round directly, and as Mr. Fatardo is *really* this morning on the other side the county, and matters are yet unknown in this part of the world, (*I* got a hint from a patient in quite the opposite quarter from Plymouth, down at B—, where a smuggling captain has been taken, and peached to save his own neck,) you may be half way to town, by posting from the next stage, before the officers of justice find their way to the Hall. I confess my heart bleeds for poor little Mrs. Fatardo when they *do* come, and find her all alone."

"We can never allow that, my dear," said the good-natured Dick to his agitated helpmate. "What would *you* do, I wonder, if people came to apprehend me, and search my repositories? Why, die outright of pure fright, even while convinced of my innocence: which is more, I fear, than the poor little girl here can be satisfied of."

The woman's heart of Mrs. Garrard had already responded to her husband's kindly feeling, when Sarah, whose packing-up propensities the mere word "town," uncoupled with the personal risk and shame of being "took up" as a French spy's accomplice, sufficed to bring into prodigious developement, slapped the door unceremoniously in the face of old Norah, who came very humbly to request for her mistress a moment's audience of Mr. Garrard.

"Master's no time to be bothered, nor Missus neither"—the damsel was discourteously exclaiming, when Mr. G—, the least occupied of the trio, brushed past her, to impart in person to his poor hostess their willingness to convey her to any refuge she might name, during the first horrors of the serious prosecution impending over her husband. On the threshold of the library, usually sacred to his morning's occupation, he encountered the unhappy girl, whose pitiable reluctance to make some revelation, his paternal manner and kindly expressed intentions toward her seemed, while they had the effect of unlocking her lips, in some measure to enhance.

"Sir," said she, at length, falling at the feet of the astonished lawyer, "you know not what you propose! To the wife of a man even so misguided and lost as Mr. Fatardo, compassion might have dictated kindness at such a moment; and what kindness could be equal to that of carrying me where I may never see or hear of him more? God knows how I have clung to the hope that release might through your means be accomplished! Were you alone, sir, I would even now trespass on your unconscious goodness of heart. But Mrs. Garrard"—here the poor girl's words were lost amid a fresh burst of passionate weeping—"how can she admit to her carriage, as she has been deluded into doing to her society, an unhappy creature, who has not even the claims of a wife on the man, who, after robbing her of her fortune, has, alas! at the same time cheated her out of honour and reputation!"

"Good God, Mrs. . . . .!" the sympathizing lawyer from habit was ejaculating, while raising and placing on the nearest sofa his distracted companion, when the poor girl, shrinking from the title, and burying her face in her hands, exclaimed, "Call me, and let me call myself by my true and once honourable name, of Eveleen Dillon,

much as I have unwittingly done to bring disgrace upon it! God knows it *was* unwittingly, and under colour of the basest and most systematic villany ever poor creature of seventeen was deceived by! Till my money was all gone, I was never suffered to doubt the validity of my marriage, and since—just as you came here—in a fit of passion, he made the dreadful discovery that I had been deluded by a mock ceremony, God and Norah know all my thoughts have been how to get away with her to Ireland; where I would rather beg my bread, than live a life of shame, and impose under false pretences on people like you and your kind lady!"

"You shall be carried to Bristol, and put safe on board the packet, as sure as my name's Garrard!" exclaimed the good-hearted lawyer. "It were hard, indeed, you should be further involved with the disreputable villain, whose name it must be a relief to think you are at liberty to shake off for ever. But"—seeing the poor girl shrink from the disclosure implied under his blunt consolation—"as Mary's a good deal flurried already, we'll say nothing to her till we get to Bristol, and you have time to tell me all your history, and how to set about getting you to your friends. I shall like the nice cross-country journey of all things, it will put the rascally catchpoles quite off our scent in the first place, and it will give time for matters to blow over a little before" (I suppose he thought of *me* and my prognostics) "we meet again with our acquaintance in town.

"None must be lost here, however," added he, "if we would escape the nuisance of search-warrants and subpœnas! so let old Norah, who must find ways and means to follow you to Bristol, just throw you up a small bundle of necessaries, and do you jump in between Mary and me, and let Thomas, whose nags I hear pawing below in the court-yard, whisk us off on our way to Exeter. All's right! I see!" exclaimed my active, and under the influence of country air and excitement, no longer invalid friend—"anxiety to be off has made even old Sarah pack in a hurry! Here, friends," (tossing a handful of silver among the gaping servants who stood bewildered, like children at a pantomime, during this unexpected shifting of the scenes,) "is something for you to drink a good journey to us; you can say, if any one should happen to inquire about us, that the sick gentleman, (meaning me,) who came for change of air to the Hall, is ordered off suddenly *to town*."

So saying to the crowd of stupified underlings of the household—(its main spring, a clever roguish looking *maitre d'hotel* had somehow disappeared)—explaining *sotto voce* to the wondering Mary, that she would know by-and-by, why they had a bodkin—and at the same moment giving to Thomas the welcome order to "go on"—the party were driven off on the *London* road, at a pace which both Thomas and his horses seemed instinctively to slacken, when desired (about five miles from the hall) to take a turn, which there occurred, into the line leading to Tavistock.

A very rapid glance at his travelling map had sufficed to decide my quick-witted friend on this well nigh retrograde movement. In the first place, the lines for London and Bristol were for so long identical that the idea of baffling pursuit by adopting the latter was wholly

nugatory; while the daily mails would afford the police every possible facility for watching, if so disposed, the supposed wife of the culprit. But by striking at once, through cross roads, towards the Devonshire coast of the Bristol channel, they would be effectually thrown out—the poor fugitive's object of getting on board the Irish packet, perhaps, sooner attained, and the mutual penance to herself and Mrs. Garrard of a lengthened journey together, under existing circumstances, avoided.

On arriving at Okehampton, (the utmost distance the now well-loaded horses could accomplish,) Mr. Garrard, having ascertained the practicability of his scheme, and feeling braced up to any exertion by the strong stimulus of benevolence, proposed leaving his wife to recruit from her recent alarm, and follow at her leisure under the safe conduct of Thomas and Sarah, while he posted on with his interesting charge to the romantic little seaport of Ilfracombe, for the joint purpose of averting (by enabling her to join there the weekly Bristol packet for Ireland) all chance of involvement in Fatardo's disgraceful trial, and of ascertaining what accommodation that centre of the far-famed beauties of North Devon might afford for his own wife's residence during the remainder of their proposed country sojourn.

It was late in the afternoon of a day more resembling November than August, that after a hasty dinner at Barnstaple, the good lawyer and his speechlessly grateful companion drove across the dreary moor-lands extending between that place and Ilfracombe: to a contrast with whose desolation the latter highly-vaunted spot has surely owed a portion of its reputation.

The rising wind howled so fitfully across bleak heights exposed to the whole fury of the western ocean, that the stout heart even of Garrard died within him at the thoughts of his companion's impending voyage; while his kindly efforts to divert her attention from the blast without, by cheerful conversations and lively anecdotes within, were all frustrated by the visible havoc of the former among the prostrate trees of the few scattered cottage orchards, the undisguised wonder of the toll-keeper on the summit of the moor, that gentlefolks should choose such an evening for travelling, and his ominously muttered remarks as to the probable fate of a crowd of vessels, which at sun-down he had descried making for shelter to Bideford Bay.

"Never mind the old fellow's croaking, my dear child. Do you think I would let you sail in such a storm?" whispered my kind-hearted friend, made aware by her trembling of the extent of his fellow-traveller's suppressed agitation; but little knowing that its cause lay not in the formidable state of the elements themselves, but the possible obstacle it might oppose to her instant escape from worse than shipwreck. In the event of Fatardo's capture, which his having left home utterly unconscious of any suspicion rendered too probable, the detention at least of all belonging to him would be a measure of inevitable precaution; and while fearing to be called on to criminate one, whose offence against herself would have sufficed to condemn him, the poor young creature naturally shrunk from the disclosures regarding her own position, which a judicial inquiry might draw forth. Under the influence of these paramount womanly feelings, mere feminine dread of personal danger was utterly lost sight of; and

her only whispered reply to the lawyer's encouraging assurances was a fear that the packet might not have been able to put to sea.

That some ill-fated vessel had thus far adventured, and been stranded on that dangerous coast, was soon evident, as on reaching the crest of the ridge of downs, over which the travellers had been for some time rapidly bowling, a crowd of people was seen running along the top of the rocks, brandishing lanterns and torches, the glare of which revealed amid surrounding darkness the pale bewildered faces, and bare bleeding feet, of weather-beaten mariners, whose long drenched locks and scanty dripping garments, told more plainly than words a tale of escape from recent shipwreck; while the train of dishevelled women and weeping children, by whom the rescued men were followed, showed too truly the extent of desolation averted by the interposition of a merciful Providence!

Garrard glanced despondingly and fearfully at the pale girl beside him, about to tempt ere long the perils of the just defrauded deep; and was whispering, "Don't let this unlucky sight dishearten you;" when she looked calmly up, and replied, "No, sir, why should it? The very power that saved these men in their extremity will be there to save, or at least to dispose of my poor worthless life. His will be done!"

"You speak like a good girl, and a noble one," exclaimed Garrard; "but I thank God nevertheless that there can be no sailing for any one till this gale blows itself out; and methinks it is doing it already, (as west winds so often do;) you'll have it all smooth and beautiful by to-morrow morning."

Belied as seemed to be the good lawyer's cheering prognostics by the fitful heaving of the craft in the little harbour near which the hotel of Ilfracombe was situated, and the yet unlulled moanings of the wind, which during the earlier part of the night chased slumber both from his own and his fair charge's pillow, they were nevertheless fully accomplished, and the sun rose on as lovely and smooth a sea as ever its morning beams converted into a sheet of molten gold. Not only had the gale utterly fallen, but a calm so deep and still had succeeded, that even the customary ripple seemed to be denied to the waves, which rolled lazily (as if oil had literally been poured upon them,) towards the glittering strand, while the pennons of the crowd of small vessels, which had either reached, or never quitted, the shelter of the harbour, hung dark with the morning dew, which not a breath had yet stirred to dispel.

Among these vessels was the Bristol and Cork packet, which our travellers had so narrowly failed to catch, and but for the sudden gale would have missed, as she had passed Ilfracombe as usual about midday, and actually made her way (though against a rising swell) as far as Sandy Island, at the mouth of the Bristol Channel, where serious damage to her rudder, and the increase of the evidently coming storm, sent her providentially back to the little port of Ilfracombe, the only and difficult haven of shelter in disaster in all that picturesque, but iron-bound coast. Ere daylight failed, or the gale had put forth all its fury, the "Erin" had been safely carried in, and the brave commander, an invalided master in the navy, made somewhat acquainted,

strange to say, for the first time during a prosperous navigation of several years, with the intricacies of a channel, where "touch and go," as the old sailor expressed it, "was your best and only pilot."

The repairs of the rudder, Mr. Garrard found on inquiry, would occupy the greater part of the day, and it would be late in the afternoon ere the skipper, and his in nowise impatient passengers, could exchange their welcome shelter, for an element of which the late rough sample had given some of them quite a sufficient taste. A few indeed, chiefly females, had started early to return in disgust to Bristol, and await a more propitious season; but the greater portion of them, after a good night's rest at the hotel, were, with the *nonchalance* of practised voyagers, abiding the captain's leisure, and making in the mean time the most of the proverbial delicacies of a Devonshire breakfast.

Garrard, always socially inclined, and anxious to scrutinize for Eveleen's sake her future sailing companions, joined in the general repast, pleased to learn that, after a sleepless night, she had sunk towards morning into the profound slumber of exhaustion.

There were none among the party assembled, to whom, after an hour spent in their company, Garrard felt at all disposed to consign the object of his solicitudes. The men seemed chiefly of the *squireen*, or jockey cast, who, having disposed to advantage among the rich folks of Bath and Bristol of a lot of Irish hunters, were more inclined to chuckle over their own skill in bargaining, than to sympathize with, or reassure, an unprotected female. A gentleman and two ladies, the landlord said, were in a private room in the inn besides; but, from introduction to the latter, Garrard felt sure poor Eveleen would utterly shrink; and no opportunity offered of bespeaking in her favour the good offices of the former. Deeming it of more consequence, therefore, to secure for her by a liberal advance of passage money, the civilities of the friendly though bluff old captain, and by the same "golden mean" a special recommendation on arrival on the part of the Ilfracombe Boniface to his brother hotel-keeper at Cork, Dick felt thankful that, even at the moment which once more summoned, towards afternoon, the reassembled passengers to the quay, the deep veil which shrouded from idle gazers the youth and beauty of his *protégée*, enabled her to pass unremarked into the privacy of the ladies' cabin, reconciled in some degree to the want of old Norah's assistance and sympathy, by the impossibility of enjoying them, save at the expense of a dreaded week's detention on the English side of the channel.

After consigning her, with the deference of a courtier, blended with the paternal kindness of an old "familiar friend," to the inmost recess of the floating prison, whose shelter, even after such a recent specimen of its evils, she hailed as a glad relief from the possible horrors of incarceration and exposure on shore, and bidding her remember that while he survived she need never be at a loss for a counsellor or protector, and after exchanging his town address for that of the sole Irish friend of her mother, through whom the poor girl hoped to procure an asylum in the well-known nunnery at Black Rock—Garrard, as he slowly paced during the weighing of

the anchor, on the little pier, embedded as it were amid ledges of frowning perpendicular cliffs, heard (with a half inclination to withdraw, even at the eleventh hour, his interesting charge,) one weather-beaten tar, who sat surveying the packet's proceedings, say to his companion, "We'll have her back again afore night, Jack; the wind's only fetching breath for another squall."

How soon his croaking prediction was to be verified, even this "ancient mariner" himself probably little suspected. The bark, on which the eyes of Garrard remained rivetted with indefinable interest, glided almost imperceptibly, under the influence of the lightest of possible airs, from within the bosom of her land-locked haven. For the space of perhaps ten minutes did he watch with the crowd of idlers on the quay, the at all times fascinating spectacle (to a landsman especially) of a vessel bound over a trackless ocean, receding from a friendly shore—a feeling deepened at that moment to him and to all, by the contrast which her putting back in distress a few hours before had exhibited.

A yet more striking example of the instability of the ficklest of elements awaited the already dispersing bystanders In a single moment—without almost the warning of that "cloud like a man's hand"—which the fatal *typhoon* of tropical climates is often embodied, a tornado (declared by some on board who had witnessed such, to be unequalled, save in the China seas,) rose in its unheralded fury, whirling the frail bark round like the dried autumn leaf at its bidding, and threatening every instant to dash her against the frowning barrier, on which no human strength or skill could prevent her driving.

The whole thing was so strange, so sudden, that from the wary old skipper, whose just-filled glass of grog was dashed untasted at the whirlwind's summons on the cabin table, to the bewildered gazers on shore, one feeling of consternation for a moment prevailed. And though the gallant old son of Neptune soon rallied his practised energies, not only to do all that lay in man to guide his reeling craft once more into the harbour, but to call in aid (with professional tact) for the purpose his providentially acquired lesson of the previous day; the little hope entertained by his crew of the success of his efforts, and their sense of the necessity of providing for the worst, were abundantly testified by their being seen by the crowds who stood ready to throw them ropes from the rocks, using their clasp knives to disencumber themselves more expeditiously of all impediments to swimming. To the horror-struck gazers on shore, as well as the few stout fellows on deck, there was a pause of utter and breathless suspense, while yet the mastery over the frail vessel, gallantly steered by her undaunted commander, was disputed with him, inch by inch, by the wayward will of the elements. Few even among the most sanguine, deemed her escape from the wall of bristling cliffs, which hemmed in on every side her narrow and tortuous path, more than barely possible—by most it was pronounced hopeless.

How fared it meanwhile with the helpless, and for a while forgotten females in the cabin? to whom the mingled din of the tempest aloft, of the pattering hail-storm by which it was accompanied, of the

hasty tramp of the sailors upon deck, and the captain's voice of thunder occasionally heard amid the pauses of the blast, conveyed vague intimations of some awful peril, the extent and nature of which they could only dimly guess? That it was imminent, probably mortal, all felt; and thus feeling they were alike—the two elder ladies in grey quaker habiliments, who sat with their hands clasped together on one side of the cabin, and the scarce observed young creature who had shrunk from intrusion on their privacy to its farther extremity—calm, subdued, and tranquil, as inevitable dangers seldom fail to find that weaker sex, whose fears slight causes so readily awaken.

But while the firmness and resignation of the pair of sisters had its deep source in the pure wellspring of enlightened piety and habitual preparation for eternity—poor Eveleen's (though pious after the fashion of her convent) derived perhaps its chief strength from the recklessness of despair. Who or what had she to live for? Beyond old Norah, or perhaps the good kind Garrard, the new found friend of yesterday, who would give so much as a sigh to her early fate?

As the poor girl sat silently cowering, half shrouded from observation by the gloom shed by the storm overhead on the prematurely darkened cabin, a gentle tap at the door was replied to in the calm mild tone of their sect by her female companions, and a placid benevolent old gentleman, hailed by them with the title of cousin, and whose dress bespoke his clerical character, came in, and with the mingled solemnity of his age and calling, gently unfolded to them the extent and imminence of the peril, and prepared them for the apparently approaching transition to a world exempt from storms.

The good man's heartfelt eloquence—the long-forgotten accent of her country in which it was couched—his benign and patriarchal appearance—all combined to invest him, in the eyes of the desolate Irish girl, with the character of an angel, come to summon them to a purer sphere; and when, made suddenly aware by her suppressed sobs of the existence of another inmate of the cabin, he stepped kindly across it, and calling her "daughter," asked if there was no one on deck whom in this hour of extremity it might be a satisfaction to have by her side, her meek answer of, "No one, sir, either there or elsewhere in the wide world we are leaving," coupled with something familiar in her voice and aspect, prompted even at such a moment an almost superfluous inquiry as to her name and destination.

"Eveleen Dillon" was (now that all motive for concealment was gone) the faltered reply to the first, and it had only elicited from the old man the exclamation, "How mysterious are the ways of Providence!" when all were called on to unite in acknowledging them by their unexpected deliverance from shipwreck, and the glad tidings of the vessel's having weathered the rocks and entered the harbour.

On the pier stood my no longer invalid friend, reckless of rain and spray, to receive his trembling *protégée;* but only to resign her henceforward to the heaven-sent protection of her maternal grand uncle, who, apprized some months before by a few vague lines from Norah of his niece's existence and wrongs, had come to England in the vain hope of tracing and rescuing her, and, after repeated inquiries and advertisements, was returning disappointed to Ireland.

It is an ill wind, says the proverb, that blows good to no one, and the gale which twice put back into port the ship Erin, wafted its ill-starred passenger into a haven from the storms of life beneath the sheltering roof of her protestant uncle's parsonage—more valuable for time and eternity than she had hoped to find in the nunnery of Black Rock.

It was, perhaps, well for the feelings of her who had so long shared his fortune and borne his name, that Fatardo escaped hanging, being warned by the confederates (who to save themselves had betrayed his designs,) to escape to France, where he was killed not long after in a gaming-house quarrel. The apprehension of his clever accomplice, the foreign valet, led to the discovery of his long nefarious intrigues in the various dock-yards, in whose vicinity he had successively played (as his accomplishments enabled him to do) the part of an independent gentleman; covering, as he was wont to do, his total want of English connexions and acquaintance, by advertising for respectable temporary inmates.

The professional and official character of his late guest had at first inspired natural misgivings. But to a bold and reckless character, rendered daring by long impunity, it rather served to inspire additional confidence, and detection was never less anticipated than when the storm burst over the hitherto lucky spy.

My patient, who used to say he had proved to him the best of doctors, lived many years afterwards in very tolerable health and spirits, and was fond of telling—with a point which, at this distance of years, I fear I have quite failed in preserving—the story of Mr. Fatardo, and the little Irish girl.

THE SPIRIT OF SONG.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Oh! where is the Spirit of Song? does it dwell
By the old ruined tower, by the stream, by the glade?
In the student's still chamber, the hermit's calm cell,
In the copse of wild flowers, in the forest's deep shade?

Does it haunt the lone beach by the moon's pallid light,
When the wave on the shore in soft melody dies?
Does it watch stormy clouds on the mountain's rude height,
Does it seek myrtle groves beneath southerly skies?

No, no—its sweet lyre it can tunefully strike
In the town's busy din, in the prison's dull thrall,
Times, places, and seasons to it are alike—
It weaves its high spell independent of all.

The Minstrel possesses a magical power
To no region, no dwelling, no circle confined,
And he feels in the city, the hall, or the bower,
That the Spirit of Song has its home in the mind!

TABLEAUX VIVANTS.

BY MRS. FRANCES ELIZABETH DAVIES, AUTHOR OF "MEMORIES OF GIBRALTAR," &c. &c.

TABLEAU III.—THE SPUNGING PHILOSOPHER.[1]

"And still the wonder grew
How one small head could carry all he knew."

LEADING from Vauxhall Bridge to the now courtly quarter of Pimlico, there stretches a long cheerless road, flanked on either side by divers narrow alleys and close courts, where specimens of human wretchedness exist, that may safely compete for precedence with any to be found in the far-famed and more populous district of St. Giles. In the courts especially, want and desolation seem to be fast acquiring regal dominion.

Within one of the smallest and filthiest of these, there stands a gaunt building, its uncouth size, quaint form, and somewhat ancient style of architecture, visibly denoting that although it now looks meanest amongst the mean, it once sheltered wealth. All other vestiges of its pride have, however, long past away. The dirt of ages lies accumulated about the threshold, while a few half-clothed cadaverous creatures, odorous of gin, may be seen lounging idly near it, and sometimes groups of miserable children, who grope the channels in search of old buttons, broken nails, and still more objectionable refuse, destined to be converted into pence, at the sign of the Black Doll, which ornaments the ragshop in the adjacent street.

Nor is the dwelling itself less forlorn than the appearance of its pestilent neighbours; the shattered walls, rent and yawning, are propped in places by beams flung across the pathway. The doors tremble and creak upon their rusty hinges, and the small high-set windows, broken and opaque, scantily admit the sunlight, the damp and mouldering stairs, at the time this sketch refers to, alone showing symptoms of habitation, — these had then been purified with a thrifty hand, and with a nicety that showed the occupants to be persons of a different order to that of the neglected beings among whom their dwelling had been chosen.

On the ground-floor, a few old hampers, some broken blacking bottles, and two or three bundles of straw, were the only visible objects; but on advancing to the landing-place, a crate, some barrels, a wooden mallet, and a basket of corks, gave token of business as well as habitation.

Two doors here opened,—that on the left gave entrance to a kitchen, which, although less wretched than was promised by an exterior view of the premises, yet bore striking evidences of the poverty

[1] Continued from p. 205.

of its occupants. A few broken teacups were ostentatiously arranged upon the dresser, backed by half-a-dozen chipped plates, two cracked dishes, and a salad bowl; a teapot without a handle, and a jug without a spout flanked the whole.

A deal table stood in the centre of the room, on which a young woman was busily ironing, and near the fire-place was drawn a bench, that served as a clothes-horse, over which was thrown, to catch the last glimmer of the dying embers, the fruits of her evening's labour—a pair of men's stockings, a silk pocket handkerchief, a pink flannel waistcoat, a highly stiffened chemisette, two pair of wristbands, a couple of shirt collars, and a child's blouse. On either side the hearth stood a chair, one, of oldfashioned black leather, with arms; and one wooden without arms, rather lame of a leg. Somewhat further off was a stool which sustained a washing-tub, at which, her face, shining with the steam from the suds, and her thin sandy-grey hair disordered by exertion, and partly pushed from her forehead, toiled an aged woman.

A small table stood carefully away in one corner, supporting a tray, on which, in strong contrast to the rest of the furniture, was arranged in most symmetrical order, a *service dejeuner*, — one which might, without offence, have been presented to the lip of the most delicate and haughty lady. It contained also a richly cut goblet and decanter, and a lapis lazuli knife and fork; the whole covered with a damask napkin white as snow.

Entering the room was a feeble old man, who bore in his hands a fashionable pair of boots, polished and black as ebony; these, first carefully dusting the place with a tattered handkerchief, he deposited reverently on the floor, beneath the little table, and then retired to an obscure corner and employment near the door.

Incongruous as was the furniture of this apartment, that on the opposite side the landing, presented contrasts still more striking. The discoloured walls, naked windows, and uncurtained bed, were chilling to contemplate; while the rickety table, supported against the wall, on which was placed a blue hand-basin, a white ewer, a cut and cracked decanter, over which was spread a clean linen cloth, seemed to denote the ineffectual struggle between neatness and poverty. Yet over the mantelpiece was suspended a curious and valuable assortment of weapons, offensive and defensive.

A few books, elegantly bound and of a grave character, were piled on a little shelf in one corner. Near them were placed a magnificent telescope, a fine electrical machine, and upon six feet square of rich carpet stood a small mahogany reading-desk, supporting two half-burned *wax* candles; near it a costly *fauteuil*, covered with crimson velvet—over which hung an oriental dressing-gown, and on the floor beside it a dainty pair of embroidered slippers.

Opposite to these luxurious accommodations, an old chest was placed to serve as a table, a broken stool, and a huge basket of needlework; and shivering over the few embers that glimmered sadly in the grate, crouched a woman—young, and but that famine or grief had early withered her cheek, handsome; the fragile delicacy of her form, and the pallor that overspread her countenance, seemed, however, to foretell that to her, life and its dreams would soon close;

her look was restless, and her attitude eager, as though she waited with longing for a footstep too wearily delayed. A boy, pale and nearly as shrunken as his mother, lay on the bed watching her movements.

"I am so hungry, mother," he at last exclaimed.

The woman started, and turned a sad glance on the child.

"Give me bread!" pleaded the boy.

"Child," said the woman, almost fiercely, "I have none—sleep."

"Mother, I cannot—hunger won't let me."

"You must, child, you must," said the woman frantically, and then dropping her voice, added, "We must both sleep—the *sleep eternal*."

The boy looked at her a moment wistfully, and then turning and smothering his face in his pillow, he wept in silence.

The woman clasped her hands and gazed upon him, then she leant against the mantelpiece and sighed as if her heart was breaking. The child still wept—the mother felt that he did so, and his tears were as oil on a smothered flame. She looked up with a wild glare—it was a moment of agony—the next, she flung her arms desperately above her head, and sprang upon the stool—she listened, not a sound but the sobs of the boy broke the silence of that desolate chamber—her eyes gleamed—above her head hung a pistol of costly and elaborate workmanship—her hand sought and clutched it, and with the grasp of desperation she tore it from the wall—a second she stood suspended, breathlessly listening—then a thought black as night quivered luridly through her brain—she grasped the instrument of death, and bending over the bed strove to look into the child's face; it was turned away, but with a moaning cry that struck to his mother's heart, he turned suddenly round, and looked up piteously into her face: that soft appeal was irresistible—the tempting fiend quailed before the innocent eye of the boy, and muttering an incoherent prayer, the woman rushed from the room.

Scarcely had she passed the threshold before she was accosted by the old man, who was busily engaged in transferring a black and glutinous liquid from an old copper, into the bottles which were heaped about the landing place.

"Where now—where now, Ann?"

"Father," she exclaimed in a husky and trembling voice, "my child wants food!"

"Ay, ay, so do we all! bid him go to sleep—sleep—sleep, we shall all sleep soon."

"He cannot—he must eat first—nay, he *shall* eat," persisted Ann.

"Well, well, so he shall, to-morrow—to-morrow I shall perhaps sell some—some of this—I know a shop where;" and he pointed to the stuff he was so busily preparing.

"Father," said Ann, "he cannot *wait*—*I* cannot wait—we both are *fainting* for food—here, *here* is that will bring food for all—go, go, 'tis dangerous in my hands—you know where."

"I! no—I dare not"—murmured the old man, as his gaze fell upon the costly bauble she held before him. "My son! he will kill me,—no, no, I dare not."

"He will be angry, *very!*" said Ann, "but I care not!—you are

his father, and he dare not hurt *you*—as for me, let him kill me if he will—he *is* killing me daily, hourly. But," and her tone was still more resolute, "we cannot be left here to perish while he is suffered to retain all his extravagant follies."

"She says right, Thomas," said the old woman, coming forward from her tub, and wiping the suds from her arms. "We are all hungry enough, and we must eat; *he* eats and drinks, ay, of the best, the *very* best, and why should *we* starve? We gave him life, and is he to kill us by inches? See how we work for him, *all* of us—and all for him—the proud, ungrateful! Go—do as she says—bring us food."

"I will, I will; but give me something else—anything—a gown, a pair of shoes, a shawl."

The old woman looked inquiringly at her daughter-in-law, and the poor industrious girl, who came forward with a newly-ironed collar in her hand, shook her head despondingly.

"I have nothing else; the last remnant of our clothes I pledged last night," said Ann moodily; "therefore take it, or laudanum for the child and me. It has stood our friend before now. There is still plenty of *that;* but, if we must take that, it shall be a dose that will serve for ever."

The old man shuddered, and, at a motion from his wife, took the pistol from Ann's hand and turned to go.

"I would not ask you, father," she said in an altered and gentle tone, "but I am ill, very ill, and if *I* went my limbs would fail me." And even as she spoke she tottered, and would have fallen but for the care of the aged woman, who gently led her within the room, and laid her on the bench.

The heavy and fearfully prolonged fainting fit which bound the faculties of the miserable Ann, although it obtained every attention that her mother and sister-in-law were able to afford, might have created more alarm, but that their frequency had taught them to behold such, as events of daily occurrence, and, with the shallow reasoning of uneducated persons, they considered that, because they were frequent, they could not be dangerous. More enlightened observers would, however, have seen much cause for alarm in her long-continued stupor; and even in the heavy, tearless awakening of the attenuated creature, her vacant glance, that wandered wildly round the room, and then darkened into apathy, told a heart-rending tale of deeply-seated woe.

For alas! although poor Ann was a common sufferer with the rest in the one calamity, far deeper, and more difficult to be borne, was the sorrow that had withered her bloom, and bowed her once blithe spirit.

Educated amidst all the comforts of a wealthy tradesman's home, where poverty, with its degrading associations and absorbing wants, was known only by description—with personal advantages, improved into beauty by the possession of a respectable portion—poor Ann had been the cherished and admired belle of a country town. Her eldest brother having, however, embraced a profession in London, fancied it necessary that his household should be graced by feminine dominion, and, in a fatal hour, he prevailed upon his favourite sister to become his housekeeper, and thus unconsciously laid the foundation

of that misery which had wasted her youth, and which seemed fated to destroy her life.

The partner of her brother was a young man of low birth, but of aspiring ambition. To a mind grovellingly selfish and mean, he joined consummate tact, which passed with the many for talent. To him a connexion with a respectable family seemed of first-rate importance, while her little portion was, in like manner, magnified into wealth. Suffice it, they were married. Subsequent misfortunes, accelerated, if not created, by the unprincipled arts of her husband, soon consummated her brother's ruin; and when he fled to America, poor Ann lost the only friend to whom she could turn for advice or protection; for her parents, disgusted by the manifest delinquency of her husband, and scorning the infatuated fondness of the wife, who still hung hopelessly yet fondly to the chosen of her young affections, vehemently and relentlessly discarded both.

Small, however, was the reward won by the wretched woman; the hand that, when gold-gifted, had been clasped with fondness, having parted with its treasure, was flung scornfully aside, while the poverty that his projects had brought upon her, his selfish ingenuity taught him personally to evade, or only occasionally to suffer from it, a temporary inconvenience.

The rude accommodations and petty shifts to which his parents were condemned, though sufficiently heart-galling, had for them less than ordinary bitterness, for lowly industry had been the habit of their lives. They had, indeed, looked forward to an old age of rest, but when a philanthropic gentleman, struck by the suave manners and acuteness of their boy, had undertaken the expenses of his education, and subsequently set him forward in the medical profession, they felt that the sacrifice of all their own enjoyments was but a light thing, if by it they could assist in the aggrandizement of that highly-valued son. To see him a gentleman, to hear him recount marvellous tales of the great and the noble, and to witness the wondrous revelations of his wisdom, was a pride and a happiness such as none but doting parents can understand or appreciate; and although, to purchase these, their foolish fondness had at length reduced them, in their old age, to a state of servile dependency upon the charity of their offspring, they considered labour light, and want a privilege, so that once in the twenty-four hours they could see his face, and listen to the record of his triumphs.

With affection so absorbing, deep and biting must have been the suffering that could wring reproach from their lips. Yet there is a point at which the noblest endurance succumbs to the evolvement of reiterated selfishness, and to this point had reached the forbearance of the wretched family. All the pride and self-denial of a life had at last been broken down, and as time went on, and the old man returned not, his aged partner muttered deep and fearful execrations upon the memory of him who, by inspiring her son with the wish to become a gentleman, had taught him to scorn the humble and honest occupation that might have secured the comfort of them all.

Not so the wretched wife. A sharer in their privations, she carried in her heart a single sorrow that far outweighed them all—a sorrow

in which they could not sympathize, but which fed upon her peace, and sapped the springs of life. She had borne it long, yet custom had not rendered it less poignant. She was hopeless that this grief would pass away, therefore she wished to die; yet with that thought came another, that rendered death most hideous, and made her court and cherish life as a blessing, even while she felt it to be a curse. It was not, then, in murmurs that she sought relief from the misery that consumed her. Silent, rigid, and cold as a stone, she flung herself beside the boy, listening half vacantly to his moans, and to every wind that whistled through the old walls.

Midnight had come and gone. The old woman and her daughter still watched. The boy, weary and faint, had sunk into a slumber, and his almost lifeless mother lay stretched inanimate beside him, fearful that the slightest movement might utterly exhaust her flickering strength. The old man was still absent, and terror for him was superadded to their previous agony.

It was when the earliest light of day began to glimmer in the east that a cabriolet dashed down the adjoining street. It stopped within a few paces of the court, and a gentleman, flushed, and carrying in his dress the mingled odours of wine and cigars, sprang out. As his foot touched the ground, he drew forth a handful of gold and silver, and selecting a crown piece, placed it in the driver's hand. The man looked at the money, touched his hat, yet hesitated.

"Is it not your fare?" inquired the gentleman.

"Why, yes, your honour, it's my fare certainly, I'm not the man to gainsay it; but when one meets with a gemman as is a gemman, and drives as a gemman likes to be driv', one nat'rally expects summut *above* the fare—just to drink a gemman's health—just to help one to remember him, your honour."

"Well, then, let that prove my title to gentility," said the gentleman, flinging an additional half-crown into the man's hat—"and now be off—quick—you understand."

"Thank your honour." And, with a scrape, the man sprang to his seat, and then added, flourishing his whip, "Your honour shall see I can take a hint as well as my betters," and, with a knowing wink, he put his horse to his speed, and was soon far distant.

His late fare waited until the cabriolet was no longer visible, then casting a searching glance around, as if apprehensive, even at that untimely hour, of encountering observation, passed into the court, and, with a few rapid strides, hurried into the dilapidated dwelling.

Scarcely had the new-comer stepped within the hall before the listeners caught the sound, and, to his great surprise, when he reached the landing-place, the old woman, candle in hand, was waiting there to confront him.

"Only *you*," she muttered, as she turned to re-enter the kitchen.

"*Only* me!" he reiterated; "only me! Whom else did you expect, mother?" as he involuntarily followed.

"One you care little for, shame on you for it!" said his mother bitterly.

"What, Ann? Where's she off to? What's in the wind now?" he rudely and rapidly questioned.

"Ann! No. What should Ann do out at this time of night, I should like to know?"

"Curse me if I can tell, only you said—"

"I said," mocked the mother. "Yes, I know well enough what I said, you monster you!"

"Holla, mother! Softly! softly! Are you crazy, old woman?"

"An' if I were, it would be no wonder; an' if I be, you are the cause—you, you—son, you!" passionately screamed the aged parent.

"Why, mother, you've been drinking!" and the astonished son scrutinizingly regarded her.

"Have I? If I have, it's water—that's all you've left any of us—water, water for your parents, while you drink wine, wine of the best. But 'tis you that are drunk—you—yes, drunk with *pride*, as well as wine. Don't come near me, you ungrateful! I wonder your dainties did not choke you, when you knew you had left your parents starving!" and she sobbed vehemently.

"I know! How should I know?" callously answered the son.

"You neither know nor care," shrieked his mother. "You care for no one in the wide world but yourself; you care for nothing—not even for that poor fool of a girl that you've taught to sin, and are breaking your wife's heart for. You'll make a beggar of her, as you have done of poor Ann, and then she may die in the workhouse for you. Wretch! viper! where's your father?—where's your father?"

"Do you think I've got him in my pocket? How should I know where he is?" asked the son doggedly.

"Where is he?—your father!—my poor old Thomas! that has worked hard day and night to keep up your pride, you thankless!" sobbed the old woman.

"Is the woman mad?" sternly interrogated the son.

"Mad!—yes!—I shall be mad!—*you've made me mad* almost!" screamed the excited creature, rocking herself to and fro in the chair, where she had helplessly flung herself.

To this the son vouchsafed no answer, but, shrugging his shoulders half contemptuously, he calmly proceeded to disencumber himself of his cloak.

His indifference seemed to arouse his mother into a fresh burst of frenzy, for, starting from the seat, she seized him by the shoulder with a grasp that made his craven heart quail within him, while, in a tone hollow and terrible, and with eyes lurid with prophetic fire, she repeated, "Your father! your poor old father! Seek him in your hospitals, man of physic—you shall find him dead—dead, I say—dead of famine!—fallen on the cold, cold pavement!—dead!—dead!" and relaxing her hold, she sank unconsciously down upon her seat, her glaring eyes fixed upon vacancy, with a look of intense despair.

"She raves," exclaimed the son, thinking aloud; and then, astonished that his unhappy wife had not appeared to offer her unfailing but unvalued welcome, he shouted, "Holla, Ann!" But the summons was unanswered; for although heard, she whom he called had, after a vain effort to obey, sank again, overpowered as much by terror as by weakness, upon her pillow.

Amazed to find inattention where he had been so long accustomed

to obedience, and finding that his mother either could not or would not afford him further information, and that his afflicted sister was incapable of any sound beyond a mournful, unintelligible wailing, he strode into the chamber were lay his wife and son.

"Why, how's this?" he asked—"what new device? Have you no tongue? Speak, I tell you."

"O dearest love, your father!—the poor old man!" gasped the wife.

"What of him? where is he? cannot you speak?"

"Gone, gone—long gone."

"Ay, with the crate, as I ordered," filled up the husband.

"No, no, dearest, not that."

"What then, fool, and why not that? Speak, or I'll shake the words out of your throat."

"For food, husband—for food."

"O papa, dearest papa, some bread—give me some, pray—I'm so hungry!" implored the child, now fully awakened.

"Don't you hear what he says? why don't you give him something to eat?" roughly demanded the husband.

"I have nothing to give him; we have none of us eaten since the day before yesterday," timidly replied his wife.

"The more fools you, I say," replied the husband, with a light laugh, as with his hands in his pockets he tantalizingly clinked his money. At the sound the boy's eyes sparkled, and a faint flush rushed into his face.

"O, I'm so glad," he exclaimed, "you have money, papa! You will give us some, and we shall get something to eat—poor mamma has none."

"And why hasn't she?" asked his father roughly. "Why don't she work?"

"So I do, husband," answered the woman, with some degree of spirit—"so I do, and hardly too, or we should have starved long ago; but yesterday I was ill, very ill, and could not work."

"Ill, ill, always ill. You don't die, it seems, though! and are not likely; you make good the old proverb, 'a creaking door,'" grumbled her amiable partner.

"Heaven knows that I have no wish to live, except"—and here her eyes flashed fire.

"Go on," said the husband tauntingly.

"Yes, I will live!—I *will!*" cried the abused wife. "That wicked girl shall never be the mother to my boy. He shall not learn to tremble before her—he shall not! he shall not!"—and she clasped the child with frantic strength to her bosom.

The child flung his arms round her neck, and, turning his eyes up to hers, seemed silently to implore her patience. The husband looked at them both with a smile of derision, hummed a tune, and calmly set himself to undress.

For some moments mother and child lay clasped within each other's arms, striving to stifle the sobs that burst from their aching hearts.

"A pretty scene you are all enacting this morning," at last sneered the husband—"a fine inducement to bring a man home. Do you suppose that all this snivelling makes any impression upon me?"

"No, husband, I do not," sadly retorted his wife. "The time when my sufferings could touch your heart has, I well know, long passed away. I have ceased to ask or expect anything for myself; but your parents and your child—ah! for mercy's sake let them not perish!"

"Perish indeed!—mighty well! Do you know it never struck me before, but really I think you would make a capital actress."

"O that I were anything but what I am! that I could but earn enough!" passionately exclaimed Ann, and her eyes, resting on the pale cheek of her child, completed the sentence.

"To provide for the boy without me, you would say, I suppose," rejoined the husband. "But beware, madam, how I listen to such sentiments. Take yourself off as soon as you will—the sooner the better; but the boy is mine—*mine*, remember—and his fate is in my hands; whom *I* love, *he* must love, whom *I hate*"—and the concentrated detestation of a life seemed to settle in his eyes—"whom *I* HATE, those shall he HATE also."

At this terrific sentence, a sentence which stirred the vital poison of her existence, Ann shuddered and cowered, while the oppressor, turning with a smile of gratified malice to the child, exclaimed,

"Here, Sandy, leave off whimpering, and eat these, they were sent to you by a pretty lady;" and, as he spoke, he showered a handful of bonbons into the outstretched palm of the hungry boy.

The child sat up at the words, and had already wolfishly devoured part of the sweetmeats, when suddenly remembering his mother's wants, he endeavoured to push the remaining portion into her hand. The look with which Ann recoiled from the offering, even while tears of thankfulness for the child's affection filled her eyes, was not lost upon her husband, who laughed brutally as he exclaimed,

"What the deuce, do you suppose that there is but *one* pretty lady in the world to send Sandy comfits?"

A sigh of anguish, that quivered from his victim's lips, was his only answer. It seemed that it smote even his obdurate heart, for, in a gentler tone than he had yet used, he added, "Well, don't be a fool! you are wrong this time—it was not *she* who sent them."

"Thank you, dear, dearest husband, thank you even for that," sobbed his wife; and then to the boy she added, "Eat, my child, eat them yourself; your father brought them all for you, darling."

"I would rather have bread," whispered the child.

"Bread, would you, my young cormorant?" echoed the father. "Well, then, so you shall—here, catch," and, suiting the action to the word, he flung a shilling to his son.

"Haste, haste, Sandy, to granny," whispered his mother; "bid her bring food for us all; it is now daylight, the early breakfast-houses will be open."

The child waited for no second bidding, but, lightly vaulting from the bed, flew, rather than ran, out of the room.

"And now," said his father, as the hollow sound of the hall-door, re-echoing through the building, gave notice that the grandmother and child had departed on their mission, "listen to me, Ann, for I have that to say to which I will brook no opposition. Your course is easy—obey me, and all is well. But I am in no mood for trifling—

*dis*obey me, and the boy passes from your care into hers, mark me, who, whatever be her—crimes you will call them—follies *I* name them—has no wish on earth but to please me."

Had a thunderbolt fallen at the feet of the wretched woman, it could scarcely have been more appalling than this exordium. Her heart stood still, and her lips became pale as marble, but the very extremity of her dismay supplied her with words, as in a hurried, frightened tone she murmured, "Your wishes—name them, and I am all obedience."

"This evening," proceeded he, "you will accompany me to visit a family whose acquaintance I desire you to cultivate, and whose friendship I wish you to possess—but, mark me, there must be no confidences, no tittletattle—*you are to corroborate, to the letter, whatever you hear me advance.*"

A command so unexpected, and bearing the semblance of kindness, seemed to poor Ann like the voice of an angel whispering hope. Friendship for her!—the desolate one!—what a tide of new and overwhelming emotions flooded her heart, as gently she remonstrated,

"How can you think so hardly of me, dearest husband, as to suspect there is danger of my injuring you with friends whom you respect, and whom you are so kind as to make mine."

"*She* whom you so much hate must likewise be respected among your new friends," pursued the husband.

"*She!*—must she cross me *there* too?" faltered the chilled and disappointed wife.

"There *she* is advantageously known," rejoined the imperturbable husband, "and so would I have all my family. It matters not my motives—they are, however, strong—and my will must be sufficient for you; in concurrence with that, I expect that you will meet her with a *sisterly* affection.

His wife answered not, but remained pale and rigid as a statue.

"If not with affection, at least with every semblance of attachment."

"I meet her with attachment!—impossible!"

"It must be done," sternly said the husband, "preparatory to our removal, for, after next week, it is my intention that we reside with her, so constituting one household."

A suppressed scream burst from Ann at this intimation, as suddenly and involuntarily she bounded from her bed, and stood pale, spectral, and erect before him.

"With her! I!—your wife!—your wedded wife! Hold myself and child up to the world's scorn! exist upon the vices of my husband and of—of—but I scorn to name what she was to me once—once, before I, like a fool, hugged the serpent in my bosom, and taught her where to sting me. She has broken all ties between us—she stands accursed upon the earth—she is the shame of her parents—and to me—ah, what has she not been to me! Husband," she added solemnly, "changed, corrupted as you are, you cannot, you *dare* not ask me to do this."

"Woman!" shouted the stern husband, "no words. I have said it; obey me, or begone. My family and myself go to her; if you

form a part of it, you go likewise. After this week, *her* home is *ours*—a home, mark me, where *she alone* presides the undisputed mistress."

It seemed as if this monstrous proposition had utterly paralyzed the mental as well as physical powers of the miserable wife, who, throwing her arm around the bedpost, clung to it helplessly and silently for that support which her trembling knees were unable to afford.

Her persecutor had, meanwhile, thrown himself moodily into a chair, and sat gazing at the fireless grate. His thoughts were evidently ill at ease; nor did the cruel triumph, so fearfully demonstrated by the situation of his suffering wife, appear to afford him any peculiar satisfaction. Perhaps he had been ruffled abroad, and, like the rest of his class of husbands, had bottled up his resentful feelings where they had been engendered, to be uncorked where their effervescence might explode without involving his personal safety—i. e. at home.

Suddenly his eye fixed—he started—he looked again; then his glance sought his wife; hers met and followed his at the instant; her pale face flushed and she trembled; he pointed to the mantelpiece.

"Forgive, O forgive me!" she faintly implored, for his look was terrible.

"Where is it?" hoarsely questioned the husband.

"Gone for food," gasped the wife.

"*Mine!—my* property!—*mine!* Who *dared*—who was the wretch who *dared?*" shouted he.

"Pardon, pardon, husband!" piteously sobbed Ann, and sunk upon her knees. "It will not be hurt; it is safe, quite safe. I will work—here, here—see I have work, plenty of work," and with shaking hands she caught up the basket that stood on the ground beside her—"I will do it all—all—with my own hands, to redeem it—I will, indeed I will."

"Who took it?" roared the tyrant. "Answer me, or, by the heaven above us, I'll—" and his clenched fist and set teeth spoke dreadful menacings.

"It was your father;—but he will come back—he will bring it back for me."

"May he—"

O," screamed she, "curse him not—your father—the poor old man—I only am to blame—*I* sent him—*I made him go—I—*"

"You!"

"Yes, I. But gaze not on me so terribly. Husband! I am your own poor wife, the mother of your children—you will not murder me? Think!—mercy!—oh, mercy!"

But the appeal was vain; for before the words had well passed her lips, the pitiless miscreant, uttering a wild shout, sprang furiously upon her, and coiling one hand in the long tresses of her hair, the other firmly clutching her throat, he stood glaring with feline ferocity into her eyes. An instant her gaze was fascinated to his; she tried to speak, but only a gurgling sound came; her breath stopped, and she struggled desperately; then her flesh quivered, and her eyeballs

turned; she writhed again, and then she struggled no more. Then, but not till then, the wretch, who had watched her sufferings with a calculating observation, shook her violently, and, with an execration too horrible to record, he flung her from him, and she fell senseless and distorted at the feet of her boy, who, loaded with coarse provisions, burst into the room, but who, at the dreadful sight that met his view, sank screaming down beside his mother.

THE BRIDE.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

Eureka! it is found at last!
The treasure so long sought in vain,
Forgotten, disappointment past—
Forgotten ev'ry grief and pain—
How bright thine image, lovely maid!
Flash'd vividly, where all was dark,
Like vestal fire, no more to fade—
The dove no more to quit my ark.
Oh! thou shalt prove my ocean-bird,*
Forewarning me, when storms arise;
Or, matin lark, whose song is heard
Awakening the summer-skies!†
The sun-burst of mine heart thou'lt be,
Expanding it, like Love's own flow'r;
To bloom in fragrant ecstasy,
Uninjur'd by Time's blighting pow'r!
To me, thou wilt be ever bright,
Shedding around my path perfume;
The only thought unclad in night
Betwixt my bosom, and the tomb!

* "Petrel, the Procellasia of Linnæus, a genus of birds well known to seamen, whose appearance is dreaded by them as a sure prognostic of a storm."—*Maunder's Scientific Treasury.*

† "Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies."—*Shakspeare's Cymbeline*, Ac. ii. S. 3.

THE BROTHERS.[1]

A TALE OF VERONA.

On the evening of the day subsequent to that on which occurred the events described in the foregoing chapter, Antonio was alone in the apartment, in which Can Signorio had breathed his last. It had undergone no alteration whatever since this period. The bed of state, with its damask coverings, still stood in the place it had always occupied; the chairs, the curtains, and the other furniture, were exactly the same. The door which led to the torture-chamber had been walled up, whilst that which conducted into the corridor, in connexion with the solitary apartment of Mastin the First, was thrown wide open. The prince was in a state of great excitation, and looked as if in expectation of some one's arrival, as he frequently paused at the door and listened. Footsteps approached; the door opened, and Leone Leoni entered.

"What intelligence dost thou bring me? For heaven's sake, tell me it is good—for I am standing upon red hot coals!" exclaimed Antonio.

"I am grieved to report that my intelligence is anything but good—in short, it is very bad," replied the knight. "And yet I might, with justice and full truth, term it good, if it spurred your highness on to quick and resolute action."

"Have you got the old woman? What does the hag say for herself? Have you taken the necessary steps to confine her in yon retired apartment?

"What! your highness is not yet acquainted?—but how should you?—I did not know it myself. Yesterday evening, as it would seem, long before our evening's divertisement was ended, her cottage was devoured by flames. She herself has disappeared. There is no doubt—in my own mind I feel perfectly persuaded—that she it was who set fire to her nest in order to destroy every vestige of her handiworks;—perhaps—who knows?—in the hope that Nogarola's villa might share the same fate."

"Hell and damnation!" ejaculated the duke. "If we had—if we could but put the hag to the torture, we should at any rate have extorted from her the confession, that she it was who prepared the beverage,—who purposely poisoned it;—as to thy subsequent appearance and suspicious character, we might easily have devised some fable, had but the woman made this declaration in the presence of witnesses."

A cold and contemptuous smile played upon the lips of Leone at this observation of Antonio's.

"To terminate the dispute, which has already begun, in a resolute manner, in a manner befitting the high and noble person who has engaged in it, all *half measures* are insufficient," replied he. "The

[1] Continued from p. 195.

alternative now is, you or Bartholomaeo! Do not think, noble master, that you will be able to appease your brother; not even my head, should you be inclined to comply with his demand, would now procure you peace, perhaps not even a momentary cessation of hostility. As regards myself," added he, "why, I am not exactly the kind of man who will patiently suffer the sins of others to be burdened upon my shoulders, and then, like the lamb decked out for sacrifice, stretch out my neck for the butcher's knife, in order to pacify the excited feelings of the man who has mortally offended me;—my papers are safely deposited in the hands of a friend ——"

"Leone, thou canst not suppose that ——"

"I do not suppose that it is your intention to sacrifice me; but, you know, I am wont to show my claws when others might, from coward prudence, be induced to draw them in—and must say, that I have always found my interest promoted by this mode of conduct. But enough on this point; I am not fond of speaking of myself: besides, we are not here to discuss mine, but your safety. Prince Bartholomaeo has already cited the heads of the nobility and the Podestas of the cities to a meeting, to be held to-morrow morning early, in the house of Bevilaqua, for the purpose—such is the express wording of the summons—of communicating to them matters of great importance. Of what nature this communication is, I need not tell your highness."

"I am lost!" exclaimed Antonio, clasping his hands and pacing the apartment in hasty strides. "Lost, I say, to all intents and purposes!"

"You are the conqueror and the sole sovereign of Verona, if you will but follow my council," cried Leone, taking the duke's hand and pressing it to his lips.

"Say, what *dost* thou counsel?" asked Antonio, considerably agitated.

"Give me full power over Bartholomaeo, and leave the rest to me."

"What! thou wouldst not murder him?" interrupted the duke, without venturing a look upon his companion.

"That which he designs for you shall fall upon his own head—nothing more."

"No, no!" exclaimed the duke, "hate him as I do, I cannot forget there was a time when I loved him—loved him dearly! No, no, there may still be a means to appease, to pacify him."

"There is no such means," replied Leone—"Bartholomaeo or you; there is no other alternative. I repeat it,—but *one* of you can henceforth be Verona's sovereign. If you hesitate twenty-four hours longer, you are deposed—indicted for the attempt to poison his mistress, and—thrown into chains;—in such case my head will be severed from my body, stuck up to grace some pole, and exhibited from yonder bridge to the admiring inspection of the gaping multitude."

"It shall not come to this," replied Antonio; but his voice did not correspond to the words of comfort it uttered. "I tell thee, Leone, it shall not come to this. Bartholomaeo can adduce no proofs, and you meanwhile effect your escape."

"I shall not move a foot," replied Leone. "He has struck me,

and you would urge me to escape! I have made some trifling experience in the world," added he, contemptuously smiling—"have learnt much which I would wish to forget, but an insult—and a public insult to boot—an insult which nothing but blood can wash away—to forget this?—this I could never learn—have never learnt!"

Whilst the knight was speaking, the tumultuous noise of many contending voices was heard outside the palace. Antonio and Leone went to the window to see what was the cause.

"Bartholomaeo!" shouted the duke in a bitter tone—"he is riding over the bridge; the people throng around him; it is their shouts—their acclamations, which rend the air! Ha, the hypocrite—how affable, how condescending he is! See, he throws money amongst them!—What! my German body-guard, too. Look you, Leone, how the buffaloes wave their halberts for very joy! how graciously he returns their greeting! He fancies himself already the sole, the independent sovereign."

"A fancy, your highness, which he knows will soon be reality;—before the sun sink a second time, he *is* what he now *fancies* himself to be."

"No! hell and the devil! I tell thee, he shall not!"

"You will not be able to prevent it, noble duke," replied Leone with firmness. "Once more, for your own safety's sake, grant me the power I ask."

"Well then—do what is not to be helped!" exclaimed Antonio, turning away his face.

"Your highness promises me the protection of your arm?" asked Leone.

"I will protect you!" replied the duke in a tone which was scarcely audible.

"And if I find it necessary to proceed to extremities?"

"Even then—but God in heaven!"—what has happened now?—This noise—and—if my eyes were not deceived, I saw the form of Can Signorio pacing up and down yon room."

In the very moment, when Antonio gave his consent and approbation to Leone's advice, an unaccountable noise was heard in the solitary apartment of Mastin the First. It was as if the very foundations of the castle had been suddenly disturbed; the whole building seemed upon the point of tottering to the ground. With his drawn sword Leone hastened into the corridor which led to the apartment, but presently returned as composed as ever.

"It is nothing, a mere nothing," said he in answer to the inquiring look of the duke, and returning at the same time his sword into its scabbard. "The ceiling of the old room has fallen in—nothing more."

"But the apparition?" asked the duke in a trembling tone. "I fancied, nay, I could have swoon, I saw the figure of Can ——"

"Deception of the visual organs!" replied the knight. "There is no one in the apartment. But your highness will now permit me to leave you; it is high time that I take my measures."

With these words Leone bowed and left the apartment.

"Was that a signal from thee, Mastino,—or from thee, unhappy fa-

ther of still more unhappy sons?" exclaimed Antonio, shuddering, and followed Leone out of the room.

The sun on the following morning had but just, or scarcely, risen above the Monte Baldo, when the whole population of Verona was in activity. On the Piazza Erbe, the Piazza Bra, in the Strada Bursari, but more particularly in the immediate vicinity of the palace, the crowd was the thickest, most unruly, impatient and noisiest. Armed men on horseback now and then sallied from their posts, and endeavoured to disperse the gathering multitudes; but these attempts were only partially successful. The object of this general congregation must have been of vital importance;—it was visible in their countenances,—in the hurry displayed in their salutation of friends and acquaintances. Pasquale, of Veronetta, and his friend Gioachimo, whose acquaintance we made at the commencement of our narration, were also not absent. They were both ignorant of the cause of this general assemblage of their fellow citizens, and, as is usual on such occasions, were most ingenious in starting conjectures.

"Corpo di Baccho!" exclaimed Gioachimo impatiently, "I am so curious to know what all this kicking and shoving means—that I would give—I mean to say, I should feel extremely indebted to any one who would let me into the secret. I don't know how it is, I have as many acquaintances in the palace as there are devils in hell, and yet, hang me, if I can catch a sight of one of them this morning. If I could but see the coat-skirts of my friend Christoforo, the porter, I should presently know what's the matter, for he keeps nothing from me ——"

"Or rather from thy wife, friend Gioachimo," interrrupted Pasquale with a slight grin at his companion. "Look you, the reason thou art still in ignorance of what has taken place in the palace last night—in spite of thy numerous friends at court—is, that thou returnedst yesterday from the fair of Desenzano,—for, seest thou—hadst thou but waited till this morning, thou wouldst, in all probability, have found Christoforo himself in company with thy good woman, and he would have told thee all about it."

"I can't conceive why thou shouldst find such pleasure in making such improper allusions to my wife and Christoforo," replied Gioachimo, evidently piqued at the observation of his friend. "I don't see any wit in it for my part, and more than this, I might and should take it surely amiss, and bear myself towards thee accordingly, were I not such a reasonable man as I am. But look you, yonder comes a corporal of the king's body-guard—a blockhead of a German—let's ask him—we may ask him—I know him—that's to say, I dressed up his *barret* for him. Ah! good morning, Signor Federigo—or Carlo—or rather Ingelramo, I should say—are you already on the ground, and stirring too so early? The Veronese may say what they please, but that is certainly true—if there is any hard work to be done the German gentlemen are the first whose services are required; and it would really seem that something serious was the matter;—eh, is'n't it so? Have I nicked it? A conspiracy? We have not had one for a long time; or does it please their royal highnesses, our sovereign lords and masters, to lop off the heads of a dozen of noblemen or so?

Well, well—it's all the same to me—there's no scarcity of the article in Verona, thank the saints;—there will still be enough left;—or is it perhaps ——"

"You want to know what has happened?" interrupted the soldier, who had been thus suddenly arrested, surveying his interrogator from head to foot, and smiling superciliously. "I'll tell you what, master capmaker, have but a little patience, you will know it early enough, depend upon it; but of this be assured, that if, by throwing twenty such inquisitive poltroons as you are into the deepest channel of the Adige, I could undo what has been done, I should think I had deserved immortality! Adieu!"

One would have thought that the rudeness of the corporal's reply and his leaving him so unceremoniously at its conclusion, would have exercised a disagreeable effect upon the feelings of the capmaker; but such was by no means the case,—without manifesting the least displeasure, he addressed himself to his companion.

"Did I not tell thee, said he, I should pump something out of the German dolt—the blockhead! *Something,* thou seest, has taken place, the *a siro ferino tedesco* himself said so. If St. Zeno would but send a second of these drones into our way, we might succeed in worming out of him what that something is. But look you, is not that Christoforo? Dio! 'tis he himself! Well, now, at any rate we shall know all about it."

A young, well-conditioned, and handsome German, in the colours of the duke, joined them at this moment, and offered Gioachimo his hand.

"What up so early?" cried he, "and but yesterday returned from Dezengano—at least your wife expected you. I'll tell thee what, master Gioachimo, thou knowest not what a treasure thou possessest in thy Nazarena;—she does nothing but think and speak of thee in thy absence, man. Yesterday, for instance, she was quite low-spirited at your return—I mean that you could not return till late in the evening—so low-spirited, I tell thee, that I felt obliged, as thy friend and a man of gallantry, to propose a jaunt to the Campo Grande, the German sensage,—thou knowest the house,—we Germans often meet there; and I do assure thee it was some time, and not till we had danced together for an hour or so—before she recovered her usual cheerfulness. A very angel of a wife, I tell thee, Gioachimo!"

Master Gioachimo looked for a moment at his friend Pasquale, to observe what effect this explanation of the ducal porter had made upon his countenance before he ventured a reply.

"It is with pleasure that I allow my virtuous wife, during my absence, to indulge in so innocent an amusement, and the more so with so old and valued a friend as thou, Christoforo; nay, I consider myself indebted to thee for the interest thou takest in her. But enough on this head. I have now another question to ask of thee: tell me, old friend, what has taken place in the palace? for that something out of the usual way has occurred we have already learnt from corporal Ingelramo."

"What! ye don't know yet! Well, then, listen. Last night, some time after midnight, the patrol stumbled upon the murdered

bodies of Prince Bartholomaeo and his favourite, Galvano de Fogliano, lying before the door of Nogarola's house. A sword was discovered stuck in the breast of each. It is whispered—a good friend of mine told me he had heard Leone Leoni report it to some noblemen—that the daughter of Nogarola had an amour, an old affair, with the prince, but that Galvano had latterly intruded on his preserve; that he, the prince, watched his motions last night, and that, upon seeing the knight getting out of the window of his mistress's apartment, he fell upon him, sword in hand, and that, after a desperate struggle, both fell."

"It is surprising, it is grievous, it is horrible!" exclaimed the capmaker, although his countenance betrayed neither horror nor grief. "What was it I told thee but some few weeks ago, friend Pasquale? Dost remember? Did I not say there was a curse upon the whole Scala house? And you see I was right; they are all either murdered, or, what amounts to the same thing, they murder each other. Who knows how the poor prince may, in reality, have come by his death? He was the best of the whole family; he had a true princely bearing—to which, forsooth, the barret of my own manufacturing not a little contributed. The brothers are said not to have agreed over well lately."

"Gioachimo!" cried Pasquale, perfectly horrified at the freedom of speech in which his friend indulged. "Capmaker! Gioachimo! for God's sake do not give vent to such expressions."

"And why not, pray?" replied he boldly. "Why not, thou craven-hearted jackanapes? Look you, it is the old Lombard blood, or rather the Roman blood, which flows in my veins, and makes me so bold-hearted as thou seest me. I cannot lay restraint upon my tongue. Had our brave and noble forefathers not spoken freely, thinkest thou they would have subdued the Cimbri? We should now be slaves, compelled to adopt their manners and customs—nothing better than blockheads, and eat, perhaps, nothing better than dumplings, which is the principal dish of the Germans at the present day—no offence, Master Christoforo—instead of which, is not our salami renowned throughout the civilized world? is it not, in a manner of speaking, the fundament upon which the pillar of our glory rests unshaken? But what, in the name of all the saints, is the matter now? Why, as I live, there's the whole signoria, with Bevilaqua and Pellegrini at their head—they seem to be on their way to the palace. Ha! I understand—I see how the matters stand; a public offer of condolence, without doubt—a voluntary manifestation of regret at the unhappy affair which has just taken place. Well, methinks Duke Antonio won't take the matter so very much to heart; he won't die of grief this time; he won't look upon it as anything very heart-breaking, that he thus becomes sole Duke of Verona."

"Friend—capmaker—fool and dolt!" exclaimed Pasquale, losing all patience and courage, and pointing towards the German soldiers, at no very great distance from them. "Thou speakest for all the world as bad as the meanest rebel. If I did not know that thou art a wellmeaning man, I should verily be inclined to think that Satan himself had laid his claw upon thee."

"And why should we put a curb upon our tongues in the presence

of friends?" replied Gioachimo with his former assurance. "Art thou not my friend, and is not Signor Christoforo one of my friends—my *intimus*—one whom, in some respects, I am wont to look upon as my nearest relative?"

"Sapperment! and that you justly may," interrupted the German, shaking his hand. "Say what thou wilt, honest Gioachimo; it goes with me into one ear, and out at the other. We remain the friends we always have been. Thou knowest I think most highly of thee, and value thy friendship, to say nothing of thy virtuous Mazarena, and that, in case of need, I am always ready to take your part. But no more of chatting now; I must be off to my post—adio!"

"A fine set of fellows the Germans, after all. Let them but once take a fancy to any one, and they'll go through fire and water to serve him," said Gioachimo. "Adio, adio, Pasquale," added he, turning to his companion; "it is time for me to be jogging; I dare say my shop is full of customers, and I must tell them all about this melancholy affair of Prince Bartholomaeo."

Whilst Gioachimo was hastening to his domicile as fast as the crowded state of the streets would allow him, and Pasquale was giving himself private instruction in *dolce far niente*, four hundred of Verona's nobility entered the audience saloon of Duke Antonio. They were all in the deepest mourning. The duke himself was clad in black, and looked pale, haggard, and dispirited. There were no other of his attendants with him but the knight Leone Leoni.

"You have requested an audience, signori," commenced Antonio, in a trembling and hesitating voice, "and Verona's nobility will, I am sure, consider it as a proof of no inconsiderable favour and indulgence on the part of their sovereign that he has immediately complied with that request. That this compliance has cost me difficulty—reluctance—at a moment when the fearful, the melancholy events of the preceding night still weigh so heavy upon my spirits, I need not say. The object, the purpose of your visit is, without doubt, that you might have an opportunity of manifesting your sympathy at the misfortune which has befallen my house."

The duke had no sooner finished this exordium, when Bevilaqua arose.

"Yes, noble duke, Verona's nobility," said he, fixing his eye firmly on Antonio, "are here to manifest to their sovereign their sincere, their heartfelt sorrow at the death of his brother, their much beloved regent; but, after having fulfilled this melancholy duty, they feel compelled to call upon your aid and assistance in the discovery of the wretch who has committed this deed of blood upon the person of Prince Bartholomaeo."

"Wretch! deed of blood! I do not understand you, noble sir," replied Antonio; and a death like paleness sate upon his cheek.

"Prince Bartholomaeo and the knight Galvano have not fallen in a duel—they have been *murdered!* This is the opinion of the whole city—this is *our* belief," said Bevilaqua, in a firm tone.

"I am sorry to be obliged to contradict—to entertain an entirely different opinion," replied Antonio, shrugging his shoulders, but with more composure than before. "It will be known unto you all, that

my deceased brother had long been enamoured of Lucretia, the daughter of the nobile Nogarola. It would seem that this attachment was not reciprocal, that the lady's inclinations were fixed upon another object, upon the knight Galvano. The favoured lover, as a matter of course, kept the matter concealed from his master; but the imprudence of friends disclosed this connexion to Bartholomaeo, who, desirous of being an eyewitness of the perfidy of his favourite, watched his steps and actions, and—the consequence is what we all regret."

"I am sorry," observed Bevilaqua, at the conclusion of the duke's narration—"I am sorry to be obliged to contradict every particular to which your highness has just given utterance."

"Ha! What sayst thou? Thou darest—"

"Nothing more than what will soon be repeated beyond the frontiers of the duchy," interrupted Bevilaqua. "At present, the nobility of Verona desire that the matter may undergo the strictest examination."

"And against whom is the examination to be conducted? The bodies were found by the nightly patrol; there was no one *present* when they fell," observed Antonio, endeavouring to regain his previous calmness.

"Against *this* man!" exclaimed Bevilaqua, pointing to Leone. "Nobile Malaspina, come forward. What was it you were witness to last night in the vicinity of the palace?"

"I and my brothers were returning home from a friend's, where we had been spending the evening," replied a young man of a noble appearance. "The moon was shining brightly; we were standing in the shadow of a buttress, on that side of the palace which faces the water, when the little corner door towards the east was suddenly opened. Four men issued from the building, two by two, carrying, as it seemed, some heavy burden, wrapped up in a dark-coloured cloth; a fifth walked slowly behind them. When the latter had passed us some twenty paces, I saw something fall from under his cloak; I took it up; it was a scarf; it bears the colours of the knight Leoni, whom I, moreover, immediately recognised by the figure; the faces of the whole company were masked."

"A well concocted fable, i'faith!" exclaimed Leoni, with a sarcastic smile upon his lip. "Fortunately for me, all Verona knows full well that you are my enemies, and his highness can—if he will—if he deem it necessary—testify that I was in attendance about his person at the very time when ye assert to have seen me."

Leone had scarcely pronounced these words, when a general commotion was visible among the assembled nobles. A venerable old man, in the dress of a knight, whose silver locks hung over his shoulders, and mingled with the beard which descended to his breast, pressed forward as well as the crutches with which he supported himself enabled him.

"Thou deniest the accusation, miserable wretch!" exclaimed he, in a sepulchral tone of voice, and stretching out his shrunken arm towards him. "Well, then, I call upon thee to purify thyself, if thou canst, in the eyes of the all-seeing God! I challenge thee to the ordeal! I accuse thee of the murder of Prince Bartholomaeo, of the knight

Galvano de Fogliano, and of the attempt to poison my daughter Lucretia, the right and lawful widow of the murdered prince! Could I enter with thee the lists, and there make good my assertion, I would prove, by the aid of my own good sword, that thou art a craven hearted villain, a wretch, a bloody-minded murderer; but as age has dried up the sinews of my arm, I will seize with thee the redhot bar of iron, or walk with thee barefooted on the glowing ploughshare, and God decide between us!"

"Who is this man?" asked Antonio, visibly surprised. "He must be bereft of his senses. What does he mean by the wife of my deceased brother?"

"It is the nobile Nogarola himself," replied Bevilaqua, "and his daughter is the lawful widow of Prince Bartholomaeo. During the sojourn of your brother in Florence, where Nogarola resided in banishment, he became acquainted with her, and privately married her. Upon the death of Can Signorio, it was his intention publicly to have acknowledged her as his consort; but the testament of his father, in which a union of this description was expressly forbidden, delayed the execution of his purpose Firmly resolved to wait no longer than till heaven had blessed your marriage with an heir, and then, in case of your not sanctioning the step, to have resigned his share in the government, the public declaration had been deferred; but as it appeared that his wife was not safe even in the halls of the ducal palace, he altered his intention. Yesterday he informed me and the nobile Pellegrini that he was married to Lucretia Nogarola, and that he had assembled the heads of the nobility to a meeting to-day, for the purpose of communicating his union to them. His assassination frustrated this intention."

"You now see, noble duke," said Leone, addressing Antonio—"you now see that my apprehensions were not without just foundation, and that I was but too right when I deemed it necessary to warn you of a conspiracy, hatched in secret by a part of our nobility, and headed—I am grieved to say it—by your deceased brother. Everything, you see, was in proper training. Prince Bartholomaeo was already privately married to the daughter of one of the heads of the discontented, or at least is now said to have been married to her; the lady complains of attempts upon her life; the marriage was to be publicly proclaimed; an heir—who knows?—may be already forthcoming; the discontented nobility are assembled, when, all at once, an act of rashness and jealousy snaps the thread so finely spun. Prince Bartholomaeo is no longer in existence, and there is no other alternative for his exasperated party, but the endeavour to seek revenge on the faithful servant whose attachment to his royal master had often thwarted their base designs. But that the whole matter will end in nothing, the sagacity of your royal highness is for me a sufficient security, and I herewith humbly beg leave to lay down my sword at your feet until the affair is finally settled. I look upon myself as prisoner."

"Re-take your sword, Sir Leoni; I know your fidelity," said Antonio, presenting his hand to the knight. "Without there! Guards!" exclaimed he in a loud tone.

A number of the German body-guard burst into the room.

"Arrest the four brothers Malaspina, and conduct them to the keep of the castle," commanded the duke.

"You do not—you cannot," exclaimed Bevilaqua, seeing the soldiers about to execute the orders of the duke. "Consider, gracious prince!"

"I *have* considered," interrupted Antonio, in an imperious tone, "I must now *act*. I know how to distinguish between the faithful and the false!"

"No justice! no satisfaction for the assassination of your brother, and the intended murder of his wife, my daughter!" exclaimed Nogarola, frantic with rage. "Tyrannical son of a cruel and tyrannical father—"

"Out with the madman!—out with him, I say!" vociferated the duke. "Thank my clemency, and thy age and worthlessness, that I do not send thee to the deepest dungeon of my castle, there to brood over thy audacity."

"Under these circumstances," said Bevilaqua, in an earnest tone, "there is no alternative left me but to resign the office and duties of a private councillor, conferred upon me by your father—"

"A step which I also approve, and herewith imitate," added Pellegrini.

"It is what I have long wished, replied Antonio. "I fancy I shall be able to conduct affairs without your assistance."

"I doubt it not," added Bevilaqua. "But now, having resigned my office, and this resignation on my part having been approved of by you, I herewith, as member of the signoria of the duchy, most solemnly protest against your present violation of the laws, and your refusal to cause examination to be made into the causes which have led to the death of your brother and his friend; which protestation I herewith hand in in writing," added he, drawing a document from beneath his vest. "In my name, and in that of the knights and nobility hereunto subscribed, I solemnly protest against these proceedings, and shall now direct my steps beyond the boundaries of your jurisdiction, where I may find a judge with the will and the power to decide between us."

"Such is my intention—and mine—our joint purpose," resounded from all sides.

"Go, go, ye rebels!" vociferated the duke, tearing the paper from Bevilaqua's hands, and throwing it on the floor. "Address yourselves to the emperor—call up my enemies against me—go! I defy you all—I despise you all!"

In a few minutes the nobles had left the apartment, and the duke with Leone were alone.

Much as the latter endeavoured to allay the awakened fears and apprehensions of his royal master, the information which was conveyed to him the very same day, that Bevilaqua, Pellegrini, Nogarola, and with them the greater part of the nobility, had left the town, could but contribute to increase them, and the more so, when he heard from undoubted authority that the three first-mentioned noblemen had proceeded to Milan. In order to be prepared for any and

every emergency, he reinforced his troops, and caused a report to be industriously spread that the brothers Malaspina had either themselves murdered Duke Bartholomaeo, or given rise to a quarrel between him and Galvano, in which both had fallen. These machinations, however, were of little or no avail. They rather injured than strengthened his cause. The nobility were outrageous in their complaints; the people were less violent in their actions, but their hatred of their sovereign was not the less. Venice was on the alert;—Galeazzo Visconti was already in motion, to fall upon Verona as the eagle pounces on his prey. Carrara made every preparation for war. Antonio gathered as many troops together as he could. He endeavoured to justify his conduct in the eyes of the neighbouring states and duchies, but even the few adherents he still had were cold in their services. His cause seemed lost before a sword had been drawn in its defence. Even his wife deserted him, and returned to her family. Under these circumstances, Visconti and Carrara, attended by the exasperated nobility of Verona, approached the ducal city. Wherever their soldiers appeared, they were received with open arms; the gates of the cities and fortresses were thrown open to them. An engagement took place at Alle Brentelli, the villa which Antonio had bestowed upon his favourite as the reward of his services, in which Antonio was completely worsted. Attended by Leoni, he succeeded in effecting his escape, but whither was known to none, and Visconti, the triumphant conqueror, entered the gates of Verona.

Some months had elapsed since the events above described. The rain was pouring down in torrents, and the wind howling through the ravines and clefts of the naked Appenines, when, in the darkness of the night, two wanderers were with no inconsiderable difficulty forcing their way through one of the mountain passes, which owed its existence to the impetuosity of some torrent. The country round about was truly comfortless and desolate; not a village—not a roof was to be seen for miles around; nothing but naked shrubs, dwarf fig trees, the entangled branches of the wig tree, and a few straggling blackberry bushes.

"I can't go a step further, Leone! Let them take me, chain me an' they will, and drag me to Milan or Padua. I cannot proceed," said the foremost of the wanderers, perfectly exhausted, and throwing himself upon the earth.

"A few steps farther, noble duke," replied the knight in an encouraging tone, and raising his companion by the arm. "I know for a certainty—I saw but a few moments since a light—there must be some human habitation not very far off."

"And even if there be," said Antonio dispirited, "of what service will it be to me? Where there are human beings, there are spies—informers—traitors! Who would not willingly gain the reward which my enemies have set upon my head?"

"I cannot contradict it," replied Leone; "but suppose we offer a still higher, a more enticing reward—why, instead of an informer, we gain a guide, who will conduct us in safety to the papal territory, from which we cannot be so very far off; and when once there, my gracious master, we are out of the reach of our enemies—you are in perfect security."

"Security, sayest thou, and nothing more? Thou art indeed a sorry comforter," said Antonio.

"I should think," observed the knight, "personal security is at present what we most stand in need of. Persons in our peculiar situation ought not, methinks, to require too much from fate. But, do I deceive myself? No, by Heaven! yonder, on the verge of the mountain is a cottage."

Leoni's eye had not deceived him. The intelligence inspired even the duke with hope, and they proceeded slowly forward in the direction of the cottage. To their request for admission no answer was returned, and it was not until Leone had commenced in real earnest to force his passage into the miserable hovel, that the door was opened. An old woman, her back bent nearly double by age or gout, her head so wrapped up that there was nothing of the visage to be seen but a couple of sharp piercing eyes, met them on the threshold, and invited them, although, from the tone of voice with which the invitation was pronounced, very reluctantly, to enter and take shelter beneath her roof. The room into which she led them had rather the appearance of a stable or a pig stye, than that of a human habitation. In one corner was the hearth, on which some moistened fagots were vainly endeavouring to break out into a flame; a few misshaped, unplained planks, clumsily nailed together, supplied the place of table, and two or three smaller logs of wood scattered about, served as substitutes for chairs. In the opposite corner was perceptible a scanty lair of withered leaves and moss, intended, without doubt, for a couch. The apartment, if such it may be termed, seemed fitted up for more inhabitants than one, for, rude as its furniture was, there was more than one solitary inmate would have thought it necessary to indulge in. The couch of the old woman herself, to which a tattered coverlid and a fragment of blanket gave promise of greater luxury, stood not far from the hearth.

The wanderers had no sooner entered the apartment, than the old woman lifted up the lamp she held in her hand, and examined their features with great attention. Was it surprise? was it terror? or a sudden fit of palsy which overpowered her at this moment? The lamp fell from her hand; the light was extinguished.

"St. Giovanni and St. Paulo be merciful to us!" exclaimed she, breaking out into lamentations at the darkness in which she had involved the apartment. "Misfortune, they say, never comes single-handed, and so it would really seem. My sons, poor shepherds, noble sirs, have left me quite alone—quite alone in this horrible weather. They are most likely in the plain below, carousing and rioting, and now, to add to my misfortunes, I must let my lamp fall."

"O the last is no such very great misfortune," observed Leoni, taking off his own cap and cloak, and those of the duke's, and throwing them over a wooden bar which was suspended from the beams. "You must refill it, and light it again. You have got some more oil, I suppose?"

"Not a drop more in the house!" replied the old woman; "not a single drop, signori."

"Well, it can't be helped," answered the knight, "there are more

ways than one of lighting up the old nest;" and suiting the action to the word, he threw an extra fagot on the hearth.

"In the name of all the saints!" ejaculated the old woman, pressing the bandages still closer about her head. "O my poor eyes—I can't bear the least flame, and you are going to set my house on fire. Has the devil got possession of you?"

Meanwhile the extra fagot took effect, and the duke and his companion surveyed the apartment of which they had so suddenly and unexpectedly taken possession, and were not a little surprised to discover, close to the old woman's couch several swords, a lance, and two or three cross-bows.

"You are astonished to see weapons of this formidable description in so miserable a hovel as this," said the woman, half concealing herself beneath the coverlet, and turning her head from the fire. "It is indeed terrible that we should have need of them; but you see even the poorest of the poor must hold themselves prepared for defence in this unhappy country. Besides, you must know, my sons sometimes deal in cattle, and a few lires are sufficient to tempt the destitute and rapacious."

"When do you expect the return of your sons? Do you think they would undertake—of course for a good reward—to conduct us in safety to Siena?" asked the knight.

"Why not?" replied the old woman, catching at the word reward. "The lads are always ready and willing to earn a trifle—and as to guides—well, I will not praise them as they are my own sons—but this I can tell you—they know every pathway of the mountains."

"And when do you think they will return?"

"Why, as they are not already here, I do not think they will come much before daybreak."

"Then we cannot wait for them; before daybreak we must be in the Roman territory."

"Have ye then such haste?" asked the hostess. "So, so," added she after a pause, "I understand—you have some reason to shun the highway. Well, well—it's no concern of mine; perhaps you are right to use this precaution, and more especially if you wish to avoid the Milanese soldiers. A little before sunset a whole troop of them passed over the mountain. Parties have been sent into all the adjacent villages, and my sons tell me that a reward of ten thousand gold lires has been set on the head of the duke of Verona, and five thousand on that of his companion. For my part, I fancy, Visconti will keep his money in his pocket, for the birds he seeks to catch are long since out of his reach."

"Indeed! And what makes you think so?" asked Antonio.

"It is generally reported and believed in these parts, that Duke Antonio has escaped to Germany," replied the old woman. "If this be true, and, as I said before, there are but few who doubt it, it is not to be wondered at that the Milanese, his bitterest enemy, should be so desperately enraged, and seek to cool his anger on all of his party whom ill luck may lead into his claws. If you should be of this party, you would do well methinks to remain here till break of day, when my sons will be ready and willing to conduct you—of course for

the reward you spoke of, for the labourer is worthy of his hire—into the interior of the mountains, where you will not only be safe, but through their assistance be enabled to procure you guides to Siena."

"Why, we don't exactly belong to the party of whom you are speaking," said Antonio; "but as you say the roads are occupied with soldiers, it would not be exactly advisable for two poor wanderers like us to throw themselves into the lion's den; and, moreover, as you are of opinion that your sons will return by break of day, and be ready to conduct us——"

"I must positively protest against remaining here so long, my friend," interrupted Leone; "it cannot be so very far from the frontier, and when once there, I know the road myself."

"And you really think of going, and in this horrible weather?" exclaimed the old woman. "Do but listen how the tempest howls; and then, think of the path across the mountains; if you did but know it, I am sure you would give up the purpose—nothing but precipices, right and left. It is not possible that you can find the road and get safely over in such a night as this."

"Never fear; we are used to such casualties," said Leone, casting an impatient look at his companion.

"I must entreat you to remain!" exclaimed the old woman still more urgently; "you are lost men if you venture to go alone. It is possible that my sons return sooner than I said—in an hour or two—perhaps still earlier."

"And that occurs to you but now? You just now tell us that they would not return till break of day," said Leone.

"Did I say so? Why, you see, I thought if my sons were sitting behind the wine cup, it was possible they might not return before morning; but, no, no; believe me, worthy signori, they will be here much sooner; they are good lads at bottom, love their old mother in their hearts, and will not leave her so long alone, and in expectation."

"The weather seems, if possible, more tempestuous than ever," observed Antonio, who had opened the door of the cottage to convince himself on this point. "Methinks we cannot do better than accept the old woman's offer, and remain here till morning."

"By no means," replied Leoni, in a firm and resolute tone. "By no means, my noble friend. Immediately on the other side of the frontier we shall find a shelter—there we can remain."

"I must frankly confess I feel myself so exhausted, that I fear I shall not be able to reach the boundary," said Antonio.

"Have you got no refreshment in the house—no wine? If it be but a draught—a mouthful of bread—or something of the kind for my friend?" asked Leoni, addressing the old woman.

"The best refreshment would be a few hours' sleep," replied the hostess. "Would it not be better to take a little rest? I will in the mean time prepare you a little soup; if I am not mistaken, there is a little wine in the jar, which Peter left behind him; that would do you both good, and perhaps my sons may return by then."

"No, no!" exclaimed Leoni; "remain we cannot, old woman. But you said you had some wine—let us have it, and take this for your pains; throwing a silver coin upon the couch.

"Well, well, then, if you will not take my advice," cried she, raising herself, "you shall have all I have; it is, I am sorry to say, but little; but the more refreshing; it is a good-bodied Montepulciano, of which my poor Andrea used to be so fond. I verily believe it was the cause of his death."

With these words the old woman unlocked a chest, and after some time produced an earthern jug, which she filled with wine from a vessel concealed behind her couch.

"Here, noble signor," said she, handing the vessel to Antonio, "and may the draught refresh you."

Without removing the jug from his lips, the duke drank the full half of its contents, and then handed it to his companion.

"Your wine has a very peculiar taste," said the knight, putting down the jug. "Your deceased Andrea must have had a very remarkable *gusto* if he had drank himself to death with this. I don't think I should exactly follow his example."

"There's no knowing—there's no knowing!" said the old woman, chuckling. "My poor Andrea was of the same opinion when he was drinking, and still the result was what I tell you. Look you, gentle sir, the wine is genuine Montepulciano—it has somewhat of an earthy taste, I am told, and that you see is a kind of—I think our priest, who attended Andrea in his last moments, termed it a *memento mori*—for those who drank too much of it."

The hostess replenished the jug, and a second draught was sufficient to convince Leoni that the peculiarity of taste which he had spoken of lay only in the first mouthful. He was reurging the necessity of departing without any farther delay, when Antonio requested him to wait at least a few moments, as he felt a kind of giddiness, which he ascribed to his previous exhaustion, and the momentary excitement produced by the wine.

"I will fetch you a draught of fresh water from the stream behind my cottage; it will presently dissipate all the ill-effects of the wine," said the old woman, and hobbled out of the apartment.

"Per *Dio!*" exclaimed Antonio; "I feel all at once so very unwell. I can't see—a film passes over my eyes."

"It is the same with me," said Leoni, wiping the perspiration from his face; "I feel so sick—so very sick! Do you think the wine——?"

The knight had not finished his observation when Antonio suddenly fell from his stool.

"Madonna!" exclaimed Leoni, endeavouring to rush to his friend's assistance. The attempt was futile; he wavered—he staggered, and fell down by the side of his master. In less than half an hour the duke and his companion were dead.

It was about two hours later, and one before daybreak, the fire upon the hearth was nearly extinguished, and the few flames that now and then proceeded from it threw a dim and ghastly light upon the convulsed features of the dead, when a slight whispering was heard outside the door of the cottage, and presently after the door itself was opened. The hostess thrust forward her head, and after looking for some moments cautiously around, entered the room, fol-

lowed by three men, armed to the very teeth. She went up to the hearth, threw some fagots upon the embers, and upon the wood catching fire, and bursting into a flame, she exclaimed in a triumphant tone of voice, and pointing to the bodies—

"Look here, my lads. Here lie twenty thousand gold lires."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed the eldest of her companions, looking attentively upon the bodies. "Per Bacco! It is, by heavens, the duke and his favourite, the Knight Leoni; I have seen them too often not to know them again."

"To-morrow I set off for Milan, and claim the reward!" exclaimed a second. "Old girl, we are but babies compared with thee! Within the last four weeks we have, altogether, not gained half so much in our honourable vocation on the road, as you, in this old rat's nest of yours, in one half an hour."

"Hum! I should have scarcely given you credit for so much courage," said a third. "To have offered with your own hand the wine you yourself had poisoned. Per Dio! there's a vast difference between preparing such a draught and offering it one's self—besides, it was a prince!"

"The son of the man who caused my misery; who reduced me to what I am!" exclaimed the old woman; "who compelled me to have intercourse with such as you are! I was not always what ye now behold me," added she, tearing the bandages from her face, and discovering the features of the witch Sabeoncello. "This countenance, which now appals the eye of the beholder, could once make pretensions to beauty; but vice and misery have made it what it is. Young and inexperienced, I accompanied my father—a travelling herb merchant—from my native coast to Verona. Can Signorio, at that time in the prime of youth and manly beauty, seduced me. My father died brokenhearted. When my exterior person had lost its charm in the eyes of my princely seducer, he availed himself of my services in gaining over others to his purposes—and thus I became what ye now see me. Why should not others become what I was, and suffer what I suffered? Compassion with his son! Had the father compassion with me, or with the victims of his lust? When I became miserable and unhappy, I steeled my heart to the voice of compassion for the sufferings of others! I felt no compassion for Lucretia Nogarola; was it not the intention of her father to turn me out of my miserable hovel, merely because I had given his sister an orange which disagreed with her? And why should I not have given her the orange? I was at that time young and beautiful, and she it was who had estranged *his* affections from me! Go—go to-morrow to Milan; convey to Visconti the glad tidings that the Scala race is extinguished, and tell him that it was an old and a miserable woman who accomplished the deed. You need not fear that the reward will be withheld from you—or that you will be exposed to punishment for the murder of a prince. No—no! the death of the last of the Scala race confers advantage on the Duke of Milan, and he who benefits by the deed will always consider it well done."

She was right in her assertion. Visconti received the intelligence

of Antonio's death with unfeigned satisfaction, and the promised reward was conscientiously paid. Milan, Padua, and Venice, disputed for a long time respecting the appropriation of the Scala territory, till at length the Lion of St. Mark's stretched out his powerful claws, and possessed himself of the duchy.

Of Lucretia Nogarola, history furnishes us with no further particulars. A tradition says, she died in a nunnery on the Gardon lake, where she had sought an asylum from the miseries of the world.

NEWTON IVORY LUCAS.

GOLDEN DREAMS.

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

How sweet in slumber soft reposing
  Some vision of the past to see,
Some dream of by-gone bliss disclosing
  The sunny days of youth and glee!
When fancy, fairy vigils keeping
  Gives back youth's bright and glorious themes;
O say not time is lost in sleeping
  That conjures up such golden dreams!

When sailing o'er the raging billow
  The hardy sailor's forced to roam,
How sweet upon his ocean pillow
  His dream of absent friends and home!
Once more he views the woodland bowers,
  The fertile hills, the gushing streams,
And nothing in his waking hours
  Can charm him like those golden dreams.

But sweeter still mid slumber dwelling
  On some loved form to mem'ry dear,
Are those wild strains with rapture dwelling
  That but in dreams enchant the ear;
O still may fancy vigils keeping,
  Give back such bright and glorious themes,
For time is never lost in sleeping
  That conjures up such golden dreams.

Leamington Spa.

A CHAPTER ON NAMES.

"Je ne vois pas le qui empecherait mon palefrenier de s'appeller Pompei le grand."—MONTAIGNE.

THAT the simple formality of a name, is a thing working with an influence that is as little to be understood as resisted, is a theory, which, however absurd it may appear in the abstract, has been espoused by many of the wisest of the old world, as well as by the more acute, though possibly less learned, philosophers of the present day. It was with no hasty decision, but rather after mature deliberation, that the Israelites in the desert named their offspring, and there a father would have shrunk from calling his child Cain, even as now no man would willingly bestow the name of Judas upon his eldest born. It is not that we hold with the Shandean philosophy, which asserts that the life of a child is shaped out according to the name conferred upon him at the baptismal fount; neither can we absolutely agree with Thomas Carlyle, when he says, "Call a child Diogenes Teufelsdröck, and you have already decided that he shall write a work called the Philosophy of Clothes." We are not sure that every Alexander, every Napoleon must be a hero, (I have known one or two French barbers of the latter name,) or every Horace a worthy rival of the Venusinian bard: but apart from the folly of this constrained theory, it cannot be denied that there *are* influences (whether proceeding, as some poets have imagined, from a colour thrown over our present life, by a previous and forgotten state of existence,) which associate in us certain feelings with certain names, and which awaken in us, as it were, a kind of memory—an interest, which seems to attach us to an image which is indistinctly seen, fluttering beyond our grasp, in the gloom of the unreturning past.

This is chiefly observable in Christian names; surnames being things hereditary, and therefore less likely to be affected by either fancy or caprice, and yet even in the concatenation of syllables, which, handed down from father to son, seems to distinguish man from his fellow man, there will occasionally be found something which agrees in a startling manner, with some property peculiar to the individual himself. It may be, that when nations first became divided into many families, and each separated itself from others, putting itself under the guidance of some one chief, that chief assumed a style and title founded on some personal attribute of his own, which, being perpetuated more or less in his descendants, still shines forth either morally or physically, and displays itself to the separation of the man from the herd. So with the red men of the great North American continent; the great grandson of "the brave who strikes with both hands," is likely to prove a better warrior than the descendant of "he who runs down the hill," as much perhaps from the influence of his ancestor's distinguishing appellation as from the transmission of blood.

It is a trite remark, and yet one so germane to the matter that we

may be excused from glancing at it, that in all probability the bakers, butchers, tailors, smiths, &c. of this day, are lineally descended from honest Saxons, each of whom exercised in former times the trade whose designation their prosperity now bear: and what greatly tends to strengthen this hypothesis, is the fact, that the two last of the above-mentioned names are incomparably more common than any of the others, and it is but reasonable to suppose that in the primitive times, when war, the chase, and agriculture, were the daily pursuits of man, and when they had but lately renounced the painted nakedness of their ancestors, (and we all know how rapid is the transition from extreme to extreme,) the arts of rendering iron malleable, and of working it into weapons both of offence and defence, as well as that of fashionable garments adapted to the purposes of modesty and the rigour of our northern clime, should supersede the common occupations of baking and of slaughtering oxen, in a land where chieftains slew their own mutton, and kings' wives were not ashamed to be seen making tarts in a larder, all on a summer's day.

Magicians and pretenders to magic have always laid a stress upon names; deeming some of a nature so elevated and holy, as to be sufficient in themselves to frighten away the devil and overturn his works. Mary is necessarily the first of these; and its sacred qualities and powers are alluded to in more than one narration of the days gone by: among others we have an instance in one of the old Italian novels, of a certain gentlewoman of Bologna, who by the mere force of this name was able to defy the malice of Satan, who, under the form of her deceased lover, attempted one evening to fly away with her from the very gate of the cathedral church; and Montaigne, in one of his essays, tells us of a "*garçon fort débauché*," who being in company with a damsel of not doubtful reputation, happened to ask her name, and hearing it, "*se sentit si vivement esprins de dévotion, et de respect pour ce sacro-sainct nom*," that he forthwith abandoned his evil courses, and built the church of Notre Dame de Poictiers, in expiation of his sins.

Burton had the same idea:—he tells us that there is "a rare virtue and power in some names;" and Magistri, as quoted by Victor Hugo, in his romance of "Notre Dame de Paris," observes that there are certain names possessing in themselves a spell so mysteriously potent, that it is sufficient to pronounce them, during the operation of alchemy, for the great transmutation immediately to take place. Ben Jonson, with all his curious learning, had not attained to a knowledge of these cabalistic words, or perhaps Sir Epicure Mammon and Face might have succeeded better in their attempts.

There are also names which are supposed to carry with them a curse—which, Upas-like, shed a blight over the existence of those who labour under them,—which, if they fail in sinking their unfortunate wearers to the bottom, yet clog their exertions, and effectually hinder them from ever rising to a higher state: so, we are told, were the names of *Guillaume*, *Jehan*, and *Benoist*, in France, (the latter is a name held in little esteem even in these enlightened days,) and that of *Oerraca* or *Urraca* in Spain, which, having been borne many centuries back by a queen of that country, who betrayed the city of Granada to the Moors,

was banned, and never afterwards given to any female of the royal blood. Nor are these the only ones; some, likewise, among the most beautiful, the most holy;—e. g., the emperor Severus (we are told by D'Israeli) consoled himself for the ill conduct of his empress, deeming that it was her name, (Julia,) not herself, that was in fault, he conceiving that no good could ever come from one bearing that appellation. And the same name has been indirectly censured by Fletcher, in his comedy of "The Chances," wherein he accuses one of his female characters of being a "flirt Gillian," *quasi*, as the commentators (God forgive them!) tell us, "flirt *Julia*," though they do not think it necessary to give us any authority for this strange and invidious derivation of the word.

But for all this, the beauty and charm of a name does not, of course, rest with itself alone. It is only by association, occult or obvious, that we love one better than another, consequently we change our favourites now and then, and marvel how we could once have admired that which we can no longer love. It is for this reason that the same appellations strike us quite differently under different circumstances. That which to some may be nothing more than a distinctive label—that Mary, or Elizabeth, or Ellen, which conveys no idea to the many, may to the one be a type of all he loves on earth; the mere sound of that name, the mere sight of the letters forming it, accidentally placed before his eyes, (haply diamond-written in some inn window, or chalked beside Warren's blacking on some suburban wall,) will throw him into a train of thought, either joyous or melancholy, as the case may be, and lead him on through the realms of fancy, mocking him with a delusive train of hopes and fears; and again a little year, and the spell will have lost its power; Louisa will have become no more a magic word than Dorothy, Sarah will have rivalled Isabella, and the name the sound of which called up a blush upon the brow of the timid, and which, when suddenly spoken, startled the bolder wooer from his propriety, will once more fall harmless and innocuous upon the ear.

Perhaps, to an imaginative mind, one of the most painful formalities attending the entering upon a cloistered life is that of parting with the name hitherto borne through weal and woe, and to which all recollections of happier hours are attached, and the assumption of some new patronymic, bald in itself, and unassociated with any image of the past. When the convent gates are shut upon the recluse, and the material world is for ever barred from her sight; when the flowing tresses which were once her glory and her delight are cut off, and the wreaths of vanity exchanged for the garb of humiliation and penance, the victim may indeed feel separated in body from the scenes in which she has hitherto lived and moved; but it is not till the name of her childhood—the name by which her mother first delighted to call her—by which she was known to the playmates of her sunny hours—by which, perhaps, some one yet dearer than father or than brother had hailed her—is taken away, never to be restored, that she feels how completely she is cut off from her fellow-creatures, how utterly she is blotted out from existence, even as one for whom the

present has no joy, the past no memory, and the (earthly) future but a dreary void.

Poets have ever been delicate in the names they have bestowed upon the ladies of their love. Deeming, perhaps, that Susan, and Betsy, and Polly, and Sophia, are not sufficiently euphonous in pronunciation, or convey not a sufficiently lofty idea when married to immortal verse, they have ever sought their charmers amid Delias and Celias, Vanessas, and Saccharissas. Even Habington, while giving to the world the truest pictures of a friend, a mistress, and a wife, must call his love Castara, not daring (lest he should offend against the taste of the day) to celebrate her under her real name; and others, carrying their refinement yet farther, have concealed the name of their beloved one from the world, deeming that none were worthy of even knowing the name of so much excellent and beautifully fashioned clay. Thus Cowley—

> "With more than Jewish reverence as yet
> Do I, the sacred name conceal."

And again—

> "So bold as yet no verse of mine has been,
> To wear that gem on any line."

Thus, with a more than Turkish jealousy, shrouding his Margaret, his Martha, or his Heleonora (Heaven knows which it was, for by his calendar it seems his loves were many,) from the knowledge, as well as from the sight of mankind, treasuring her name, as well as her heart and person, for himself, and repeating it perhaps only to the watches of the night, hallooing it "to the reverberate hills," when there was no one by to mark or take note thereof.

The absurd names assumed by the Puritans during the time of the Commonwealth afforded a never ceasing subject of merriment to the Royalist party: "Praise-God-Barebones" could scarcely escape the sneers and laughter of the light-tongued, light-hearted cavaliers of those days; and his brother, who having been baptized by the blasphemous appellation, "If-Christ-had-not-died-for-you-you-would-have-been-damned-Barebones," and who was therefore called for shortness "D—d Barebones," must have afforded a treasure-store of mockery to the godless Wildrakes of 1655.

A foreign sound and appearance in a name is sometimes enough to invest it with a beauty which to one accustomed to it it does not possess; thus Parny and Boufflers sing of "Jenny," deeming it a most romantic and pleasant name, and Bürger makes love to his "Polly," or "Molly," in all seriousness, and with a passionate sadness no vision of a favoured Captain Macheath, no idea of kettle boiling, ever flashing across his brain. So it is with us; Fatama carries with it a spell—she who bears it cannot be otherwise than beautiful, with long eyes *fendus en amande*, and henna-tinged nails; a whole life of love lies hidden within the folds of her veil. So also with Juana and Pepita, common names enough in Spain, and belonging to all manner of women in that sunny land; still to us they bring a fascination, an aroma, as it were of "Tawny Spain." *Grettchen*, that soft diminu-

tion of Margaret, is to the pipe-dried German but a simple name, yet who shall hear it spoken in a far land, and not see (in his mind's eye) Faust's fair victim, stepping along with a somewhat haughty modesty to church, her prayer-book in her hand, coyly repelling the advances of the devil-aided and too fascinating cavalier?

Faust. "Mein schönes Fräulein, darf ich wagen,
Meinen Arm und Geleit ihr anzutragen?"

Margaret. "Bin weder Fräulein, weder schön,
Kann ungeleitet nach Hause geh'n."

But indeed Margaret is no common name. History and romance have both invested it with a beauty above many others. Chaucer's "Margarite peerle," and Lambe's "Little heretic nun," are of themselves sufficient to embalm it in the memory of all men.

There is one name to which I profess a worship. No time, no place, no distance, no prosperity, no evil, no world-beauty, no wrong, can deprive it of its power. Do but speak it, and I am dumb—dreams come thronging, half real, half ideal, in some respect formed of recollection and association, in other of a pictured future, so often and so truthfully dwelt on as to have assumed an almost visible form—as that of Rachel unto Jacob, obscuring the loveliness of the tender-eyed Leah, and sufficing him as a thought during his twice seven years of toil; so doth it work—a peremptory winnow, scattering instantly the chaff of all other thoughts—a fire balloon, upsoaring, approximating to heaven, because in its elements heaven-born—a smoke whiff, blue and beautifully circling, lending while it endures a glory to the surrounding objects, such as that which Raphael has depicted surrounding his fairest Madonna-heads, and dying, not with a visible death, but expanding and dissolving itself into the elements, and pervading for all time (for nothing on earth will ever die as though it never had life) the elements into which it has dissolved. Evanthe!—but the word is spoken; lo! she comes.

H. M.

OUR YOUTHFUL DAYS.

BY NEWTON IVORY LUCAS.

Our youthful days! What powerful talisman,
What magic in the thought! How beats the heart
Within its cage confined, and struggles hard
To break its chains, when memory leads before
The eye entranced our youthful days, with all
Their innocence, and truth, and hope, and bliss;—
And we have shaken off the rust of age,
Its sorrows and its cares, and feel again
The buoyancy, the verdant hope of youth!

Return once more, ye bright, ye happy days!
But once, and let me revel in the joys,
The pure, the innocent, which ye can give,
And ye alone!

In vain! Time was; the hour
Hath struck; it striketh not again! And what
The charm, which spread around our youthful days
The bliss we yearn for now? Are not the days
The same as ever? Shineth not the sun—
Sheds not the moon upon the sleeping earth
Her placid light in latter life the same
As when thy brow was furrowless, thy hair
In golden ringlets wantoned with the wind?
Are not the stars, the glorious eyes of heaven,
As bright, as numerous as ever? Say,—
The features of the land, thou call'st thy home,
And lovest as the mother loves her babe,
His eldest born the father—are they changed?
Does Nature wear a darker garment now
Than when her beauties first beguiled thine eye
And won thy love and admiration? Are
Her woods less verdant, when her bridegroom comes,
The Spring, and she adorns herself in all
Her buds and beauty? Are her flowers less bright,
Less lovely than they were, when thou wast wont
To wander in the sober eve, and deem
Each chalice was a spirit's cradling place?
Or are the birds less tuneful? is their note
Less joyful, less melodious? is their wing
More earthward bent? Has Heaven, has Nature changed?

No, no! *they* have not changed; the sun, the moon,
The stars, the home—all, all are still the same;
There's beauty still in all—the woods, the flowers—
Their loveliness the same—*they* have not changed!

And where then lay the charm?
'Tis *we ourselves*
On whom the change hath fallen! we ourselves
Are not the same; the mirror of the heart,
In early youth unsullied as the wave
In which the sun, and moon, and stars, and they
Alone, their beauties see reflected clear,
The dews of time have stained, and worldly care
And sorrow, consequent on human life,
Have blunted down the edge of feeling, and
The Hope, which beautified our youthful dreams,—
The staff on which so willingly we leaned
Hath proved too oft so fragile in our hands,
That we with caution trust our failing strength
To such delusive succour, and the ear,
Deceived so oft, refuses to be charmed,
The eye to dwell with pleasure on a scene
Which never may be realized! The world
Hath made us selfish, and the heart, which once
Was happiest when confiding, trusts no more,
Or sparingly.
These changes in ourselves,
Brought on by converse with the world, conduce
To throw a shade around our present days,
And waken in the breast the futile wish
To live again the happy days of youth!

MISS FINCH.[1]

"Il suffit quelque fois à un jeune homme de rencontrer une femme qui ne l'aime pas, ou qui l'aime trop, pour que toute sa vie en soit derangée."—H. De Balzac.

I should like to know how much I slept that night. Sleep is for the happy, or rather for the contented—those whose souls are tossed by no violent emotions of either joy or grief; but does a man sleep the night before he is married, or before he is hanged? Practice says yes, theory says no; howbeit, I did not slumber much. I had visions—strange shadowings forth of the past and of the (hypothetical) future. I had never seen Venice, save in Canaletti's pictures, and I dreamed and dreamed of it, and thought I was gliding on the wide canal in the Bucentaur, with Helena by my side, and a sound of music in my ears. Early in the morning, I rose and walked to —— Square.

At the general's door stood a travelling carriage, ready packed. Then it was true; they were going away, and I perhaps should see them no more. A woman with a basket of violets was standing lingering about the door-step; I bought a bunch, and paid her five times its value, on condition that she should go away; then I ensconced myself behind a projecting portico, and waited until the Finches should appear. Why did I not go in? Why did I not boldly venture into the house, and take them by the hand as they went forth, leaving their native home? But who asks me this? It would not have been in the nature of the man; so I stood and watched. Presently they came, Helena with a face all smiles; they entered the carriage; the lady's maid saw to the last six band-boxes, and called the courier's attention to the favourite canary and two paroquets; then the horses started off. As they passed the spot where I was standing, I tossed my violets in at the open window; they fell upon Helena's knees. She thrust forth her head in surprise; she saw me, and smiled—nay, she waved her hand till they turned the corner and were out of sight.

I walked slowly away, a strange feeling in my heart, as though there had been a chaos where was now a void. Many things distracted me as I went along. I stopped at Wyld's in Charing Cross, and bought a map of Germany and the north of Italy; at Ackermann's I was detained ten minutes by a painting of the Bridge of Sighs. When I got home, I found some papers on my table—a case which was to come on in two days in the Vice-Chancellor's court. I took them up, and endeavoured to read, but my mind wandered. I made a strong effort to fix my attention, but my brain, enfeebled perhaps by long illness, refused to apply itself stedfastly to the matter in hand. I gave it up, sent my clerk to return the brief, and to get me a passport at the same time. The next day I sported my oak, and went with a small carpet-bag, in a small wherry, to the Tower-stairs. Twenty-two hours after, I was on shore at Antwerp, comfortably housed at the Hotel du Parc.

Antwerp! sweet jagged city, with its springing spires, and its pale

[1] Continued from p. 223.

gray sky!—tall houses, tall towers, tall women—everything in Antwerp is on a lofty scale. As I sat at eventide in my room, overlooking the Place Verte, above the trees of which the magic cathedral rose in its feathery lightness, the shade of Rubens flitted before my eyes; I thought I could see him gliding amid the trees—the noble form, the short cloak, the pointed beard, the flapped hat, casting its shadow over the chiselled features. I followed him, as he went in and out among the trees, now stopping to speak to a friend, now fixing his eyes on the glorious building whose outline was gradually fading away in the twilight. Suddenly there came a hoarse rattle of drums; some thirty brave Belgians, in tapering shakos, with six-feet muskets on their shoulders, were going their rounds. It was the *retraite:* the town was to go to bed. Light after light disappeared from the windows opposite and around; a dead silence succeeded to the hum of men's voices; only the footsteps of some sturdy citizen now and then were heard traversing the open space. I went down into the salle, and turned over the traveller's book. The Finches had passed through the day before. Their names were written in a small feminine hand; I was sure it was Helena's. I looked stealthily around; I was alone; I tore out the leaf, and put it in my pocket-book. It was the first theft I had ever been guilty of; I felt my cheek glow with a conscious shame; I replaced the book on the side-table, and rushed up into my room. I laid the writing down on the table before me, and looked at it long. A thought came to me, that perhaps she had slept in that very room, but I put it aside—it would not do to trust myself to such fancies. I lit a cigar, and smoked it by the light of the moon. Then I went to bed, and dreamed again;—Rubens and Helena—not Helena Formann, but Helena Finch—were there, dancing solemnly before my eyes; but Quintin Matsys came in, with his wan, care-worn visage, and the head of John the Baptist in his hand; then Helena vanished with a stifled cry, and it was Salomé, the daughter of Herodias, she

> "Who did excel
> All the world in dancing well"

that took her place.

Some one lumped heavily at the door: "Monsieur part par le chemin de fer?" asked a rough voice. It was morning. I jumped up and packed my bag, paid my bill, and rattled away in the omnibus to the railway station.

I was as poor as a rat—thirty pounds was all I possessed in the world; but I was rich in fancy. As I looked forward in imagination, no low sea line of horizon bounded the vista, which stretched on, over hill and plain, mountain and valley, green field and swelling flood, and if, as must happen in this world, some check appeared in the extreme distance arresting the eye, it was so aerial, and mingled so completely with the sky, that I really could not tell which was heaven and which was earth.

I had taken my seat in the char à bancs couverts; they suited my pocket better than either diligences or berlines; the carriage was quite full and extremely hot; a delicious air was stirring outside,

but by a truly Belgian regulation the glasses to windward must never be let down—so we were almost stifled. A gentleman, who with his wife, sat opposite to me, pulled from his pocked a decomposed crayfish, wrapped in a cotton pocket handkerchief, and distributing to his better half, the two fell to their repast: there ensued a horribly bad smell—the ladies produced their smelling bottles, and sniffed and sniffed: those who were fortunate enough to be near a window, thrust forth their heads. I had no such solace "in the dearth of the pure elements of the earth"—squeezed in a middle seat, between two fat priests, whose blue-bead worked gorgets showed them to belong to the clergy of Mechlin, I could hardly breathe; but I made a magnanimous attempt to put to flight material ills by seeking refuge in intellectual pleasure. I began reading the Faëry Queene, and the experiment succeeded beyond my hopes; with the distressed Una I went wandering through the woods, and listened to the merry pipes of the Salvage nation subject to old Sylvanus, and anon I followed the Red Crosse Knight to the Cave of Despair, and held colloquy with that "cursed man, low sitting on the ground" —and thus I beguiled myself into a forgetfulness of my actual position, till we arrived at Ans, and proceeded thence to Liege.

That night, sleeping at the Pavillon Anglais, I took myself to task. What was I doing? where was I going? to what was I tending? Reason answered that I was going a fool's errand, without any positive purpose; neglecting all that I should have been attending to in London, for the sake of following a pair of bright eyes which hardly looked at me: and this was so extremely satisfactory, that I turned round and slept like a top.

On, on—forward, forward! through Aix-la-Chapelle, not stopping half an hour, not even bandying looks with grim Charlemagne, ever frowning down on the stinking waters which run smoking through the streets—onward, with never a stop, to old Cologne. I was still four-and-twenty hours in arrear; but the Fremdenbuch was ever open to me, showing where the Finches had passed through, and where they were proceeding. At last, at Nürnberg, I came up with them; they were stopping at the Rothe Ross. Blessings on Paolo Galimberti, the host of the Red Horse! he was an Italian, but worthy to have been a German—a princely fellow. As I sat smoking alone, after dinner, he came in, and told me that some countrypeople of mine were staying at the house; he brought his book and showed me the names; it was the same handwriting—a facsimile of that which I had stolen at Antwerp, and which I still carried on my heart. I jumped up frantically. "Where are they?" I said, "where are they gone?"

Paolo smiled, "They are gone," said he, "where everybody else is gone tonight, and where I counsel you to go also; to the Rosenau Harmonie, just beyond the walls of the town."

I wanted no second bidding; already I was on my way; it was about a quarter of an hour's walk.

Following the stream, I soon found myself at the gate of the Harmonie —there was no admission fee required—the doors stood open—I walked in: it was a pleasant scene, that which offered itself to my sight. Picture to yourself a fair garden full of dark overbranching

trees, various narrow gravelled paths, leading hither and thither, into the recesses of the pseudo wood. Scattered in all directions small tables, bearing beer jugs, around which were seated burghers of Nürnberg, with their wives and daughters; nay more, with their geliebten, and besides these, many artists and strangers; all enjoying the pleasant night breeze, and pleasant conversation; and herein much smoke:—curious quaint pipes emitting more or less fragrant steams; some so large, so fantastic, and withal so animated, as to raise a doubt as to which was the living creature, which the dead: whether the man be longed to the pipe, or the pipe to the man.

At either end of the garden was a raised orchestra full of musicians, who played admirably; no Jim Crow melodies, but overtures to Euryanthe, and to Jessonda; nay, to Iphigenia in Tauris, and the like; and all around, circulated crowds, well dressed, and with inquiring countenances, evidently people of some thought; then a little way off, were water patches skimmering through the interlacing boughs, from which small lakes would come the plash of paddles, as some sluggish keel was propelled along the surface, bearing its careless and vociferous burden of living souls. No Styx these waters, rather some sort of Elysian pond; and no Charon boatman at the helm demanding small coin from the disembarking ones; here, the passage-money was a jest, or scrap of song; and yet, if you will, (though why would you?) a dim resemblance to the waters of oblivion might here be traced: for whence came these, and whither did they wend? The silent shore was from them, a little farther off, yet were they steadily, though slowly, approaching it; only at first sight of it, looming in the distance, they shut their eyes.

I sat down at a small table, by the side of several long-bearded students, and called for beer—a delicious thing is Bavarian beer, only it has a twang of onions now and then—you drink it out of tall glasses, fluted, or spirally wreathed, and crowned with an elaborate pewter top; these measures hold about a pint and a half. You should not drink more than six of them, though your true Nürnburgher will not stick at ten. I fell into conversation with my Esau friends, when suddenly I saw a group which rivetted my gaze—an old Englishman, with a middle-aged lady leaning on his arm; by their side was one whom I could not for a moment mistake—that flexible, gracefully-bending form, arrayed in a simple muslin robe, with a half train, (pardonable vanity, founded on a true perception of the beautiful and the graceful,) a small white silk bonnet shading the perfect features, so different from the second-hand imitation of French fashions which abounded on every side. In a moment I was near them, greeting them, and parrying the questions by which I was attacked. I was forced to tell a great many lies. I take Heaven to witness that my soul burned within me as I stood in her pure presence, and perverted the sacred truth; yet, what could I do? the forms of society (that great mystery) would not allow me to say, "I knew that you, strangers to me, were here, and so I followed in your path." It would have been an impertinence not to be forgiven; so I called powers of invention to my aid. Then I joined their party, and we walked together through the pleasant gardens—and I was happy that night. Perhaps

the flood of pleasure never before, or since, poured itself so fully over my soul. The bright warm evening, the timid stars peeping from the heaven, music from all sides, music from the orchestra, music from the trees, music from the insects chirping in the grass, music from the voice of Helena low whispering in my ear—I was ridiculously happy. Here was I, a man tolerably mature in years, utterly boy like in spirit, one whose feelings had been so long garnered up, and piled, herring like, one upon another, never allowing themselves free vent—here was I, wandering by twilight in this delicious bower, this populous solitude, where all was music and perfume, and sweet air, with one, the loveliest of all her sex, hanging on my arm, and listening to the crude words which I ventured to address to her perhaps unshrinking ear.

"Ach Gott! was für ein himmlisch Gesicht!" said one near me, as we turned a corner, and a gleam from a paper lantern (more blessed than the lamp of Aladdin, whether old or new) fell upon her face.

So went we, wandering, on that white-chalked evening, while Time, passing by, hardly brushed us with his wing, taking from me a reality, but leaving me a recollection almost as sweet as the reality itself, painting one, and perhaps the most gilded, of the leaves forming the missal of life.

But men, even Germans, cannot drink beer for ever. The clock of St. Sebald struck the hour before midnight, which was the signal for some fireworks of by no means the first excellence to be thrown off. These, like man who is born to misery, flew upwards, and then fell darkling. A momentary pitchy blackness ensued, then a loud crash of harmony from the orchestra, a splendid finale, and a pretty general relighting of hard-crammed pipes; and then the throng, with an orderly movement, began to press towards the gate. We followed—the general and his wife walking first, Miss Finch and I at a reasonable distance behind. As we neared the city she broke off in her discourse, and suddenly asked me, "What did you mean by saying my name was Helena the first time I saw you?"

Then I explained to her that Helena was a type, incorporating some actual air-maiden into tangibility and reality—an infinite song, composed of but one low harmonious chord, to which she was the key-note, from which all the others derived: a masonic word,* "whose existence was a feeling, which hardly dared to shape itself into a thought."

She lifted on me as I spoke those unapproachable, unfathomable eyes. "Indeed!" said she, and was silent for a time. Just then I was puzzled at the tone of her voice; but it has since occurred to me, and subsequent events have tended to strengthen the belief, that she did not perfectly understand what I meant.

But we were at the door of the Red Horse. With the blessed words "Auf wiederschen" we parted for the night.

* Carlyle.

Page 222, line 14, of June Number, *for* there was nothing German about her, *read* there was something German about her.

(To be continued.)

THE DUELLIST AND THE BRIDEGROOM.

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

BY R. M. HOVENDEN, ESQ.

"Away to heaven, respective lenity,
And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now!—
Now, Tybalt, take the *villain* back again,
That late thou gavest me."—*Romeo and Juliet.*

"Sweet flower, with flowers I strew thy bridal bed:
Sweet tomb, that in thy circuit dost contain
The perfect model of eternity;
Fair Juliet, that with angels dost remain,
Accept this latest favour at my hands;
That living honoured thee, and, being dead,
With funeral praises do adorn thy tomb."—*Ibid.*

The village church of Bourg-la-Reine was decked out as for high mass at Easter. The flowers in the sacred vessels were freshly gathered, and, still moist with the dews of morning, seemed weeping for their lost companions of the garden. Rich carpets were spread before the altars; and the chandeliers, freed from the dust which had dimmed their brightness, shone and sparkled like icicles in the sunshine. The season was far advanced, and it was one of those clear autumnal days which Madame de Sevigné called "days of crystal." The principal street of the village was lined with a double file of brilliant equipages, in the panels of which the children came, with stealthy steps, to gaze at themselves, as in a glass; and all the female inhabitants of the place seemed inspired, on that particular day, with a holy desire to hear mass—an inclination which some uncharitable minds attributed fully as much to curiosity as to devotion.

In fact, whilst the peals of the organ and the chanting of the choristers rang through the church, the curé, all lace and brocade, was solemnizing the marriage of Mademoiselle Van Blocken, the daughter of the wealthy *agent de change*, with M. le Comte de Ligny, the most exquisite of Parisian coxcombs, yet who redeemed his affectation, both of manners and dress, by the wit of his conversation and the goodness of his heart.

There was a singular circumstance attending this marriage. It was a marriage of affection; yet both bride and bridegroom wore a look of care. Whilst it must be admitted that the insolence of joy and triumph ill become an occasion so solemn, at the same time there is a wide difference between the modest reserve that would hide the sacred feelings of love from common eyes, and the unnatural sadness that weighed down the betrothed, as they knelt before the altar, casting its shadow upon their brows, as though the canopy that was held over them were rather of sombre crape than purple damask.

Marie Van Blocken was scarcely eighteen. Her beauty was as the beauty of an angel, so regular was her profile, and so serene her look.

But, alas! her lip was pale with the pallor of a rose-leaf, withered before its time by the nipping frost; her skin was colourless, and her deep-set eyeballs gleamed with the fearful brightness which you may have remarked in the unextinguished hollows of the cinders, when the fire has disappeared from their dark gray surface.

Poor girl! she was threatened with consumption.

Willingly would M. Van Blocken have given all his fortune to conjure a trace of colour to that alabaster cheek; yet each morning found her still paler and more pale; each evening it seemed as though she were falling asleep on earth to re-awake in heaven. M. Hernandez, a young physician of high reputation, had recommended a journey to Italy, that soft sweet hothouse for the flowers blighted by our northern fogs. The advice was caught at as the last remaining hope; but the cruel physician peremptorily forbade M. de Ligny to accompany her; and yet they loved each other so dearly! The count had wept like a child; and Marie, roused to a state of animation and false excitement, declared herself to be quite strong again, and refused to leave her lover and her home. Her eyes sparkled; she spoke of balls, of riding parties, of all the gaieties she anticipated during the season in Paris, and Hernandez saw that the springs of life were wasting away within her to feed this passing flame.

At last it was decided that, before her departure, the two lovers should be united. They hoped that this certainty of belonging to each other would restore calmness to their hearts. A travelling carriage was at the door, awaiting Mademoiselle Van Blocken, who was to carry away with her, as a talisman, the ring her husband had just placed upon her finger.

The nuptial ceremony concluded, the carriages drew up in turn to receive the party as they left the church, and disappeared with a little clatter and a little dust, the usual termination of every worldly pleasure.

Order was for a moment disturbed by a quarrel that occurred between a M. de Forbin and a very young man, Alfred de Cussy, in consequence of one of them having been jostled in the crowd; but the two adversaries were quickly appeased, and the circumstance was almost immediately forgotten.

The country house of M. Van Blocken was situated at the extremity of a spacious and well-wooded park. When all the guests were assembled in the drawingroom, M. de Ligny offered his arm to the young countess, and they slowly descended the marble steps that led to the flowergarden, and were soon out of sight in the shrubbery beyond.

Every one present respected this desire for solitude; this *tête-à-tête*, boldly sought and innocently granted; this parting interview, which courted retirement from the gaze and curiosity of a crowd; and they were left alone.

They walked onwards, slowly and in silence; no sounds were heard save the rustling of the dead leaves that strewed their path. Hand in hand they advanced, gently waving their arms backwards and forwards, as children might do, until they reached an arbour, whose thatched roof was supported by unbarked trunks of trees. This retreat

was open towards the south, and through the opening the warm sunbeams streamed in upon a bench covered with moss. There they seated themselves.

The count was the first to break the silence.

"Marie, you are about to leave me!"

"If I seek to regain health, and the bloom that has faded from my cheek, it is but that I may return more worthy of your love."

"But no; I cannot pass a year, a whole, long year, at a distance from you. Did I once think it possible? I know not! But now I feel too surely that such an effort is beyond my power. At first the project of your journey appeared to me so unreal; they spoke of it, and I answered, but with an incredulous smile. And even now, when the day of your departure has arrived, when your carriage is at the door, I cannot bring myself to believe that you will really go. I feel as though it were all a dream, whilst I am here by your side; whilst our hands are joined now and for ever, whilst our hearts are overflowing with gratitude and happiness."

"Come with us, then," cried the young wife; "follow us to Florence. You shall hire a villa at beautiful Fiesole; during the day we will not meet, but we shall feel that we are not far apart; and when night comes, you shall walk beneath my windows, and I will throw a bouquet to you, like a mistress to her lover. O it will be delightful! When I drop a branch of jessamine, it will tell you that I am pale and suffering, like the frail, sick flower that is my messenger; when I let fall a wreath of black amaranth—"

The count placed his finger on her lips, and she paused at the sight of his saddened glance.

"But if I throw you a bouquet composed of a sprig of pomegranate blossom, a rose, and a branch of orange flower, then you will know that my bloodless lips have become red again, that my pale cheek is again warm and lifelike—that I am still your wife, even in this world."

"Say no more," said the count. "You must learn to forget me until this year is past."

"Forget you!"

"Speak not so wildly, Marie, and speak not of *me* at all."

"And of whom shall I speak, if I may not speak of you? Ah, you were right; far better were it that I should remain!"

"In the name of the love we bear each other, go! Even I, at last, on my knees entreat you to depart."

"To depart! O heaven! to leave you? Henri, forgive me what I am about to say. It is a folly, a causeless distrust, I know—but I am jealous. Alas! who tells me that a newer love may not efface my memory from your heart? I have but my poor love to offer you, an affection whose constant and untiring sameness may become wearisome to you. I know but one word, which my heart unceasingly repeats; but there are women whose charms are ever varying, ever new. Their fascinations are coarse and meretricious, it is true, yet they dazzle and mislead. Those women shoot furtive glances from behind their fans, which seem to be for you alone; their faces are always covered with a smile, which is but as a

mask. At one moment their eyes are fixed earnestly upon you, and you fancy that some sweet, serious, impassioned feeling has taken possession of their souls, but again those eyes gleam with the wandering, unholy expression of heartless coquetry. All these reflections seem to you very serious from a girl so young as I; but I have seen and observed much, and I fe l that such women as I have described are very, very dangerous. Now, there is that little Baronne de Gernay; how she moves around her five lovers, whom she has made her worshippers, as she might tend five lamps that she had kindled! She occupies herself with each of them in succession, and when those whom she has for a time neglected waver and are about to die out, with a sigh or a smile she fans their uncertain flame. Thus does she succeed in maintaining around her a certain illumination, of which she has all the brightness—"

"And of which she will one day have all the smoke," interposed the count, smiling.

Thus 'youth is taught diplomacy by love,' and thus had the simple girl annihilated the power of Madame de Gernay—of her whom she most dreaded—with a comparison.

Marie was very beautiful at that moment; her colourless brow encircled with a wreath of orange flowers, and her sunken eyes kindling with unwonted animation. De Ligny gazed on her face with an expression of passionate tenderness, which the countess perceiving, said,

"Henri, it is time that we should return to the house."

"No, stay; stay yet a little longer."

"My father waits for me."

"A single kiss at parting, Marie."

"A year hence, M. le Comte."

And the young bride, with a playful smile, made her escape from the summerhouse, and kissed her hand to her disappointed husband.

M. de Ligny was about to follow her, when a rustling of leaves behind the hedge attracted his attention.

The summerhouse they had just left was at the edge of the park, and close to the fence of whitethorn which separated it from the wood beyond. To the right was a wicket gate, and through this aperture in the hedge M. de Forbin, Alfred de Cussy, and two other young men, had just passed.

"Ah," cried the countess, "how the very sight of that odious M. de Forbin frightens me!"

"Silly one! And why?"

"He has already fought two duels."

"That is no disparagement to his character as a gentleman."

"Say not so, Henri! A duel is a crime and a disgrace; and, were it not so barbarous, would be beneath contempt."

"It is sometimes inevitable," answered the count.

At that moment a report of firearms was heard.

Marie fell senseless upon the turf.

The count ran for assistance. Madame de Ligny was soon restored to animation, and an hour afterwards, accompanied by her father and the physician, she entered the carriage, carefully wrapped in a travelling cloak of green satin, lined with chinchilla.

They assured her that the duel between M. de Forbin and Alfred de Cussy had been a mere matter of form; an exchange of shots without any disagreeable consequences; and the carriage drove away.

Had they not thus hurried her departure the countess could not have failed to learn from Madame de Gernay, or some equally considerate friend, that poor Alfred de Cussy had been shot through the heart at the first fire.

Under pretence of deciding a wager about their respective skill at pistol shooting, M. de Forbin had borrowed the Comte de Ligny's pistols from his valet.

M. de Forbin is a thoroughly heartless fellow, and a professed duellist. At the time of which we are writing he had scarcely entered upon a career, which, at the present day, has caused him to be scouted from all respectable society. He is a little man, with a pale, effeminate face, light blue eyes, and a thin sandy moustache; exceedingly elegant in his manner, though rather too much addicted to gay colours in his dress. You are not to suppose that he is one of those coffee-house swaggerers, who mistake bluntness of speech for an easy address. Far from it. M. de Forbin's style is better than that; he is an exquisite, and rather inclined to superciliousness than to any other species of impertinence. He is a faithful votary of fashion, and you would never suppose that his spotless gloves covered hands stained with blood.

A single instance is sufficient to illustrate his whole character. He had a friend—a friend of his early days—the only one that he still retained. In consequence of some trifling dispute he ran him through the body, and showed himself the same evening in the *balcon* of the opera.

At the present day, we repeat, he is universally despised. No one would cross swords with him, any more than with the public executioner. But before he was thus hunted down, like a beast of prey, many a life had been sacrificed to his murderous humour, like that of the young de Cussy, who was barely eighteen years of age.

But let us leave this bad man, whom we would willingly consign to Charenton or to the hulks, and resume the thread of our tale.

At the termination of the prescribed year, the Countess de Ligny returned. Her complexion had lost its ominous transparence. She was no longer like a waxen figure, gradually wasting away with the insidious disease that inwardly consumed her. The hectic flush of fever on her cheek had given place to the glow of re-established health. Her thin wan hand was round and dimpled; her sunken eye shone with animation and expected happiness. Marie was in all respects a changed creature.

He who would paint to you a rose would not set before you a mosaic of tinted stones, more or less well grouped together, but would rather say, "Run to the nearest flower-bed, and feast your eyes upon her beauty." So we, who would make you sympathise with the happiness of our lovers, will not attempt to describe it by a mosaic of words, but say in like manner, "Glance into your own hearts, and you will understand it all."

The day of their reunion was, in fact, their marriage-day; and M. Van Blocken gave a ball on the occasion, to which, as a matter of course, were invited all those who had been present at the nuptial ceremony. This fête was given in Paris, at the magnificent hotel occupied by M. Van Blocken in the Chaussée d'Antin. The diamonds of the chaperons and the eyes of the dancers vied with each other in brilliancy. Soft flattering speeches were hazarded under cover of Strauss's powerful and unrivalled music. The wind whistled, and the heavy rain drops beat against the windows, but this tempest from without only made the peace and serenity within more delightful by contrast; and all the atmosphere was alive with light and flowers, with music and sweet perfumes.

The coquettish Baronne de Gernay—the Baronne of the five lamps you remember—she alone was discontented and unhappy. Yet her *toilette* was as perfect as art could make it. She wore a dress of green crape, trimmed with marabouts of the same colour, and embroidered in branches of seed-coral. But some envious dame resembled it to a bed of asparagus run to seed, and the witticism spread like wildfire. Madame de Gernay heard it, and was in despair. Moreover, she looked with an evil eye on the bride, who was so beautiful and so admired, and would gladly have seen the festal illumination changed into destructive fire, so wrathful and so malicious is the disappointment of a coquette.

M. de Forbin—he too wore a kill-joy look. Any one upon whom the sun of happiness shone, seemed to cast a shadow over his soul. The joy of his friends was an insult to him, and, above all, the rapture which sparkled, irrepressible, in the eyes of M. de Ligny filled him with jealousy and bitter rage. He knew that the count had spoken in terms of severe reprobation of the duel in which Alfred de Cussy had fallen, and had used all his efforts to induce M. Van Blocken to close his doors against him. But the man of the pen had a profound respect for the man of the sword, and M. de Forbin was included in the list of his guests of that eventful night.

As for Henri, he was all joy and gratitude to heaven. Seated at the extremity of the saloon, near a fireplace filled with flowers, he was indulging in dreams of future happiness; he gazed with rapture on his bride, now so beautiful, and dancing with such spirit. It seemed but yesterday that she had left him, scarcely hoping that he might see her again in life, and now!——

Madame de Gernay had declined dancing; she was still preoccupied with the idea of her robe of asparagus run to seed. She came to seat herself by de Ligny's side, as though she had renounced the dance for the sake of his society, and said to him in a soft kind whisper, glancing at the countess as she spoke, "Sweet creature, how beautiful she is!"

Henri thanked her with a smile, full of tenderness.

"You are wrong to allow her to dance so much; to-morrow she will pay dearly for the pleasures of this night."

M. de Ligny started, and grew pale with alarm. The contact of a wasp is always followed by a sting.

At the same instant, M. de Forbin, leaning on the arm of another

young man, placed himself in front of M. de Ligny. They were both making their remarks upon the ball and the company, and speaking sufficiently loud for the count to overhear what they said.

"Really," observed M. de Forbin's companion, "Madame de Ligny is a most charming person."

"Perfect, my dear fellow."

"The climate of Italy has improved her wonderfully."

"The climate of Italy, and the tender passion."

"What do you mean? I thought her husband had remained in Paris."

"Bah! do you not know that Hernandez is her lover? Mademoiselle Van Blocken was dying for love of him, and the Italian tour was but a pretext for their being constantly together."

M. de Ligny was thunderstruck; his brow contracted into an ominous frown; but with an effort he restrained the expression of his just indignation.

He rose from his seat, and after a few turns about the room, approached the embrasure of a window, in which M. de Forbin was now standing.

"Monsieur," he said, in a low voice, "you are a scoundrel and a calumniator. I cannot box your ears as you deserve in this place and before so many witnesses, but——"

"A thing said is a thing done; what are your arms?"

"Pistols."

"Your hour to-morrow?"

"Six o'clock, at the Porte Maillot."

Madame de Gernay had attentively observed the deportment of the count and M. de Forbin, and read their conversation in their looks. She rose, and putting her arm through that of Madame de Ligny, who was passing at the moment—

"Well, Marie! you have been dancing?" she said.

"Yes; and for the first time since I was quite a girl."

"And you seem so happy to night."

The tone of her voice sounded strange to Madame de Ligny.

"Have I not reason to feel happy?" she cried with enthusiasm.

The baronne made no answer. After a moment's silence, she resumed in the most indifferent way in the world, "Do you know M. de Forbin?"

"My father is acquainted with his family. But why do you ask the question?"

"Ah! it is because your husband has had a quarrel with him this evening, and I thought it right, as a friend, to inform you of it."

It certainly was not with any intention of preventing a hostile meeting that Madame de Gernay gave the countess this charitable intelligence. She felt a malicious pleasure in showing her this source of misery springing up in the midst of all her new-born joys, like the asp of Cleopatra, in her basket of luscious and temping fruits. Marie became as pale as death, and had scarcely strength to reach a seat ere she fainted. They carried her to her chamber, and placed her, still insensible, on her bridal bed, where she lay with drooping eyelids, lips pressed together, and features drawn and shrunk, like a flower that

closes up its petals at nightfall. Thanks to the judicious care of her attendants, she soon returned to consciousness. Her first thought was to tell all to her father, and request his interference; but she could not conceal from herself that it would be in vain. M. Van Blocken might be grieved for her, but he would let matters take their course. He was a man of the world, and still dignified with the name of affairs of honour, those meetings which are the offspring of vanity and a last relic of barbarism.

The countess knew all this but too well; with a languid smile she assured the anxious group around her that she was better now; that the glare of the lights, the perfume of the flowers, the heat of the ball-room, had caused her faintness, and that it had already passed away. They believed her, and she was left alone.

When M. de Ligny entered his wife's chamber, she was stretched upon a couch; she had not strength to kneel, but she prayed with fervour and devotion. The count was sad; not that he wanted courage; but after years of anxious expectation, at the moment when you are about to enter on a new and happier existence, to be arrested at the very portal, merely because such is the good pleasure of another, who, perhaps, has nothing to risk but his own barren and useless life; to be summoned to kill or be killed ere the prize can be yours; it is too horrible."

M. de Ligny drew near the couch with noiseless steps.

"Henri, I entreat you, leave me," said his wife.

The count placed himself on his knees by her side; his hands were clasped, his eyes were fixed tenderly upon her face—he, too, was in adoration, but his worship was for an idol of his own heart.

"Ah, Marie," he whispered, "how dearly I love you!"

"Henri, I would pass this night in prayer."

"Night and day, for twelve long months, have my anxious hopes turned towards this moment, when, reunited and alone with you, I might drink from those dear lips the assurance of your love; and now, Marie, my own Marie, have you not even a smile, not a kind word, with which to greet me?"

"Are you, indeed, my husband?" cried the countess, wildly. "And, to morrow, will you be so still? I know all; you are confused; they have not deceived me. Henri, you must promise me that you will not meet this bold, bad man. Look at me, speak to me, Henri; you would not have me die; and should you fall in this encounter, I could not survive your loss."

"Indeed, they have exaggerated the importance of a hasty word; of a dispute too trifling to excite any serious apprehension."

"You are deceiving me—O! you are playing me false; you would lull me into security to night, and rush upon your death to morrow. My God! why did I not die a year ago! But no, you shall not leave this room, you shall kill me rather."

And Marie rose, and placed herself before the door, clutching the silken *portière*, as though she would bar his exit. Her eye was haggard; her hair, loosened from its bonds, fell in confusion over her neck and shoulders; her bosom heaved with convulsed and agonized sobbings.

The count, maddened with the strife of contending feelings, rushed towards her:

"Marie," he cried, "I will not meet him! What care I for a foolish prejudice, for the opinion of the world? Are not you more to me than all the earth beside? Forgive me, if I thought that aught such a man could say, had power to reach or to injure you. And those tears! They were shed for me; let me kiss them from your cheek. Lie down, dearest, and take the rest you so much need. I will watch by your side; I will listen to your soft breathing, and forget the world and all its vanities."

He raised her, like a child, in his arms, and placed her upon the bed. Marie, worn out by all that she had done, and all that she had suffered, offered no opposition. and, little by little, her heavy eyelids closed, and she fell asleep. The count seated himself in an arm-chair close to her pillow.

As the hours crept on, the painful reality of his situation recurred forcibly to his mind, and Henri de Ligny shuddered at the thought. The day was about to break, during which his name would be in everybody's mouth! How many times, before night returned, would that name be repeated, in the wood, at the clubs, at the *foyers* of the theatres, at Madame de Gernay's above all, whose night of reception it was.—"Have you heard the story of M. deLigny?"—"He was married yesterday." "All the world knows that; but his affair with M. de Forbin; arms chosen, time and place appointed; and, after all, M. de Forbin has had his morning drive for nothing."—"Ah! bah! I thought he was a gentleman and a man of honour."—"The morning air is trying to the nerves."

How distinctly does he hear all those whispered confidences; how clearly does he see those nods and smiles, and meaning shakes of the head! What! shall he, so honoured hitherto, no longer dare to look his equals in the face? Shall he live, a disgraced man; an object for scorn to point her finger at? Despised by his friends, nay pitied, even by his enemies?—"This man stands in my way," says one.—"Don't trouble your head about him," says a second, "Push him into the kennel, he is a coward."—"She is pretty, the countess," says a third; "you may put your head under her bonnet—her husband is a coward." O misery! And yet, one day, this man must rouse himself, or his proud heart will burst beneath those arms crossed slavishly on his breast. And then, he must wash out the stains on his reputation with an ocean of his fellow-creatures' blood.

The countess sleeps. After this night of agitation and fatigue, her slumber will be long. In an hour he may again be back—unless——A quarter to six!—The Count de Forbin is, perhaps, already on the ground, gazing up the vacant alley, and smiling sarcastically at his dilatoriness. The thought was madness, and Henri crept silently to the door.

Misery is a jealous associate: she sleeps by your side—her icy hand is always at your heart—she will not be cast off. Marie awoke with a start. Her eyes sought the chair where the count had sat;—a smothered scream escaped from her;—she hastened to the boudoir

adjoining; it was empty, and she returned, hopeless and bewildered, to the bedchamber. For a moment she rested her aching forehead on the marble chimney-piece; it was but for a moment. A sudden resolution lighted up her features. She tore from her brow the flowers that still encircled her fair hair, and, rushing to the bell, rang it violently; she then opened the door, and stood anxiously listening.

But her attendant came not at the summons. She was an Alsatian, a heavy sleeper and difficult to rouse. To mount to where she slept, to make herself heard, and even then to make herself understood, all this would occupy much time, and every moment was so important. To order the carriage, that was impossible; grooms, coachman, all were absent, celebrating her marriage at the tavern. On the other hand, her room was in more than bridal confusion: there were laces, scarfs, ribbons, more than enough; but where should she find any more substantial covering, to protect her from the inclemency of the weather? This wardrobe was locked, and she knew not where to seek the key; that other, which had been placed there but the evening before, was still empty; time pressed, invaluable moments were lost. Madame de Ligny seized a scarf that was thrown over the back of the couch, and wrapping it over her head and around her shoulders, hastily left the house. The porter, who was still in bed, was satisfied with pulling the string of the door-latch, without noticing who it was that went abroad at that early hour. She was now in the street.

The morning was dull and foggy. Here and there, a street-lamp, not yet quite burnt out, cast its red and fitful gleam through the cold damp atmosphere. It had rained all night. The sky was covered with heavy threatening clouds. Large pools of water stood in the deserted street, and, at intervals, patches of pavement rose above them, like islets in a lake.

In what direction should she go? Which road had her husband taken? Madame de Ligny saw a ticket-porter seated on his *crochet* at the corner of the street; she hastened to make inquiries of him.

"Did you see a gentleman pass this way a short time since?" she asked eagerly.

"I did, about half an hour ago," was the reply.

"And can you tell me which way he went?"

"Ah! ma belle dame, I fear he was after no good. He took a coach on the Boulevard, and drove rapidly towards the Champs Elysées."

Marie had divined his meaning before his sentence was concluded, and was already advancing, at a quick pace, in the same direction. She felt but too surely convinced that de Ligny had driven to the Bois de Boulogne.

She hurried on, sobbing, gasping, "striving even against hope." Houses, streets, gardens, seemed to fly behind her. In the mean time, the city was awakening to bustle and activity, and the passers-by stood still to watch that woman, who ran wildly on, with bare head and ball-dress of white crape. Some called after her, and God knows in what opprobrious terms they did so; others followed her from curiosity, or it might be from a better feeling. A group of chil-

dren now commenced the pursuit, with more activity and perseverance, and also with more noisy cries. She saw them but as shadows gliding on her path; she heard, indeed, their voices, their exclamations, their shouts of laughter, but she listened not, she distinguished nothing, and still she hurried on. She passed a hackney-coach stand;—it was empty, and the poor girl still struggled forwards on foot. Her hair was unbound; her scarf of gauze, damp with the fog and the humidity of the morning air, clung to her unprotected head and bosom. Her satin shoes were torn by the pointed stones, and her small feet stained with blood. She was unconscious of it, and still she hurried on, on! Women of the lowest class railed at her in her agony, and pursued her, shouting as they went; and the crowd was already growing dangerous, when she reached the Champs Elysées.

The countess, with a last effort, gained the centre alley, just as a coach was driving furiously down the road. Marie threw herself in despair before the horses' feet, and the coachman was barely able to pull up in time, to avoid running over her. She sank upon her knees, and cried aloud:—

"Have pity on me, and lead me where they are."

One of the men who were in the carriage, impatient at the delay, thrust his head out of the window to inquire the cause. In a moment he was by her side; he took her in his arms, and laid her upon the cushions of the carriage. Marie was resting her head upon her husband's shoulder; but she knew it not;—her senses had abandoned her.

Madame de Ligny was stretched upon a bed of sickness; the symptoms of her former malady returned with increased intenseness. In a few days every trace of her recently acquired health and strength had disappeared; she seemed like a flower torn from the stem on which it grew, and trampled rudely underfoot. The count never quitted her side; he, too, was sadly changed, but the fever of excitement and apprehension gave him a factitious strength.

One morning the countess felt easier and more refreshed than usual; all the household rejoiced in the apparent improvement she experienced; but Marie sighed sadly in reply to their kind felicitations. She was sitting up, supported by a pile of cushions and pillows, and the cheerful sun of the short summer of St. Martin poured in through the open window. Her faithful Alsatian maid came, weeping, to kiss her hands, and express her hopes that she would soon be well again; but she repulsed her, saying, in a bitter tone—"There is no hope for me!"—The next moment she called her back, and kindly kissing her forehead, fell into a passion of hysterical tears. At last she turned towards her husband, who, with his head buried in the coverlet, was sobbing in irrepressible agony, and said to him in a feeble voice—

"I feel that I am about to die. Alas! how sad a termination is this to all our fond hopes!—Listen to me, Henri; I wish to show my gratitude to heaven for every day that I am yet spared to live for, and to love you. Bring every day to my bedside some poor child of destitution, clad in new warm clothes to protect him from the rigour of the coming winter; that winter, which I shall not live to see."

For eight successive mornings, some poor man's child, freshly clad from head to foot, as Marie had desired, was brought to her sick chamber; and each child saw, on that pale faded cheek, a smile that warmed his young heart, as though it had been an angel that looked so kindly on him. On the ninth day, the bed and its tenant were covered with a pall.

Her husband did not long survive her loss.

As for the Count de Forbin, he had been severely wounded in his rencontre with Henry de Ligny; but yesterday morning, on account of a disputed stall at the Opera, he ran his adversary through the sword-arm. His weapon was growing rusty.

WHAT IS SIR LYTTON BULWER'S "ZANONI?"

'Tis Music from a southern shore,
A wild entrancing melody—
Such as the Siren's-self might pour
Across the blue Campanian sea.

It is a dream of mystic thought,
A dazzling revel of the mind—
A starry fancy—magic wrought,
The vision and the spell combined.

It is a palace, where we rove
Thro' wizard halls and fairy bowers—
And all is dark, save Heav'n above,
And there Love's star its radiance showers.

It is an altar where we kneel,
To yon Madonna's holy brow—
(Sweet Viola, who does not feel
Such, in thy loving grace, art thou?

And such as thine—the child we see
Upon the Virgin's bosom lying,
The infant, yet the Deity—
The Woman-born,—yet the Undying.)

It is a pageant sweeping by
Where all of human life has part—
The dream, yet the reality—
The God-like soul—the earth-bound heart.

Immortal Hope, and Faith divine,
And deathless Love are emblem'd there;—
It is a temple and a shrine!
It is a worship and a prayer!

J. B.

May, 1842.

THE RUSTIC GOING TO COURT.[1]

BY EDEN LOWTHER.

CHAPTER IX.

Odd enough it was that the Defender of the Faith and the young rustic should have any feeling in common between them, but we suppose that anxiety has a partnership including the whole world in its firm; and that princes as well as peasants know something of the bitter flavour of the commodity which they deal so largely in as to require the entire globe for a warehouse. So, though we said it was odd, there was no oddness in it at all that the monarch on his throne, and the country-boy in his chimney nook, should both have the heartache. All the oddness consisted in the same cause producing the same effect upon the king and the countryman.

Very certain, however, it was that the greater man had the greater pain. If Godfrey were in disquietude, King James was in an agony; if Godfrey were in a heat, King James was in a fever; if Godfrey were in a dilemma, King James was in a labyrinth, and the packet—the packet was at the bottom of it all.

As for poor Godfrey, his condition was none of the pleasantest. Lonely and disconsolate, he spent the live-long day in an idleness which made him every hour the more weary. Without companion or occupation, his feelings turned longingly to the dear red-brick house, with its happy fireside in the winter, and its pleasant bower for the summer weather, and his dear old grandame, and the rest of them who loved him so well, and would have flown to have done him either the least or the greatest service. Now that he was away from them all, he felt that he loved them a thousand times better than ever, and kings and courts, and gold and diamonds, and velvets and embroideries, and even fine linen and lace, all lost some fifty per centage of their value in his estimation.

And what was worst of all, *poor* Godfrey was getting very fast to be not only figuratively, but literally so; that is, poor we mean. The sum which his old grandame had hoarded and saved, mite by mite, and which he had fancied to be a portion fit for a prince to travel with, was now—ah, where was it? certainly not in Godfrey's pocket—it had made itself wings to fly away, he knew not whither. His host was churlish, his fare was meagre, and his heart was growing heavy in exact ratio as his purse grew light.

And why then did not Godfrey get him home again? Why did he not hasten to the loving hearts that were so longing and hoping for him? The packet was a sort of chain around him. He had promised to deliver this eventful packet into the hands of the king, and the time had not expired during which he had engaged to retain it in his own. Right glad would Godfrey have been to see the bluff red

[1] Continued from p. 175.

face of the free stranger, and to return his trust into his own hands; for someway or another, though he scarcely knew how, his doubts of his fellow-traveller's probity had in a great measure vanished, and as he had learned to think worse of others, so had he almost insensibly grown into the thinking better of him. A single day yet intervened between Godfrey and the one on which he considered himself privileged to appeal to the king; and he was sitting moodily enough with his head resting on his hand, not altogether so joyous as the young rustic of a week agone, gazing moodily out from the little lattice window of his chamber of the hostelrie, when he was roused from his abstraction by the lifting of the latch and the opening of his door, and looking up, he saw with infinite amazement that his visitor was no less a personage than his little, sly, dry, withered wrinkled, and puckered-up uncle, Master Nicolas Langelande.

Instead of rising to welcome him, the young rustic turned his head aside, and looked as sullenly as he could out of the window.

"So, so," said the little heartless anatomy, "dost thou neither doff thy cap, nor rise from thy seat, nor in aught either pay me respect or bid me welcome?"

"I owe thee nothing," said Godfrey sullenly; "thou didst not even bestow upon me either a word of welcome or a cup of cold water, when I came from afar with a heart full of yearning towards thee, to proffer thee my duty, being thy brother's son. Thou didst thyself shatter every tie atwixt us."

"Thou didst bethink thee to bestow favour upon me by thy visit then. Blind and ungrateful must thou indeed think me for being such a dullard as not to find the honour."

"I thought that thou hadst a heart like my own, and that opened and yearned to any bearing my father's name."

"Ay, this is thy country mawkiness—what more is one country clown to me than another? By and by, an I give them encouragement, I shall have a whole tribe of rustic loons, hanging and choking round me, crying out like so many jackdaws—'Uncle, uncle mine, I am a Langelande—I'm a Peter Langelande—and I'm a Paul Langelande. I'm thy brother's chick, uncle Nicolas! Give us all ready made fortunes, and let us have gold to eat! Give! give! give! More! more! more!'"

"Thou wilt never more see my face among them, nor any brother of mine. An one of them came a nigh thee, I would evermore disown him as I now disown thee. Never think that I shall again call thee uncle of mine!"

"That is exactly what I desire. It was for that cause that I have paid thee this visit. Here art thou, hankering and hankering about, and foolishly enough fancying that, an thou stoppest long enough, thy silly, fond, affectionate uncle may become more sensible of thy merits, and bid thee to bed and board. Therefore is it that I have taken the pains to come unto thee this morning, though pressing matters call me another way, just to give thee another such word of good advice as I bestowed on thee at our last meeting. Get thee home, boy—get thee home afore thy substance be all spent, and thou lackest the means of paying thy travelling charges."

"My means be spent already," said Godfrey; "but what is that to thee? I disown thee."

"Thou hast done me a real kindness, good youth, in doing so, and a sensible wight I count thee. Howbeit it is well to give up those who have already given us up. Sensible lad! sensible lad! Ah, a rare lad! a wise lad, I trow."

"Too wise ever to have dealings with thee!" exclaimed Godfrey, with a face of most vermilion resplendour.

"Wilt get thee home?" asked Master Nicolas imperatively.

"When it pleaseth me."

"Pleaseth thee! Dost count on a fuller purse than thou art now master of?"

"Mayhap I do, but not of thy filling."

"I guessed me thou wert harping on that string. So then thy pockets be too empty to get thee back home again. They are light enough to be carried, but too light to carry their master."

"Howsoever poor I may be, my poverty is a nothing to thee—I owe thee nought."

"What then, young sir, thou wouldst like to borrow. After all, thou wouldst like to make use of thy discharged uncle's money bags?"

"I would not owe thee a single silver penny an thou wouldst make me thine heir for doing so. Thy love and thy money go together. I want neither."

"Thou dost not want it, ha, boy! Hark ye, youngster, hath not this purse a mighty pretty chink? Doth not the jingle make marvellous sweet music? Would not such singing birds as these beguile the way home for thee to thy grandame's hut right cheerily?"

"Keep them in thine own cage, and let them make minstrelsy for thyself; for mine own part, I have no ear for such music."

"Now boy, to be plain with thee. Thy stopping here lounging away thy time like a bootless beggar, consorteth not with my good name. Thy babbling tongue hath hinted it abroad on every hand that thou art near of kin to worshipful Master Nicolas Langelande—poor wight to be thus pestered!—and it soundeth not well that a youth who layeth claim to the same lineage as a well-conditioned officer of the king's household should be drawing notice on himself as an idle loon. I tell thee, boy, there is no credit in such a case. Men will talk and wonder why thou dost not run about my chamber like a tame kitten or a hound. But thou sayest thou hast expended the vast treasury-house of thy purse, and hast not wherewithal to get thee back again?"

"An I be poor, I ask thee for nothing!"

"Nay, but thou thinkest that thou canst drive me into the proffering. O rare youth! O wise and crafty contriver! And what is even worse, thou art right, boy—thou are right! Thou hast overreached thine old uncle, the simple wight! Rather than suffer thee to remain here longer, I am even content to pay thy charges home. There, boy, take thou that, and get thee gone back to thy dunghill!" and so saying, Master Nicolas Langelande threw a couple of pieces of gold towards Godfrey, which lodged upon the skirt of his

hodden grey suit. The rustic, rising from his seat for the first time since his uncle's entrance, shook them with a gesture of utter disdain on the floor.

"What! thankless! Not enough for thee? Wouldest ride in thy coach? Nay, haply thou wouldst have the king's carriage! Well, then, to humour thy folly, e'en take another piece. There, will that content thee?" and Master Nicolas liberally hurled another of the golden bullets at our poor hero.

"'Twill be the better for the sweeper," said Godfrey.

"For the stooper—and that will be thyself," said Master Nicolas.

"Nay, I stoop neither for man nor money," said Godfrey, proudly and resolutely.

"Sirrah, pick them from the floor!" exclaimed Master Nicolas.

"Those who lack and covet them, may do so—I do neither."

"Not lack them, gaping boy, sayest thou! Wilt thou beg thy way back to thy grandame like a vagrant, a stroller, and a vagabond?"

"Rest thee content. My matters be not thine. Stroller, or beggar, or vagabond, one or all, neither meddling or mingling can there be atwixt us."

"An thou get not home on the morrow, thou shalt be set in the stocks, that I promise thee."

"Thou promisest more than thou canst perform. Thou warrantest more than thy means be worth."

"I will have thee committed for a vagabond."

"Tush! thou forgettest that there be right in the land."

"I will have thee transported beyond seas."

"Thou wilt uproot an oak then!" exclaimed Godfrey, as he planted his feet apart, and stood firmly before his uncle.

"Dolt! wilt thou get thee gone?"

"When it pleasureth me, and not afore."

"Pr'ythee, what doest thou here?"

"I bide my time," said Godfrey."

"Thy time! for what?"

"When the time is ripe for me to see the king."

"The king! Thou are but as the dust beneath his feet! What drivelling folly is this?"

"Thou shalt see what thou shalt see," said Godfrey mysteriously.

"Ay, I shall see thee in the public stocks."

"Thou tellest me that I shall be degraded to the stocks," said Godfrey; "it may be that the king will promote me to honour, in the stead."

"Tut! tut!"

"One thing I will tell thee for thy comfort," said Godfrey. "To-morrow I seek the king. An he cast an eye of favour on me, which I little doubt me, well! An he prove averse, I shall get me home again, and that without thy gold;" and Godfrey gave one of the gold pieces which was lying at his foot a contemptuous spurn.

"Bravely, lad, bravely! thou wilt be glad enough to pick it up when I am gone."

"Wilt thou stoop low enough to retake thine own gold?"

"Nay, I leave it for thee—or the sweeper: but I doubt me not, it will find its way into thine own pouch ere my back be well turned, or I have trodden half a dozen paces from the door."

Godfrey's only answer was to summon the damsel whose office it was to bring him his simple meals, "Here, cherry cheeks," said the young rustic, "the worshipful Master Nicolas Langelande has been scattering a guerdon for thee. Gather it to buy thee ribbons, and see that they match thy cheeks."

The blowsy girl, half wonder and half delight, gathered the gold pieces from the floor. Master Nicolas held up his clenched fist threateningly at Godfrey. "Thou shalt have thy guerdon for this, doubt it not, dolt."

"Thou bulliest bravely," said Godfrey; "and how knowest thou all this while but I may tell thy master the king of thy unfriendly doings?"

"*Thou thing!*" exclaimed Master Nicolas, "how wilt thou gain entrance to the king? Poor dunghill cock, have done with thy crowing! Thinkest thou that the king will either change looks or words with thee?"

"Both," said Godfrey calmly; "I doubt me not he will give me a better welcome than thou hast done."

"Hadst thou had one grain of common sense, boy—hadst thou but aided in gaining that important packet, I would have made a man of thee."

"Haply the king may do more for me than thou hast shown thyself willing to do."

"Thou wilt never gain entrance to the king."

"That will I!" said Godfrey, "as the morrow shall show thee."

"What, then, thou thinkest, in thy doltish ignorance, that thou hast but to ask and have."

"Truly, just so!" said Godfrey. "Ever since I came to the court, it hath rested on mine own pleasure as to when I should seek his presence. I have had means of admission at any moment."

"Ha! ha! *Thou!*"

"Ay," said Godfrey, coolly, "it so happened that on my way I was furnished with a token that should give me warranty into his presence."

"Ha! ha! *thou* brag of right of entrance! then why hast not claimed it?"

"Because I am ever, and mean ever to remain so, a man of my word, though haply thou mayest fancy me but a boy; and I had pledged a word, which, either as boy or man, hath never yet been broken, and never shall be broken, not to seek the king's presence for a given time. To-morrow that time expires, and thou shalt see that the doors will open for me without thy aid, and that I shall stand before King James's face, and I doubt me not that he will deal with me like a generous prince, for the Pastor Muttlebury saith that he hath lately been right gracious to men of our profession."

"Thou art going off marvellously like unto a flash in the pan. Some knave hath been making himself sport at thy egregious folly."

"Nay, I carry sure—surer than thou thinkest. Truth to tell,

Master Nicolas Langelande, thou hast, notwithstanding thine age and wisdom, altogether missed the mark that I be driving at. Now as I know that straightforward dealings are sure in the long run to prosper, and cunning and subtlety be but the walking in such crooked paths as can only lead a man into the mire, and as I hate all such things as secrecies and concealments, and all serpentine and serpent-like ways, I care not to tell thee that this said packet which thou art making such a rout about, is safe and sound in mine own keeping at this present time being, and at noontide to-morrow I shall render it unto the king's majesty's hand, and leave him to requite whatever evil or good he may certify himself lieth within it."

"The packet, boy! What packet?"

"Even that self-same packet that thou hadst such itching fingers to possess," replied Godfrey. "The selfsame packet that your right trusty and loving and well-beloved friend, that piece of double treachery, Master Smoothlips, hath already afore warned you, that he and I might have had dealings together upon, had I been so minded."

"Godfrey, boy, art speaking truth, or be this only a crafty trick to find a way into my favour?"

"Nay, thou knowest well enough that I leave all crafty tricks to thee and thy kind. Thou canst not choose but believe me, because thou knowest in thine heart that it is my wont to speak the simple truth, and never to look or to care for consequences. Thou *feelest* that thou canst not help thyself, but *must* believe me."

"Godfrey, my dear nephew," said the little uncle, "come, good lad, don thy beaver and come thou home with me to supper."

"Master Nicolas Langelande——" began Godfrey.

"Tush! boy, tush! speak not to thine own nearest of kin in that fashion, I am thine own loving uncle. Come, boy, come, forget and forgive; I did but put on a strange fashion to try thee. I did but desire to see if thou wert worthy of trust. But I find thee the true metal, and so, Godfrey, dear nephew, give me thine hand, and let us home together."

"Thou forgettest that thou didst disown me."

"Tush, boy, tush! 'Twas but to test thee."

"But thou also forgettest that *I* did disown *thee*."

"Ha! ha! well that is fair enough! thou wilt retaliate. Thou art merry! Well, I never saw so comical a knave! so humorous, so gay, so witty! Good sooth, I am proud of thee—so once more, lad, let us strike hands and home to supper."

"And on my coming hither, thou wouldest not bestow a cup of cold water on me."

"Thou shalt rejoice thee in a fountain of wine."

"And didst deny me a morsel of bread when I was an hungry and weary."

"To-night thou shalt have as delicate a rasher of venison, as savoury a morsel as could be found in the royal forests of thine own Hampshire dwelling."

"Nor a couch to rest me—"

"Thou shalt sleep on a down bed to-night."

"And thou threatened, a while agone, that thou wouldst make me better acquainted with the stocks."

"Ha! ha! and was not that a merry little conceit? and thou my own nephew! Ha, ha! moneyless——I will lend thee! nay, I will give thee,"

"A beggar, a vagrant, a vagabond—"

"An excellent jest, I faith! good! good!"

"Not so good, neither. I see not the point of thy wit."

"What, when thou art shrewd and wise beyond thine years! Nay, nay! thou art altogether too modest."

"It may be so; but, simple as I am, it striketh me much that though the wind changeth its quarter, and bloweth from which point of the compass it will, yet that men never blow first hot and then cold without a motive. How is it then, Master Nicolas Langelande, that thy frozen, icy winter changeth to such hot summer love so over readily? Please to answer me that."

"I have told thee, nephew Godfrey, that I did but this to test and try thee. What more wouldst thou have me say? I now see thy parts and recognize thy merit. Henceforth we shall be the better friends and the more loving relatives."

"But the conditions?" asked Godfrey.

"What meanest thou," said Master Nicolas.

"I can ill persuade myself that all the benefits thou dost proffer are to be received free gratis, I pry'thee then name the conditions."

"Tush, Godfrey! What conditions atween kith and kin?"

"Bed and board, and love and favour, and money—money—all wasted and given away. Nay, I can scarce think it. Thou must needs require of me some dirty work by way of requital."

"Ha! ha! thou art merry, and witty too! In sooth thou hast a ready wit. Nay, I bargain for nothing; but if in love and confidence—as relations, Godfrey—thou knowest I am thy nearest—thou shouldst require my advice respecting this packet, I would give it thee—willingly—willingly."

"I shall follow my own counsel," said Godfrey doggedly.

"And then, nephew, with the advantage of advice—good advice—such as I will strive to render thee, here is a fair opening for thy promotion and advance in life. An thou seest it meet that this packet be presented to the king, I will do it for thee, and seize advantage of the opportunity to push thee forward! Ay, that will I! Thou art in luck, Godfrey, to meet with one who hath both love for thee and power to push on thy fortune. Come, Godfrey, my good youth, give me the packet, and I will straight with it to the king, and make sure and solid terms for thee. Ay, such terms!"

"I see thy cloven foot!" exclaimed Godfrey.

"Nay, boy, nay, country jests are often indulged in to the damage of good-breeding. Come come, we will jest no more."

"Nay, I jest not—I speak in sober intention," returned Godfrey.

"Hearken then, boy. I see not clearly whether thou art knave or fool. But now to put the matter in a business-like way. Give me the packet, and I will both push thy fortune, and give thee a hundred golden pieces to spend in pastime."

"An thou wouldst give me the king's treasury, I would spurn

both it and thee! What! betray my trust! give up a deposit! Get thee hence, Satan!"

"Fool! but there are other means!" fiercely ejaculated Master Nicolas Langelande, his face convulsed and writhing with passion. "There are other means—they shall be tried—thou wilt find nothing but ruin, and—be it so. The fool deserves hanging worse than the rogue. The stocks! nay—the gallows for thee."

CHAPTER X.

Godfrey's red face had got tolerably cool again by help of a shady walk among the noble colonnades of natural pillars that spread their long ranges in beautiful Bushy Park, the rich clusters of chestnuts and the sweet blossoms of the lime, adorning the magnificent drapery of the one, and breathing fragrance from the hopeful green of the other, and spreading out a canopy between him and the sun, that no prince's chamber could produce gold-embroidered velvet to vie with—we say, that in the balmy shade of these umbrageous trees, and trampling the earth's beautiful carpet, Godfrey's complexion gradually returned to its natural colour. The innocent flowers that strewed his path, the guileless songs of the birds making cheery music from the trees above his head, the soft shades, the balmy air, nature's soothing aspect, her inviting quiet, all helped to bring back young Godfrey's mind to its usual hopeful and equable state, and as his temperament thus subsided, he began to notice one or two specimens of his own species that were perambulating near him.

The attraction that proved most magnet-like to Godfrey, and to which his eyes most frequently returned, was a young arch-looking black-eyed maiden, who might have seen the suns of some three or four and twenty summers. She was dressed in the height of the mode of those times—her laced stomacher, her gaily flowered muslin, her farthingale, her feathers, being all the most brightly tinted that the fashion would allow. Her silken mit had slipped down from one of the whitest and roundest arms imaginable, and the rich blood that mantled into her glowing cheeks gave her the sunniest aspect in the world. The light seemed actually to shine through her complexion, while life and animation breathed through the play of every feature. Her long redundant curls waved hither and thither, and she had a knack of coquetting with her bright black eyes, and a certain trick of showing some very white teeth through the smiling opening of very red lips, that Godfrey did not very well know how to be blind to. He tried for some time not to look at her, but some way or another he broke his resolution as often as he made it—and the lady saw it too; and the more she saw it the more use she made of her eyes and her smiles, until Godfrey began to entertain an idea that it would be well to exercise the falsely-called coward's, but the truly brave man's part, and run away; and had actually turned upon his heel to put his purpose into practice, when, much to his surprise, he heard the lady call out in quick and hasty tones, "Stay! stay! come hither, I say, come hither!

In infinite amazement, Godfrey turned him about. Again the eyes and the lips were put in motion, and, with the prettiest air in the world, the maiden said,

"Your pardon, gentle sir; I did but call my wayward dog. If, indeed, you would help me to regain him—ah, yonder he is, gambolling among the trees—he escaped from my silken string in his pretty playful frolics—ah, there he is again! I shall lose him, I shall lose him, and I do so dote upon him!"

Godfrey ran off in a moment to retake the truant, which proved to be a little silken-coated spaniel of King Charles's breed. The little creature seemed tame enough, and willing enough to be caught, and not at all likely to have meditated so flagitious a purpose as desertion of so fair a mistress. In short, he was polite enough to allow Godfrey to seize the blue ribbon which was the chain of his captivity without putting him to any extraordinary exertion, and thereupon our rustic, leading the dainty captive by his dainty fetter, presented him once more into the hands of his mistress.

"Little ungrateful love," exclaimed the pretty black-eyed lady, "to run away from your mistress! Sure am I that he who restores thee would not have done so!" and the lady's eyes and smile were both aimed, with true markswoman-like skill, at our poor hero. The words, however, brought full into his mind a certain little cottage, whose occupant, if not so gay as the fair dame before him, had quite as sunny a cheek and bright an eye, and whose heart might at that moment be full of him; and the gracefully-spoken words, that had been uttered to attract, by reminding him of his allegiance, helped only to confirm it. So, with a silent bow, Godfrey would have retired, but the lady knew better than to let him.

"Nay, not without my thanks. I should have broken my poor heart had I lost my little darling. So prompt! so kind! so generous! How shall I thank you enough?"

"You are far too liberal of acknowledgments for so slight a service."

"Ah, you undervalue your own kindness! Generous people always do. But you are a courtier—I see you are a courtier."

"Nay, in sooth," said Godfrey.

And in sooth Godfrey looked as little like a courtier as could well be imagined. His garb of hodden gray, his clumsy shoes, a certain countryfication that was all over him, stamped him with rusticity, in spite of his natural comeliness and readiness.

"I see you are a courtier," resumed the black-eyed maiden. "Your motion, your speech, your—your—nay, I know not what, but altogether I see—I see—I can distinguish as well as another."

"And yet I be but a rustic, lately come from a country dwelling."

"Is it even so? Then how have you acquired such an air—such a manner?"

"Nay," said Godfrey, twirling his beaver, "I know not."

"So much ready politeness, so much of the manner of the great, so much—so much—so much—ah, if you be not a courtier, nature of a surety intended you for one!"

"I used once to be of a like mind, but now I have my doubts—I have my doubts," replied Godfrey.

"Doubt! What! when your whole deportment, your whole bearing, your whole wording,—in short—nay, but a silly maiden ought not

to speak her mind so plainly, or I would ask in what lieth your doubt?"

"I be too honest of speech for courts," said Godfrey. "I cannot abide crooked ways, and all the ways seem crooked here."

"Nay, not all," said the maiden kindly. "I would be honest—I love honesty too. But I see—I see—thou art too good for the deceits of such places as these. Their hypocrisies would vex thy soul; I see they would; they do mine own at times."

"Do they even so?" said Godfrey sympathizingly. "Ay, marry, and so do they mine, I warrant me."

"We be alike then," said the lady. "Now, an you would not think me unmaidenly bold, I would ask you, gentle sir, what part of the country hath produced a fruit so ripe for court?"

"Nay, I be not over fond of secrets," replied Godfrey. "Our pastor Muttlebury always sayeth that they breed nought but mischief, so I am ready and willing to tell thee who I be, and what hath brought me hither. I be not ashamed of my name, though I be ashamed of some who bear it—but let that pass. Well, then, my pretty, soft-spoken lady, I am from Hampshire, anear the king's forests, and thinking that truth and honesty must make its way at court, and having an uncle high in his majesty's favour, I came to try my fortune, and my name—it is an honest one—is Godfrey Langelande, at your service."

The lady gave a scream.

"Godfrey Langelande, sayest thou? Why, then, thou art mine own cousin! Dear coz, how glad I am to see thee! Dear coz, give me thine hand! Let me look at thee! How tall and comely thou art! and how odd that we should meet thus! Ah, it could be nothing but a secret sympathy. Dear coz, I could dance for joy! Why, I am none other than thine own little cousin Barbara!"

Godfrey shook hands with his newly-found cousin very cordially. He could do no less; she was so very pretty, and so very kind; and besides, he felt that it would be altogether unjust to include her in his displeasure against her father, Master Nicolas Langelande.

So, at her invitation, they sat down on the grass together, beneath the pleasant and balmy shade of a lime tree, and while the little silken-tressed spaniel gambolled around them, seemingly now without any intention in the world of running away, the two cousins chatted very voluminously together.

As for Godfrey, he fully proved that he hated secrets, for he told his cousin Barbara everything that had befallen him from his youth up—his birth, parentage, education, travels, adventures, and intentions, inclusive of everything that had befallen him on the road, until he came down to his recent interview with his uncle, and his intentions, on the morrow, to claim an interview with the king, and place the momentous packet at the sovereign's disposal.

"Lack-a-day!" exclaimed Barbara, "and did my father even treat thee so? Was he so blind to thy marvellous merit, and so forgetful of the bonds of relationship? Why, I felt myself drawn unto thee—and doubtless it was that the same blood was flowing through our veins—ere I even spoke unto thee; and though I feared that thou

mightest deem me unmaidenly bold, yet I could not choose but talk to thee: and, lack-a-day, how could father of mine play the churl to thee?"

"Nay, it matters not," said Godfrey; "the smart of the wound has gone off now, though I felt it stingingly at first. It matters not now, for I have utterly cast him off, and disowned him."

"And me," said pretty cousin Barbara, lifting her bright black eyes towards his face—"thou dost not disown me?"

"Nay, I visit not his sins upon thee; that would not be altogether just, to my thinking, though the pastor Muttlebury saith—"

"Never mind the pastor Muttlebury now, when thou art talking to thy cousin Barbara."

"Never mind!" exclaimed Godfrey. "The pastor Muttlebury saith that 'never mind' always cometh to an ill end; and besides, I would not forget the pastor, though it were only for the sake of his pretty daughter; when I bethink me of the one, the other always cometh into my mind."

"Forget her too—when thou art by my side—talking with me."

"Forget her! Nay, then, I shall break mine own promises, for I pledged my word never to forget her—and I never will."

"Worse and worse," exclaimed Barbara. "Why, thou most—" but suddenly recollecting herself—"thou knowest, coz, that it be difficult to think of two at a time, and, whilst thou art with me, I will have thee think only of me."

Barbara smiled very sweetly in Godfrey's face as she said this, but he was looking for her meaning rather than into her eyes.

"Thou art somewhat like her, only—"

"Handsomer, thou wouldst say," said Barbara, smiling bewitchingly.

"Nay, I said not so—I meant not so. Thou art comely, but she, in mine eyes, is comelier."

A frown, like a momentary shadow, passed darkly across cousin Barbara's face.

"And yet thou art something—ay, much—comelier than thy father, though thou be somewhat like him."

"Like him!" exclaimed Barbara, who was not at all fond of the resemblance. "What, then, am I like a withered, shrivelled, wrinkled leaf?"

"Thou art more like him now than ever," said Godfrey—"now that thou dost frown."

"I would not be so churlish to thee—no, not for—not for more gold than I could count; so, coz dear, sit down once more, and show me—for I am but a woman, anxious withal—show me this marvellous strange packet. I would fain see if it be ordinary like."

"The pastor Muttlebury saith that curiosity is a great womanly sin, and I may not encourage it in thee."

"Nay, dear coz, now will I find it on thee, and take it from thee. What! canst thou refuse me so very a trifle? Thy cousin Barbara! poor little Barbara! I will love thee—thou canst not tell how much I will love thee. Come, coz, come, show it to me. Hasten, or mayhap my churlish father will miss me, and seek me, and find me with thee, and then he will be an angered. I know that he would not have me

speak with thee; but, dear coz, I care not so that I pleasure thee, and thou canst not refuse to pleasure me in such a trifle."

"And thinkest thou he would be angered an he found us sitting thus cosily together?"

"Ay, truly would he; but I care not. Come, coz, show me this packet."

"Cousin Barbara," said Godfrey, "I have told thee and shown thee that I love plain dealing."

"Ay, coz, ay, and I love thee for it. Come, now, the packet!"

"But the pastor Muttlebury saith—"

"The pastor Muttlebury is a fool!" exclaimed Barbara, irritated beyond her whole stock of womanly patience—"the pastor Muttlebury is a fool!"

Godfrey stood aghast.

"Come now, dear coz, sweet coz, kind coz, good-tempered coz;—see how prettily I will coax thee—show me now this packet, and see how I will love thee!"

"I will give thee plain dealing, though thou art so pretty, cousin Barbara," said Godfrey, standing sturdily up. "I see that thou art thy father's child, and that thou hast been trained up in the wiliness of the court. I see now clearly enough that thou hast been beguiling and enticing me with thy honeyed words! Lack-a-day! to be so young, and so comely, and yet so deceitful! Who could have thought it? Wiser heads than mine might have been beguiled! Why, look you, Mistress Barbara Langelande, thou wouldst have tempted me to betray my trust, to forget her whom I have promised to love all my life long, and to disregard all that the good pastor Muttlebury hath taught me from my youth up! And I—I might have known that thou wert evil disposed, had I not been beguiled by thy fair words and comely looks; for when a maiden hath learned to speak with a flattering tongue, and to seek to beguile a man out of his own will and his own way, and to bewitch his very soul, and to speak disrespectfully and irreverently of her own father, bad though he may be—"

"Ha! ha! ha! What, wilt thou read me a sermon, thou rough-hewn country clown!"

"I disown thee, as I have done thy father! I disown thee altogether, comely and pleasant spoken as thou art!"

"Ha! ha! ha!"

"Once more I disown thee!"

"Ha! ha! ha!"

"And for ever!"

"Ha! ha! ha!"

STANZAS.

BY H. HOGARTH.

(On unexpectedly meeting a female friend after the lapse of a few years.)

It must be—no, no, no!—it is!
That voice, that smile, that brow;
She had no sister—yes, O! yes,
'Tis Caroline! But how
Worn, how faded, haggard, wan,
How marked by tears!
God! Can such ravages be done
In a few years?

"O tell me, thou poor martyr, tell
What grief accursed has wrought this spell—
What sorrow dire—what fate unjust?"
"A father's pride, a dotard's lust,
A love for one now blest in heaven,
(*That* sweet thought cheers!)
These have my soul and beauty riven
In a few years."

And tell me, Caroline, how is
That dear companion of our hours
Of childhood—hours of purest bliss!
The gay Eliza?" "Heavenly powers!
That name my wounds tears open wide,
It my brain sears;
Bright flower! she smiled, she droop'd, she died,
In a few years!"

"And he—the ardent youth, with eyes
And hopes more bright than eastern skies—
Thy brother—what's become of him?"
"Behold yon figure, bent and slim,
With face which of his tide of woe
Full witness bears;
That's he, a genius." "What! so low
In a few years?"

O, Caroline, I'll ask no more,
The thought on it e'en racks my brain;
'Twould mad me did I on it pore.
Each link of that long brittle chain,
Mankind, is curs'd; by acids sapp'd,
It rots and wears;
The very strongest's worn, or snapp'd
In a few years!"

THE LADY CONSTANCE.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

" If thou canst instance one—mark me! but one—
Bearing the name of woman, loving much,
Who, being tempted by Ambition's lures,
Such as a title—wealth—fine mansion—gems—
(Tho', she wed with them, an inveterate fool,)
To yield that love—yet keeps her constancy,
I will believe in miracles, Alphonse,
Despite their strangeness to our day.—
But I defy thee to the proof—fidelity
Was ne'er found i' the sex!"— MS. PLAY.

IN the drawingroom of one of the most palace-like mansions of Belgrave Square, furnished with what used to be considered eastern magnificence, but which is even surpassed now in this country, nothing exceeding in gorgeousness and luxury the residences of the English nobility of the present day, reclined a lady, on an elegant sofa: she was alone, and apparently in extreme sorrow; her head was buried in the soft down cushion, her beautifully moulded arms were ungloved, and the rich diamond bracelets which encircled them emitted a myriad of rays around, as they were reflected in the splendid mirrors that decorated the apartment, assisted by the numerous wax lights which illuminated it.

The delicate blue satin cover was tarnished by her tears, while the wreath of white roses that was entwined with her luxuriant dark hair, gave a crushing unpleasing sound, every time she moved her head, which she did almost incessantly, with the restless unobservance of real heartfelt anguish. Her dress of gauze and silver, over rich white satin, fell in graceful folds over her matchless form, like a robe of glittering stars, forming a strange contrast to the every-day kind of grief of sobs and tears she was indulging in—she being dressed for one of those brilliant and exclusive " reunions," which take place at Almack's during the fashionable London season, and at which she was to appear that evening for the first time, after her short bridal tour, as the envied Countess of Willesley.

At length she raised her head from its concealment, and displayed a face of superlative loveliness; but with its extremely youthful expression marred by the mental suffering it but too plainly depicted. Casting her eyes on the floor, she beheld an open letter lying at her feet, which she seized with a desperate resolution, and began its reperusal, its fatal contents being the cause of her present anguish and despair: they were as follow:—

" After a long and most painful attention to your letter—such an attention as the wretched culprit bestows on the terrible document which consigns him to a premature and ignominious death, I find it utterly impossible to comply with the request it contains, that of

seeing you, convinced that nothing beneficial to either of us could result from such an interview *now*. What could it do for you? nothing! and what, alas! for me, save rending the veil from my lacerated heart, and exposing it to bleed anew, with all the agony of its first deep and cruel wound? O Constance, Constance! I never thought to reveal to your proud heart the pain, the anguish, your unlooked for treachery occasioned mine—how since, 'I have gone heavily as one that mourneth for his mother;' but your letter has broken 'the sealed fountain of my tears,' and forced them to gush out with a more overflowing violence, from the long restraint I have imposed upon my sorrow, and now I am weeping as man never wept before. For the first, the *last* time, I will unveil the anguish of my soul to you. When I discovered, on my return home from my father's too long protracted indisposition, which had claimed all my anxious and tender attention, that I had lost you, by your sudden and undreamed-of union with the Earl of Willesley, I endeavoured to deceive myself into the persuasion that I had been deprived of my idolized, affianced Constance only by the inevitable stroke of death; as *such* I lamented her; as *such* I embalmed her in my memory; for were you not dead to me indeed? I never allowed myself to dwell an instant on you, as being still an inhabitant of this breathing world; if I had, I should have become insane. I even learnt not to dream of you as a living thing, but as a beatified spirit, who still extended the hovering wings of affection over me, from the starry realms of heaven, as tenderly regardful of the forlorn heart that had the inexpressible misery of surviving you; for only as an angel could I think of the ideal Constance I had so long loved; and this illusion, fantastic though it was, saved me from utter despair.

"I heard the grace and beauty of Lady Willesley expatiated on without any emotion, save a contemptuous pity; for I knew, beneath that loveliness of face lurked a deformity of mind, at which I shuddered to reflect on. I *even* heard the virtues of your heart enlarged upon; that *very* heart, that could remorselessly sacrifice the dearest, the holiest ties of affection—the pure unblemished first-fruits it laid on the altar of love, for a name—a title—rank—and wealth; that could unshrinkingly yield up those charms of person, which might have challenged the universal homage of mankind, unto that legal prostitution so revolting to every sentiment of refinement, and offensive to all our associations respecting the chastity of women—to vice, profligacy, and satiety; for to imagine that you could love, or even esteem such a creature as Lord Willesley, is totally at variance with reason, feeling, and delicacy, and totally at variance with what I know of your real disposition; therefore did I predict a terrible fall for you, from the giddy and dazzling height to which your ambition had elevated you, but which could never, never satisfy your heart. Such was the state of my mind, such my precise ideas, when your letter—your *own* letter—written by your *own* hand—blotted by your *own* tears, unexpectedly reached me, to change my whole current of thought—to plunge me into the vortex of passion, and to fill me with unnecessary, hopeless, bitter regret, by proving that you were living—living for one whose chains you loathed and abhorred—consuming

those hours in lonely misery, I imagined devoted alone to vanity and frivolity,—and for what? for a now guilty but irrepressible love *for me!* O! how did that letter recall, in all its pristine vividness, the love I had so long indulged in, as the source of my life and being—then came that love's disappointment, with its train of blighted hopes, ruined prospects, and endless repinings; and then Constance Bouverie, my own Constance, not exulting in her treachery, but in penitence and despair invoking me to come to her—to pardon her—to call her sister, and to bless her! To resist such an appeal almost surpasses human fortitude, yet will I resist it, for never, never, *never*, should the resolution cost me life, will I voluntarily come into your presence again, to expose myself to the dangerous fascinations you possess; perhaps—I tremble at the thought—in time learn to consider it no crime to love the wife of another. You know how I did once love you—how I only lived for you—how everything dear of the past was entwined with your precious image, and how every prospect for the future was gilded with the perpetual sunshine of your summer-smile—how that—

> " ' Within mine heart there was a thought for *thee*
> Dearer than aught my mother claim'd from me,
> And on my lips there dwelt a holier pray'r
> Than did my young, sweet fondling sisters share;
> And I brought home all wildling hopes of youth,
> Transplanting them upon thy fostering truth,
> And there they wither'd!—Yet no curses came,
> But, from that stricken heart, thy cherish'd name
> Arose in blessings—blessings as supreme,
> As visit angels in their chastest dream.'

" How do I know then, whether that love be really extinguished, or only smouldering in my bosom, to be fanned once more into a flame by your sighs, to burn for our mutual and eternal perdition? No! 'Let him who thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall.' And low, indeed, should I deserve to fall, if knowing, as I do, man's natural proneness to err, I did not shun the temptation now presented to me. To ask my forgiveness was most idle on your part, and to assure you that I do forgive you, is still more idle on mine, as it cannot restore your lost peace of mind. You are your own accuser—you must learn to forgive yourself; but alas! poor, poor Constance, I fear that will be long, long first. All I can do for you is to bless and pray for you, and to hope that your error may not darken into crime, which to prevent, never for a moment forget that God is the depositary of your marriage vows, and that you insult his guardianship by violating them, even in thought.

" Adieu, and for ever,

" Herbert Stanley."

The servant entering at the moment to announce the carriage, she hastily thrust the letter into her bosom, and without stopping to arrange her disordered tresses, she snatched up her gloves, flung the bouquet of rare exotics, just gathered from the adjoining conservatory, contemptuously on the floor, silently suffered herself to

be enveloped in a purple velvet mantilla, and descended hastily to it. When seated, as the servant was about to close the door, she desired him, in that half whispering tone which implies a doubtfulness of purpose, to tell the coachman to drive to a certain number in Jermyn Street, St. James's, first. On arriving there, and ascertaining that he whom she came to visit was at home – alone—she alighted, and followed the servant up stairs so closely, that ere he had time to inform his master a lady wished to see him, she stood before the astonished Stanley, who, starting up in violent agitation, exclaimed, "Good heavens, Constance! Lady Willesley, you here? What could have induced you to take such a step?"

"To save my life," she replied; "I must have died if I had not come to *you*, for did you not sternly and barbarously refuse to come to *me*?"

"O! go, go, instantly, I implore you—do not stay one moment longer under this dangerous roof! Go! if you do not wish to drive me to absolute distraction."

"O Herbert!" she cried, extending her arms imploringly towards him, "do not, for pity's sake, force me away thus; am I so repugnant to your sight? do you so thoroughly hate me, indeed?"

"Hate you, Constance? alas! O no, no, no! I thought I had suffered all the anguish it was possible for man to endure, on your account, but the pangs of the past fade to insignificance, compared to the horror I now feel for your reputation—to have *that* tarnished would kill me outright—to hear Constance Bouverie spoken lightly of would be more than I could survive—she, whom next to my God, I had entwined in my heart, as the purest, best, holiest idea, for my prayers and praises. O! if you do not wish me to hate you indeed, remain not an instant more before me."

"Was there ever anything so merciless as your conduct?" she exclaimed, bursting into a passion of tears, and sinking into a chair, from mere exhaustion. "This is the first moment of real felicity I have enjoyed since the fatal day that bound me to wealth and wretchedness, and deeply and promptly shall I pay with bitter self-upbraidings, for its transient happiness—a happiness forbidden me both by God and man—a happiness that you do not participate in—that you even despise me for feeling, and blush at my confessing, and would remorselessly dash the cup from my parched lips, whose brimmed sweetness I only now taste, because—because its dregs are poison. O! there is nothing, there *can* be nothing in the world so utterly abject as I feel myself to be, mastered by an affection that I cannot subdue, that I never shall be able to subdue, which, yet I am doomed to bear alone, condemned even by the being who awakens it."

"Add not injustice to your other faults," replied Herbert gravely, "or you will compel me to charge you with crime instead of folly. Who shared that affection so ardently as I did, when it was not a sin to adore you? who gave greater proofs of a love, that, had you remained faithful, would have survived even unto the tomb? was I not the puppet whose pliant strings you pulled at will, and which responded obedient to every caprice? did I not servilely yield up every hope, wish, prospect in life, save what met your special approval?

even chose a profession, at first repugnant to the natural gaiety of my temperament, because you preferred the church to the army? but for that *last*, I am grateful to you, as the sacred studies it has forced on me have insensibly strengthened and purified my heart, teaching it to look beyond the hopes and wishes of earth for happiness; those studies have enabled me to bear, as a man and a Christian, the unparalleled injuries heaped upon me (and to pardon them,) by the woman who now comes to reproach me for not sharing the guilty passion her own heart ought to have withered in her bosom, like the tender flower blasted by the lightning, for conceiving. Yes, those divine studies now enable me to resist the seductions of this dangerous moment; to be proof against your tears, your grief, your love: but talk no more of that; henceforth, Constance Willesley, be your sole thoughts bent on contrition, for having imagined it, and gratitude, that I was endowed with sufficient fortitude to save you from ruin, despite of yourself."

He ceased speaking, for that boasted fortitude had reached its utmost limits, and was fast giving way under the hopeless silent agony of the lovely being before him, only too conscious of the weakness that was gaining on his heart more and more, and confident that both would be lost, if Constance became aware of her influence; he buried his face in his hands, murmuring in a choked, stifled tone, "Go, go!" She silently resumed the cloak that had fallen from her shoulders, and descended to the carriage alone, with a heart bursting with remorse, shame, and agony; Herbert's agitation not allowing him to attend her to the door, for fear of awakening injurious suspicions in the minds of Lord Willesley's servants, or dreading still more, that Constance, in the desperate recklessness of woman's grief, which ever renders her indifferent to consequences, much as they ought to be feared, might give utterance to some reproach or upbraiding at parting, which would have revealed the whole terrible truth at once.

When he heard the carriage drive off, he arose from his chair, and cautiously fastened the door of his apartment, that he might not be interrupted in his reflections—his first emotion on recalling the interview, was pleasure, unalloyed, intoxicating, exquisite pleasure. Yes, despite of reason, judgment, philosophy, religion, and conscience, the first moment we discover that we are still dear, still regretted by the being who has betrayed our dearest hopes, and blighted our fairest prospects, is a moment of pleasure, and the tear of repentance that falls from the eyes we have loved, and still may love, for the injuries thus inflicted, is the most gratifying we can behold shed by them; but momentary indeed is the gratification so afforded, ere reason resumes its sway, and forces passion to yield to its "still small voice." Then Herbert reproached himself with unnecessary cruelty and unkindness in hurrying her away without one tender word—one gentle look—one token of pity or regard: he wondered how he could have had the barbarous stoicism to resist her anguish—to withstand rushing into her arms, those beautiful arms extended so imploringly toward him—those arms which once had encircled his neck. He thought how transcendantly lovely she appeared as she stood before him in her gorgeous dress—how dependent, how abject, how

grief-stricken. Then he contrasted her present appearance with the last time he had seen her—for an evening party too—a scene of simple, artless gaiety—a rural ball. O! how infinitely lovelier she looked then, in her white muslin frock, her hair falling over her sweet happy face in a mighty mass of glossy ringlets, unadorned, save by the one fresh-gathered rose he, with the privilege of long-established boyish intimacy, placed in it himself! Did she need the meretricious aids of satins and diamonds then, to embellish those matchless charms, which awoke universal admiration as soon as she appeared among that unenvying, delighted group? No; she looked, as she then was, the perfect impersonation of beauty and innocence. Then he thought, and he wept as he thought, that she was now the wife of another, lost to him for ever—that it was even a sin to dwell regretfully on her memory, and he resolved to banish it; and he thanked the Almighty that he had had fortitude enough to resist her tears, her blandishments, her supplications and entreaties.

On crossing the apartment to unlock his door, he trod upon something, which, on stooping down to examine, proved to be his own letter to Constance, which had, unperceived by her, dropped on the floor. This, in his present pious and grateful train of ideas, he could but consider as a signal interposition of Providence, for, had it fallen into other hands, it must have involved them both in most serious consequences; he therefore committed it, with an aspiration of thankfulness, to the flame of the lamp then burning on the table, and retired to bed, if not really happy, yet still enjoying that internal calm, which an approving conscience never fails to diffuse over the virtuous though sorrowing heart.

On quitting Herbert, unfit as she felt herself for such a scene, Constance ordered the carriage to Willis's Rooms, knowing that some friends of her husband's would be there waiting for her, and fearing, if she did not show herself, or rather her diamonds, at the ball, he would be disappointed and angry when he learnt her absence from them; besides, how should she be able to account for the time spent from home, if she did not go to it, without raising his suspicions?

When she reached that brilliant scene, the innumerable lights, the exhilarating sounds of the music, the gorgeousness of the dresses, the display of beauty, the admiration and homage her own excited, the apparent exuberance of spirits every one exhibited, imparted a corresponding gaiety to her own bosom; and she joined the dancers with a levity and accessibility of manner totally foreign to what ought to be the deportment of a married woman, and which occasioned many a conceited coxcomb, in the fulness of his '*amour propre*," to imagine "that, with time, much might be effected detrimental to my Lord Willesley's honour; and really the little girl was worth some pains, for she was deucedly pretty!"

Never, indeed, had Constance looked lovelier. The excitement she had so recently undergone had created a degree of fever which considerably heightened the natural brilliancy of her complexion, while the damp of her tears had lent a pliancy to her beautiful curls, causing them to fall with unstudied negligence over her alabaster shoulders. No one, in contemplating that angelic countenance, radiant with the smiles and blushes of gratified pride and vanity, could

have imagined it possible that, a short while before, it had been absolutely distorted with passion, shame, and agony. It is often truly astonishing how the delicate and fragile frame of a young girl can contend against the various and stormy emotions which sometimes assail the heart, succeeding each other with the terrible impetuosity of the waves of a raging sea, without overwhelming her in the destructive struggle;—but feeling and nature are potent wrestlers, and fearful antagonists, when pitted against what duty and conscience demand.

After a short time, the illusive gaiety and pleasure Constance had so much relished at first gave place to that ennui and disgust which invariably succeed such artificial hilarity, and she began to perceive a shade of discontent stealing over more than one fair face, and detected the efforts it cost many others to maintain the assumption of happiness they had adopted; and, as she sat in a retired corner alone, she was gnawed with that inward dissatisfaction, that canker which corrodes the heart, occasioned by the consciousness of improper levity of conduct, and a deviation from rectitude; she felt there was no permanent satisfaction to be obtained in the pursuit of pleasures such as the present scene afforded, and was almost confident there was not one heart really at peace with itself in all that vast assemblage of the votaries of folly and dissipation.

Too true, alas! for, could the hearts be seen that flutter beneath the sparkling diamond, and swell the rich folds of the satin robe, often would they be found to be the seat of every evil passion—of blighted hopes, incurable disgusts, of guilty love, sorrow, and remorse—that, so far from being objects of envy, the veriest wretch, doomed by poverty to eternal privation and suffering, yet with a mind untainted by the corruption of vice, would look with pity on them, and be grateful for the fate that, by placing him so low in the scale of civilized existence, also placed him beneath the reach of those crimes and temptations so frequently the inseparable concomitants of luxury.

When, at an extremely late hour, Constance reached home, fatigued, miserable, and discontented, the first thing she missed, to her great consternation, was Herbert's letter; and fearing lest it might fall into the hands of the domestics, or even Lord Willesley's, after vainly examining every corner of the chamber she was in, she descended to the drawingroom in search of it. Just as she had abandoned the task as hopeless, and was leaving the room again, she encountered Lord Willesley, who had that instant returned from the club, where he was invariably the very latest of its nocturnal visitors, having long yielded himself up to the fascinations of the gambling-table. He was evidently considerably inebriated with the pernicious draughts of champagne so copiously dispensed to the poor deluded victims of plunder at those temples of ruin. Seeing his wife still dressed, and looking, to his heated imagination, more than usually captivating, his only impression was that she must have remained up for him, the first time since their marriage she had paid him such a compliment, so, catching her gratefully in his arms, he embraced her with herculean ardour. Completely thrown off her guard by the suddenness of the attack, and totally forgetting that he was her husband, she resisted him with a

scream of terror and disgust. He was sobered, as if by a miracle, by the repugnance she evinced for his fondness, and, pushing her from him with brutal violence, he exclaimed, with an oath, "Do you think I am going to stand your affected airs for ever? Your cursed coldness and mysterious sorrow I neither like nor understand. Take care what you are about; I have my eye on your ladyship, and if I find you playing any tricks, you will not be long before you repent of them, I can tell you. I have long suspected either that you have no heart, or that you did not honour me with it when I was fool enough to make you a countess. Why, you look as guilty now as if you had been doing something you were ashamed of." Saying which, he walked off to his own room, much to the relief of his agitated and too conscience-stricken wife.

How did she rejoice in the privilege his late hours afforded her of adopting separate apartments; how did she, on reviewing the past day, the past few months, steep her sleepless pillow in tears of bitter, vain regret; how did she recall the days of her girlhood, her love for Herbert, his love for her, her broken vows, her odious yet self-sought marriage: and how did she pray for fortitude to enable her to bear her sorrow, without going quite mad with anguish and despair!

Constance was the eldest of three children of the Reverend Edward Bouverie, incumbent of a living in one of the romantic vales of Yorkshire, which, with a handsome private fortune his wife possessed, enabled him to bring up his family in every comfort—the greatest of which was, having it in his power to educate them all at home, having an insuperable aversion to schools in general; and yet, as a sensible man, knowing that a certain degree of emulation was necessary as a spur to youthful attainments, he resigned the two girls to their mother and an accomplished governess, and resolved, with the full concurrence of the tutor he had engaged for him, to take *one* pupil, as a stimulus to the studies of his son Edward, an extremely promising, clever boy, and who was intended also for the church.

Major Stanley, one of Mr. Bouverie's oldest and most valued friends, was but too happy to avail himself of such an opportunity of getting his only child Herbert properly and liberally educated. Being a widower, with a profession that engrossed all his time, and induced habits of gaiety incompatible with the example necessary to set before a youth, he had long felt the charge of him a serious care, and more than ever regretted the premature death of an amiable and strong-minded wife, conscious that it is even more essential to the future happiness and well-being of a boy than a girl, to have his first early years watched over by the tender, anxious eye of a mother—that from her lips he should learn his first precepts of piety and virtue—that she should instil into his young bosom those lessons of morality, so permanent and impressive from a mother's tongue—that she should teach him his first prayers to the throne of heaven—prayers which he will remember for ever, even amid the throng and turbulence of active life, if duly impressed on his mind by her example as well as precept; for it is most certain, that the path marked out by the Almighty to conduct man through the grave to immortality is more thorny and difficult to thread than woman's—more beset with temptations and

trials; then too, his passions are stronger, more ungovernable, more easily bowed to the seducements of vice, and the blandishments of folly; nor has he the sweet long leisure furnished by woman's more retiring habits, to pursue the tranquil way of that virtue which alone produces peace here and hereafter. Therefore is it of the highest importance that a mother should lay up a store of holy and divine truths in the heart of a son, at a period when he places such trustful confidence in her, when all his innocent affections are hers, when implicit belief and obedience are a pleasure and delight to him, when his soul thrills with the angel-inspired thought, that the God who created *his mother* must be a God of goodness and love indeed—as a future provision for that time of dearth and scarcity which the world's concerns, hopes, and enjoyments, are sure to effect in the granary of his boyhood sinlessness.

The change to the cheerful and well-regulated rectory of Wensley Dale was a happy one for the forlorn, neglected Herbert indeed, and his young pliant heart soon learnt to love and esteem every member of the amiable, affectionate family it contained, and to feel, *at last*, that he had nothing more to wish for on earth; the great, the aching void, so long endured with an indefinable sense of sickening oppression, being *now* absolutely and exquisitely filled in his grateful bosom. To Edward he soon became as a brother, as such he was treated by Constance and Agnes, and in Mr. and Mrs. Bouverie he found the tenderest of parents.

Year after year flew past in heedless and unnoted happiness, until it was suddenly discovered that the two boys were old enough for college, and the two girls merging into lovely and accomplished women. Then it was, when about to separate from her for the first time, that Herbert discovered his feelings for Constance were different to those he experienced for her almost equally lovely sister Agnes—then it was too that Constance discovered that she felt more regret at the thought of being deprived of Herbert's society than that of her own most kind and attached brother Edward's.

It was on the eve of the departure of the two young men for Oxford that the ball was given by a friend to which I formerly alluded. It was on returning from that ball, in the clear moonlight, that he avowed those feelings to the blushing girl, received the artless confession of hers, pressed the first kiss of ardent, unsophisticated love on her lips, and found himself encircled in those beautiful arms, since vainly extended towards him in helpless entreaty.

For two years, what with a constant interchange of affectionate letters, and spending every vacation at the rectory, the lives of the lovers glided away in a dream of unalloyed happiness, Constance supplying the place of every other tie to the devoted Herbert, and she then religiously believing him necessary to her future felicity. About this time, to their mutual regret, Herbert received a hasty summons to attend what was considered to be the death-bed of his father, who had been severely wounded in the Peninsular war, then at its height, and was lying up at Brussels, being in too precarious a state to come to England. The separation between them was, as is generally the case on such occasions, most painful. Then did Constance once more,

in presence of every member of her family, renew those vows which bound Herbert Stanley to her as a husband—then did her parents bless him as a son—then did Edward and Agnes embrace him as a brother; and sorrowful as his journey was to him, he was yet cheered and consoled on its solitary way by the remembrance of the affection displayed at that sad parting by those idolized, precious friends.

Constance mourned his absence with the sincerest sorrow for some months, living only on his letters, which came by every conveyance, secluding herself from all society, and pursuing alone those occupations of which he most approved. But time, at length, blunted the poignancy of her anguish, and youthful vanity and a love of pleasure once more led her into it. It was shortly after, when her spirits had recovered their wonted vivacity, her cheeks their beautiful bloom, and her eyes their brilliancy, that she first met Lord Willesley, who, being the patron of the living, and also knowing Edward at college, took the opportunity, on his way from Scotland to Doncaster races, to call on Mr. Bouverie, who invited him to remain a day or two at the rectory, as he appeared much struck with the romantic beauty of the situation—which invitation his lordship accepted with a grateful avidity which charmed the benevolent-hearted old man for the condescension he thought it displayed. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Bouverie had the slightest design in cultivating the acquaintance of Lord Willesley beyond the common, but to their warm, conscientious hearts, imperative duties of hospitality and gratitude; and when, after the races, he returned to them, instead of prosecuting his first intention of going to London, they were led to suspect that Constance was the object of attraction which had induced him to honour their roof with another visit, by his exclusive and undisguised attentions to her, they most deeply grieved for his infatuation, knowing her solemn and irrevocable engagement to one whom they could not but consider superior to his lordship in every qualification essential to promote the happiness of their child. They even thought it necessary to expostulate seriously with her, on the levity, nay, almost criminality of her conduct, in so palpably encouraging an affection it was not in her power, consistently with honour and religion, to return. That a promise, binding as hers was to Herbert, was sacred in the eyes of Heaven, and woe and misery would assuredly attend its violation. But it was in vain they endeavoured to awaken her to a sense of duty by mild exhortations, or even severe threats; the idea of being a countess appeared a sufficient excuse to palliate even a more atrocious infidelity than that she meditated. Too late did they perceive that they had not crushed in her early infancy the seeds of that ambition which alone marred the perfection of her nature, but allowed them to germinate unpruned and unchecked, till, as the noxious reptile is fostered to prolific and fearful life in the hot-bed, the refuse of the earth, so they feared, that passion of evil growth, long nourished in her bosom, would indeed "bring forth fruits meet for repentance." They were even more shocked at the want of justice they discovered in Constance than her dereliction of affection, when she boldly asserted that she was now confident that she had never been seriously attached to Herbert, that her imagined affection was merely the consequence of

the secluded life she had led, that she was indebted solely to that cause for the hasty and imprudent promise she had given him to be his wife; she even went so far, as to declare that his letters were neither so frequent nor so ardent as they had been, and that no doubt he also had seen and preferred other objects, and would rejoice equally with herself in being released from the shackles of a youthful and most inconsiderate engagement. It is truly a thing to wonder at, how the mind, when bent on any particular purpose, can turn and twist the strongest and most opposing circumstances to meet the end in view, so as not only fully to accomplish that aim, but also to reconcile the conscience for a time to the facts that were distorted so cruelly to second it. Thus Constance actually did persuade herself that Herbert's correspondence was colder and briefer than it was, yet never, *never* was there a more unfounded charge laid to an absent trusting lover in this world; his letters were more frequent and more impassioned than ever, from the natural anxiety and uneasiness he experienced—several of his last remaining unanswered by his beloved betrothed; but Constance had fully resolved on becoming Lady Willesley, and she therefore endeavoured to appease the reproaches of her conscience, by being unjust to others, and those the least deserving of her ungenerous accusations.

The task of inflicting the blow that was to strike the root of Herbert's long-cherished hopes, devolved on the gentle and retiring Agnes Bouverie; how she shrunk from striking that blow her own heart only knew; she had a perfect horror of giving pain to him—of being associated in his mind with anything, but the tenderest, the most sisterly idea; and that it would give pain, deep and lasting pain, and appear as coming direct from her, was but too evident to the sensitive girl, and she implored, but vainly, to be released from the odious imposition, all concurring in the conviction that she, and she alone, was capable of doing it the least offensively to his feelings—she had naturally such a sympathising and artless style of writing—she was so sure to pour the balm of consolation as she inflicted the wound—she was so sure to speak peace to the troubled soul of the mourner—and then, poor Herbert loved her next to Constance with his whole heart. This last argument was far from satisfactory to Agnes; however, write she did; and although she disguised the cruel fact with that tender eloquence which flows like a mighty stream from a woman's heart, when she wishes to spare man a sorrow; still, as she predicted, her letter nearly drove him to distraction, and it was long, very, very long ere he could think of her in any other light than as the heartless being who had aroused him from the sunny dream of youthful happiness to the stern and terrible reality of its eternal annihilation.

Lord Willesley was still young in years, but he was old in every act of vice and profligacy; broad and athletic in his make, with a set of features cast in nature's rudest mould, aided by a bad complexion, and a most repelling expression of countenance. Sullen, obstinate, and tyrannical in temper, his disposition seemed a perfect counterpart of his person; of strong and violent passions, which he no sooner conceived than he resolved to gratify, which his boundless wealth but

too easily enabled him to do, few human gratifications being beyond the pale of the talismanic power of gold. Struck instantly with the surpassing grace and loveliness of Constance, he determined to offer her his hand and title; but he wedded her with no more exalted sentiments than he felt for a celebrated racehorse, or a first rate pointer; he was vain and proud of her beauty in the same degree as he delighted in having the most highly-finished cabriolet, the best stepping horse, and the smartest and smallest tiger,* to create a sensation. He gloried in seeing the Countess of Willesley spoken of in the "Morning Post," as the belle of the day—to find the elegance of her dress, and the profusion and splendour of her diamonds, described in those *columns*, which form a code of laws as immutable as those of the Medes and Persians for every fashionable woman, gratified his vanity beyond expression; but as for anything higher in a partner for life, the idea was too vast, too sublime, for his blunted capacities to comprehend—the intellectual companion, the soothing friend, the fond adviser, the sympathiser in every sorrow, the inspirer of religion, and the guide to heaven, were not included in his worldly-minded catalogue of a wife's qualifications. Nor was Constance calculated to awaken more exalted sentiments in his bosom for her sex; entering at first with avidity into all the intoxicating pleasure her new position so amply afforded—admired, flattered, and caressed—she was blinded to the extreme grossness of her husband's ideas; but with the novelty the illusion disappeared, and she discovered, with inexpressible horror and disgust, that she was allied for life to a man, the brutality of whose mind was below the lowest and most illiterate of his species, while he saw in her, only what he had ever considered woman to be, a creature void of feeling or sentiment, entirely given up to frivolous pleasures, who had not an idea beyond the gratification of personal vanity, and who would sacrifice without one compunction of remorse, all in the world to obtain the means of glittering above her fellows.

Then, alas! when too late, did the elegant and refined manners of Herbert, his flattering appreciation of her accomplishments, rise on her imagination in fearful and startling contrast—then did the wish of seeing him, of being forgiven by him, of being pitied by him, become a passion so paramount and intense, that she felt it must be gratified, or she should expire under its devouring and ever-present torment—then it was, that forgetting all, save the culpable determination to indulge that desire at any risk, she wrote the letter containing that request, which for her sake alone he refused to grant, and which refusal caused her to rush into his presence, to be driven thence with a contempt and scorn that would fester at her heart's core for ever. The morning after that eventful occurrence, Constance arose, languid and dispirited, from having passed an almost sleepless night, and still agitated about her lost letter, when glancing her eye mechanically over the advertisements of "the Morning Post," she was struck with amazement by the following one: "The letter dropped by C. last night was fortunately found by H. in his apartment, and instantly destroyed by him. It is to be hoped that this narrow escape

* A very little boy as groom.

from exposure and disgrace will convince C. of the imperative necessity of avoiding all such risks again—*risks* which will never find a responding sympathy in him for whom they were encountered." It was with a mixture of gratitude and sorrow that she perused it over several times; gratitude that Herbert should have been so considerate of her peace, as to put her so promptly out of suspense respecting the fate of the missing letter, and sorrow at the cold arbitrary prohibition conveyed in its conclusion—never, never to address him again.

In a couple of years from this time, Lord Willesley's agents discovered that the estates, vast as they were, were considerably involved, owing to his immense losses both on the turf and at the gambling-table, and they therefore advised his lordship to go abroad for some time. To this Constance made no sort of objection; she had long been totally indifferent to the splendour for which she had sacrificed her happiness, and it was with something of the sweet consoling feeling of retributive penitence, that she resigned her costly diamonds into the hands of his creditors, retaining not even the simplest ornament, her wedding-ring being all she possessed in the shape of trinkets. But the bitter cup of mortification and disappointment was not yet drained to the dregs by her, the most acrid drop still remained at the bottom of it. Among the passengers on board of the steamer in which they embarked, to spend the years of their exile at Brussels, or elsewhere, was a young female of an extremely handsome, showy appearance, but of forward, intrusive, and unladylike manners. It was soon whispered about, that she was the favourite mistress of Lord Willesley, who had accompanied him, to enliven his involuntary and obnoxious banishment from England. This was literally the case, nor had he the delicacy to conceal the odious fact from his unfortunate wife, devoting his attentions almost exclusively to Mrs. Melfont, the name she now went by, to the great disgust and annoyance of the other ladies on board, who all sincerely pitied the beautiful and dejected Lady Willesley.

After seven years of wandering on the continent, and literally "finding no rest," Constance returned, with her still dissipated lord, to his more than ever unencumbered estates, (every mortgage and long-standing debt being now entirely paid off,) to find her parents consigned to the peaceful grave, her brother Edward in possession of the dear Rectory of Wensley Dale, with an amiable wife and young family, and her sister Agnes actually married to Herbert, and the mother of four young children, settled near Edward, and all supremely happy. At first, she felt revengeful that Agnes should have become his wife, and wished, in the jealousy of her heart, that he had found some other to make him happy. Indeed, such is the selfish inconsistency of human nature, that she really accused her of treachery in having, as it were, usurped her rights in Herbert's affections; but conscience soon compelled her to render full justice to her sister, and to feel grateful, that she had been able to atone to him for her own infidelity. Again was she installed as mistress of the splendid mansion in Belgrave Square—again was she in possession of those magnificent and costly diamonds—again was she flattered, courted, and caressed, but she was no longer the gaudy butterfly of fashion, fluttering to

expand her gorgeous wings in the summer-sun of prosperity; she had shrank beneath the *winter-clouds* of adversity, and folded them for ever over her grief-stricken bosom. Once more was she seated in that superbly furnished drawingroom, but isolated, childless, and miserable; and O! once more did she hold in her trembling hand a letter of Herbert Stanley's, which was also blotted with her agonized tears. It was in answer to a request she had made to her sister, to have one of her children to adopt, for a comfort and consolation in her loneliness.

It ran thus—"Deem not our refusal to comply with your request, either selfish or unkind, dear Constance, but we cannot part with one of our sweet children to you, much as my gentle Agnes and myself are anxious to alleviate the melancholy of your situation; that would be too great a sacrifice to make indeed. Ours is a family of love, and it is our earnest wish to cement the union that binds our hearts together, by the indissoluble bond of an uninterrupted intercourse, and to watch over the dawning minds of our offspring, that we may carefully weed from their young hearts, with the tender hand of paternal affection, strengthened to its task by the blessed assistance vouchsafed by a gracious God, every germ of vice and folly springing up wildly there, so, that when we 'rest from our labours' in the tomb, and they are left to struggle with the temptations of the world, they may bless and venerate our memories, for having instilled into their bosoms those precepts of virtue and piety which could alone enable them to resist its allurements. My tender-hearted Agnes could not write to deny you herself, and on me, therefore, devolved the task of giving you pain—a task I should indeed have recoiled from, save that it involved the future well-being of a creature for whose precious trust I shall be accountable to the Giver of all good. Many parents would have eagerly availed themselves of your dazzling offer; but (do not think I mean it reproachfully,) I fear you have found that splendour does not conduct to happiness, nor ambition to peace. Should you ever feel disposed, for the sake of your health, to visit us, you will find only the warm affection which united us all in childhood awaiting you, and the dread hiatus left by after-regret in the heart of each, completely and mercifully filled up by the sweet certainty of having our beautiful wanderer once more gathered to our little flock, chastened and subdued by her afflictions."

It was long before Constance could summon resolution to accept the invitation thus kindly given; but as every day convinced her more and more of Lord Willesley's total estrangement from her, having, since his return home, entered with increased avidity into all his former pleasures, joining his old associates, and making her having no family an excuse for openly avowing the two sons Mrs. Melfont had borne him, and lavishing all the tenderness of which his nature was capable on their base, unworthy mother, she at last bent her steps to the home of her infancy, and found indeed the affection promised, the peace so long denied. In the society of Herbert's children she forgot her sorrows and disappointments, and if a regretful sigh did arise in her bosom, as she pondered over their beauty and talent, that she might have been their happy, idolizing mother, she stifled it instantly by the

reflection, that she was *not* was entirely owing, as well as all she suffered too, to her own culpable ambition; but, that she was still loved, cherished, and forgiven by those she had so deeply wronged, was *alone* owing to the goodness of the Almighty, whose first lesson to his followers is pardon for injury. The mild resignation displayed by their broken-hearted, penitent aunt, afforded a salutary example to the children of Edward and Herbert, as she never scrupled to make them witnesses of her regret and anguish, as a warning for them to avoid the fatal rock of worldly pride, against which her own earthly felicity was dashed to atoms, beyond repair she feared; yet when, after a time, she was once more folded to the affectionate bosom of Herbert Stanley, with all the chastened purity of a brother's love, whilst Agnes wept over them joyfully at the perfect cordiality existing now between all the beloved group at Wensley Dale, Constance exclaimed, from the depths of her soul,

"Come, Friendship! with thy mild attemper'd flame,
The wilder frenzy of my passions tame;
Teach me to feel that love may banish'd be,
And yet the heart taste true felicity.
O! on thy gentler bosom soothe each pain,
Dry my sad tear, and bid me smile again:—
No! rather share that ever-flowing tear,
For only, Friendship, *then* canst thou be dear!"

THE SEA-KING'S DEATH.

By Robert Laing Meason, *author of "Hours in Norway," "Poems," and "Hakan Jarl," a Tragedy.*

"Now when the brothers, Erick and Yörund, heard that King Haka had suffered his warriors to leave him, they sailed for Sweden, and assembled straightway a mighty host. . . . A fierce battle then took place. . . . But Haka was so sorely wounded that he felt he could not live; so he ordered his own war-bark to be laden with his dead warriors and their weapons; had the anchor weighed, the sail hoisted, and set fire to a pile of wood which he had caused to be built on deck. King Haka was almost dead when laid on the pile. The wind was off shore, and the ship, in flames, sailed out between the islands into the open sea."—*Sporro Sturlason, Ynglinga Saga, cap.* 27.

"Lift, lift my shield ere turns the tide,
Ere cease these wounds to bleed;
Now bear me up my own ship's side,
Once more o'er bounding waves I'll ride
My gallant ocean-steed.

Lash right the helm! Now hoist the sail,
Make fast the sheet! Farewell!
Remember oft, but ne'er bewail
So proud a death—a glorious tale
Forture Scalds to tell."

The calm moon rising mildly bright,
Smiled gladness on the waves;
And silvered with serenest light,
The Sea-King steel-clad as for fight,
Surrounded by his braves.

With casque on brow, and glaive in hand;
And buckler cov'ring breast,
Laid cold and stark, that ghastly band;
For ever deaf to war's command,
And din of life's unrest.

And 'mid them, on that death-manned deck,
Leaned 'gainst the mast their chief;
Unawed as though his voice could check
Their rash course threat'ning rapid wreck
On the tide-fett'ring reef.

"My noble bark! through many a gale
Thou'st borne thy master true;
Not now—not now his hope thou'lt fail,
Though none can steer, none shift thy sail,
Of all thy pallid crew.

Steady!—O! steady on thy way!
The breeze now freshens fast;
Clear yon dark holm! Thy proud course lay,
Though surging breakers drive their spray
High o'er thy straining mast.

Well won!—well won, my swift-winged steed!
In open sea once more!
Now can a Sea-King's spirit speed;
For now *his* wreck and *thine* are freed
From mouldering on shore."

Dark rolling clouds hide Heaven's calm light;
And, 'gainst the low'ring sky,
A burst of red flame glaring bright,
Sternly reveals to startled night
How a Sea-King can die!

Christiania, 1842.

SAVINDROOG.*

CHAPTER X.

THE JUGGLER.

THE festival had commenced on the plain, in whose fertile bosom Maugree is situated, and the delighted subjects of the self-created Maha Rajah were celebrating his birth day with all the enthusiasm peculiar to their race. Numbers of wrestlers, boxers, jugglers, and other wandering artists, who abound in that region of credulity, had been attracted to the secluded territory of Kempé by the fame of his liberality. These were now in full activity, pursuing their respective avocations, to the admiration of the gaping multitude; amongst whom presents and refreshments of every description and variety were profusely distributed by the officers of the household: whilst the Lord of the feast and his distinguished visitors mingled with the happy throng, entering into their simple pastimes, and sharing in all their joyous hilarity.

One part of the field displayed a foot race between a party of Bheels, whose active limbs and eager eyes were strained to the utmost to win the embroidered shawl that flaunted in the distance. Another party were pitching the bar, wheeling the muckdurs (heavy clubs of teak and blackwood) round their heads, and bending the steel bow, to win some handsome prize appropriate to the occasion. Beyond, a body of cavalry were scouring across the plain, waging a mimic war, retreating and advancing by turns; their shields and lances glittering in the sun, and their golden pennons flapping in the breeze. Beside the jungle's shady screen a band of archers were exhibiting the wondrous accuracy of aim for which the Bheels are celebrated: some of their arrows were pointed, some crescent shaped, some had flat and sharp edges, and others were furnished with rounded heads to stun or slightly wound. The elasticity and power of their bows, which were made of bamboo, sent the "winged messengers" an incredible distance; and woe to the bird that ventured to hover within range, for neither the irregularity of his motions, nor the rapidity of his flight, could save him from the deadly weapons.

Another part of the field was occupied by the Jhattries, a tribe of itinerant boxers, who claim for their patron Crishna, the Hindoo Apollo. The arena in which they exercised was strewn with red sand, in which they rolled themselves, having first well oiled their bodies, which were naked to the waist, to give additional pliancy and suppleness to their limbs. They used many kinds of weapons in their pugilistic encounters, the principal of which was the Vajrar Moostee, or horn cestus, which they wielded with singular adroitness in striking and warding off the blows of their adversaries. The feats of strength and agility they displayed were wonderful, and the beauty of their attitudes excited universal admiration.

* Continued from p. 239.

Not far from these were the Loolis, or tumblers and rope dancers, who exhibited the most astonishing dexterity. Placing one hand on the ground, they would raise up the other, together with both their feet, which they would spread out so as to represent the carriage of a peacock; turning round, all the while, with a continued rapid motion, three rings which were placed on their hands and feet. One of them, clinging to a single wooden pole, jumped backwards and forwards with it, never once touching the ground with his feet. Another placing the end of a long pole on his stomach, held it erect, while one of his companions mounted the pole and played several feats on the top of it. One young tumbler climbed up and stood on the head of an elder one, the latter walking rapidly about, playing his feats, whilst the youngest stood erect and firm on his head, and even exhibited some tricks of his own. These singular exploits never failed to call forth the plaudits of the multitude, and an occasional shower of rupees from the generous giver of the feast amply repaid them for their labours.

In the diversity of mountebanks who thronged to the festival there were not wanting some of a religious cast, for religion is too often used as a means of attracting popular favour or pecuniary recompense. Several Yogies, accordingly, appeared on the scene, displaying various modes of penance, or insensibility to physical torture. One walked on wooden sandals set with sharp pointed iron spikes, that penetrated the soles of his feet without causing a groan or a wry face: another had a fire burning on his bare head: a third had an iron style thrust through his protruded tongue: a fourth, suspended from a tree with his heels up and his head down, swung backwards and forwards over a slow fire; and a fifth, having a hook thrust through his side, was hoisted up to the end of a long pole, which being supported in the centre on a pillar, turned round on a pivot; carrying the devotee in a perpetual whirl, without eliciting from the tortured wretch the slightest expression of agony. These melancholy exhibitions had their admirers, of course, amongst the over pious part of the community, who regarded them as a certain means of enforcing a passage to heaven; but the more joyous and light hearted souls gladly gave them up for more frolicksome scenes.

These were to be had in variety and abundance; comprising wrestlers, boxers, tumblers, jugglers swallowing swords, and piping to dancing snakes; dancing men and women, and masquerading processions, in which gods and goddesses, Rajahs and Ranees were represented in all their glory. Some engaged in the game of *pauchees;* for the rage of gambling is so strong among the Hindoos that it is common to see a man, addicted to this dreadful passion, though loaded in the morning with jewels of gold and silver on his hands, feet, waist, neck, ears and nose, come home at night without a single bracelet left. Others formed a circle round some story teller in the shade, and listened eagerly to the recital of some legendary or mythological fable, the "Churning of the Ocean," or the "Avataras of Vishnu:" how, in his fifth descent on earth, the God assumed the name of Vamuna, or the Brahmin Dwarf, when the mighty Bali having, by his meritorious austerities, obtained the sovereignty of the world,

neglected the worship of the gods. Then it was that the Devatas, or inferior deities, alarmed lest he should deprive them of their celestial habitations, entreated protection from Vishnu, who descended in the form of a Brahmin Dwarf, and having obtained from Bali a promise, confirmed by an irrevocable oath, to grant whatever he should ask, he demanded as much space as he could compass in three steps. The boon being granted, the form of the god dilated to its divine dimensions: in his eight hands he wielded the eight celestial weapons; his first step compassed the earth, his second the ocean, and his third the heavens, leaving to the astonished Bali only hell, or Patala, for his portion of the universe.

Not far from the story teller was a minstrel, who, crowned with lotus flowers, awoke the melodious powers of the lute, and sang in measured numbers the loves of Heri or Crishna, when the incarnate God dwelt on the winding banks of Yamuna, and sported with the Gopiah in the flowery glades of Vrindavana. "With a garland of wild flowers," sang the minstrel, "descending to the yellow mantle that girds his azure limbs, distinguished by smiling cheeks, and by earrings that sparkle as he plays, Heri exults in the assemblage of amorous damsels. One of them presses him with her swelling breast, while she warbles with exquisite melody. Another, affected by a glance from his eye, stands meditating on the lotus of his face. A third, on pretence of whispering a secret in his ear, approaches his temples and kisses them with ardour. One seizes his mantle, and draws him towards her, pointing to the bower on the banks of Yamuna, where elegant vanjulas interweave their branches. He applauds another who dances in the sportive circle, whilst her bracelets ring as she beats time with her palms. Now he caresses one and kisses another, smiling on a third with complacency; and now he chases her whose beauty has most allured him. Thus the wanton Heri frolicks, in the season of sweets, among the maids of Vraja, who rush to his embraces, as if he were Pleasure itself assuming a human form; and one of them, under a pretext of hymning his divine perfections, whispers in his ear, 'Thy lips, my beloved, are nectar.'"

The exhibition, however, which attracted the greatest number of spectators was the booth of the drolls and strolling players, who in India are exceedingly clever and adroit; the subjects of their plays being generally drawn from the fables of their mythology, and their satire pointed at the measures of their earthly rulers and governors. Around this booth was collected all the beauty and fashion of the festival, and even the Maha Rajah with his family and visitors did not disdain to form part of the delighted throng. The exhibition commenced with the exploits of the demigod Hunoomaun and his monkey followers, in their expedition to Lanka-dwipa,* to rescue the captive Sita from the power of her giant ravisher, which called forth repeated applause. The appearance of Ganesa, the god of prudence, with his elephant head and portly belly, excited much amusement among the spectators; their laughter was also freely called forth by the frisking of a huge fish, representing the first avatar of Vishnu;

* Ceylon.

when under this form he conducted and preserved the boat of Satyavrata, the 7th Menu, while the earth was deluged in vengeance for the loss of the Vedas, and the consequent wickedness of mankind. The holy books having been stolen by Hagyagriva, king of the demons, Vishnu undertook to recover them, and after a severe combat he destroyed the fiend, restored the sacred books, and caused the waters to subside.

The attention of the Royal party being completely fixed by the cleverness of the *Dramatis Personæ*, the Mythological representations were superseded by a comic interlude, the subject of which was drawn from the misfortunes and mortifications of a Potoil, or head man of a village, whose unlucky ambition had led him beyond his proper sphere. Having on one occasion, visited the Durbar of his Rajah, and been admitted to certain familiarity with the courtiers, he became so ridiculously vain and affected, that some of the wicked wags of the palace, taking advantage of his folly, puffed him up with extraordinary notions of his own importance; persuading him that he was held in the highest regard by the Rajah, who would certainly bestow his daughter on him, together with an important jaghire, had he not been already a married man.

The mystified Potoil, determined that no obstacle should arise from this circumstance to mar his good fortune, declared that he was no longer married, having divorced his wife for incontinence: and, that nothing should be wanting to forward his ambitious views, he hired a splendid Bungalow, purchased magnificent robes, collected a train of showy attendants, and gave elegant entertainments to his fashionable friends, who promised to advance his interests at Court. When these latter had sufficiently amused themselves with his folly, they took measures to dispel his happy delusion; and accordingly sent word to all his friends in the country that, having obtained a post of high honour and emolument, they should immediately come to Court to share his good fortune. The joyful news spread like wildfire, and a host of poor relations crowded to the Durbar of the fortunate Potoil, who was represented on the stage, holding his petty Court, seated on a splendid musnud, and surrounded by all his courtier friends and attendants.

In the midst of his grandeur, when his eyes scarcely deigned to rest on anything but his own richly embroidered robes and borrowed finery, in rushed a host of ragged relations, struggling and tearing each other in their anxiety to claim first kindred with the Burra Sahib. Then came his aged father, his affectionate brothers, his loving wife, and his dutiful children; screaming, yelling, rushing to embrace his knees and to court his favour. The astonished Potoil, in utter dismay at this horrible incursion of barbarians, disclaimed all knowledge of, or relationship with the intruders, who thereupon became more vociferous than ever, intreating, beseeching, remonstrating with, and upbraiding the poor man; till, at length, to get rid of their importunities, he ordered his attendants to chase them forth and give them the bastinado for their impertinence. While in the act of issuing his orders, however, with commanding voice and lordly gestures, his musnud, which had been expressly manufactured for the occasion, gave way with a sudden jerk, and capsized its ambitious occupant;

holding him fast, with his head down and his heels kicking up in the air, amidst the shouts of laughter and bitter derision of the spectators, who had the further gratification of seeing the luckless Potoil carried off to prison by his rapacious creditors.

This little drama was evidently got up at the suggestion of Trimbuckjee: its application to the mounting ambition of Kempé did not escape the notice of his brother Polygars; and significant signs and gestures passed between them, expressive of their inward satisfaction at so palpable a hit. The Chief himself affected not to view the matter in a similar light; but he felt that every eye was fixed upon him, and glad of an excuse to leave the hateful scene, he hurried with his tittering party to the booth of a juggler in another part of the field.

The occupant of this little stage was just going through, with the assistance of one or two attendants, the ordinary tricks of swallowing swords, blowing his intestines out of his mouth, and putting them back again *ad libitum*, with other common place devices that amuse and bewilder the multitude. Seeing the regal party advance, however, he felt it incumbent on him to produce some of his most elaborate deceptions for their entertainment, and made his preparations accordingly.

To those who have never witnessed the extraordinary feats of this singular class of beings, what we are going to relate will doubtless appear too marvellous even for the pages of romance; but experience has sufficiently demonstrated the practicability of things which by the uninitiated can be referred only to the operation of magic. Indeed so singular and extraordinary have some of these performances appeared, that even the mighty Baber, the conqueror of Hindoostan, has dedicated a portion of his interesting memoirs to a description of them, without, however, attempting their elucidation.

The juggler who now had the honor of entertaining the Maha Rajah and his party, was evidently a master of his art;* and proceeded at once, as soon as his distinguished audience were seated, to astonish them with his dexterity. He first handed an egg round the circle, and then placed it in his bosom in order to hatch it. He requested the Ranee to signify the bird she wished to see produced, and the gentle Meena having named a dove, the symbol of her own innocent heart, it accordingly flew forth from the broken shell; and fluttering around for an instant, soared into the sky with rapid pinion. This trick was frequently repeated, a different bird appearing at every successive trial, by desire of one or other of the spectators; and a shower of Rupees, by order of the Ranee, repaid the ingenuity of the juggler, who, thus encouraged, prepared for fresh efforts.

Having desired one of his attendants to bring him a branch from a noble Mango tree which stood at a short distance, the juggler took it in his hand, and held it forth, all green and blossomless as it was; uttering certain incantations, and making a variety of grimaces indicative of the internal workings of a powerfully agitated spirit. Gra-

* Some of the Jugglers will tell any person their thoughts, cause the branch of a tree to blossom and to bear fruit within an hour, hatch an egg in their bosom in less than fifteen minutes, producing whatever bird may be demanded, and make it fly about the room, &c. &c.—*Bernier.*

dually, to the astonished eyes of the spectators, one blossom appeared sprouting forth, then another and another, till the amputated branch was nearly covered. Wonderful as this feat appeared, it was totally eclipsed by that which followed: for as the juggler still held the branch extended in his hand, and continued his incantations, the blossoms fell off one by one; and in the place of each appeared an incipient Mango, which gradually swelled out to the largest and richest size of that delicious fruit. These having been gathered by the juggler's attendants, were presented in a golden salver to the Ranee and her party, though none could be prevailed on to taste a fruit which they verily believed to be the production of magic alone.

Tremendous applause and a Royal largesse followed this extraordinary feat, and the juggler once more addressed himself to his singular exhibition. Taking in his hand a coil of rope which lay on the stage he flung it up with considerable force in the air; when, strange to say, one end remained fixed above, the other falling down on the stage of the mountebank. Taking hold of this he kept it firmly extended in a sloping direction from the summit; when, wonder upon wonders, a tiger appeared on the top in the act of descending the rope, which he actually did with great caution and precision, while many of the spectators fled screaming from the claws of the monster. Their panic, however, was very much increased when they beheld a lion following the tiger down the rope; and then a buffalo, an elephant, and sundry other animals, which were fortunately taken possession of by the attendants of the juggler and conveyed behind the scenes, without causing any other mischief than the needless fright their first appearance had occasioned.

These extraordinary performances prepared the spectators to witness other wonders; for only one opinion seemed now to prevail throughout the assembly, that the powers of the exhibitor were more than human, and that he could be nothing more or less than an incarnation of one of the deities; perhaps of the awful Mahadeo himself, come down upon earth to grace the birth day festival of the Maha Rajah. It therefore excited but little astonishment when the juggler now declared his ability to decipher the most hidden and secret thoughts of any or all of the spectators present.

This was a disclosure, however, which few were desirous of subjecting themselves to, for all had thoughts more or less unsuited to meet the public ear. The Polygars declined the ordeal, as the jealousy and hatred they now one and all felt for the new Maha Rajah rendered secrecy, on that point at least, of the most vital importance. The Ranee also declined the trial; for the unhappy state of her mind, arising from the increasing indifference and estrangement of her lord, had that day been terribly enhanced by the extraordinary connexion, inferred by the Junnum Potee, between the fate of Kempé Goud and the Fawn-eyed Begum of Mysore; whom, with the lightning rapidity of female jealousy, she already began to regard in the light of a dangerous rival. Her thoughts were, therefore, at that moment any thing but fit for publicity: and, in short, such was the awe inspired by the superhuman powers displayed by the juggler, that one and all declined his proffered elucidation, with the exception of

Kempé Goud himself; who, piqued into singularity, and proud of having, as it were, the field to himself, declared his intention of putting the boasted skill of the juggler to the test.

The latter, accordingly, placed in the hands of the Chief a leaf of the Palmyra tree, as it is prepared for writing on with the style or steel pen in the East. He requested Kempé to observe that it was a perfect blank, and begged that when he had satisfied himself on that subject he would place it in a silver urn, which the juggler held in his hand; with the assurance that, when the Maha Rajah drew it out, it would display the exact impression of his most secret and most engrossing thoughts.

With a steady hand the Chieftain took the leaf; examined it minutely, saw that it was a perfect blank, and placed it in the urn, with a smile of incredulity and derision. The juggler having closed the urn with many ceremonies and incantations placed it on his head, and repeated his mystic invocations, accompanied with the grimaces and contortions peculiar to his tribe; after which he held it forth, declaring that the charm was wrought, and requested the Chief to draw out the virgin scroll which he had deposited therein.

Kempé Goud obeyed the mandate with a smile of incredulity, and displayed the Palmyra leaf which he had placed in the urn unconscious of the style; but now, to his own utter amazement, it bore the impression of certain characters, which, in the confusion of the moment, he felt himself utterly unable to decipher. He placed it however, in the hands of his nearest guest, who was no other than Trimbuckjee; and the latter without any difficulty whatever, though with a visible expression of gratified spleen, read aloud as follows:—

> A rose of the desert now blooms for the Chief,
> But its young budding leaves will soon wither with grief;
> For the heart of its lord is o'er Cauvery's tide,
> To worship the Sunflower that dwells on its side.

More there was, but more was unnecessary, for a heartrending shriek from the Ranee attracted the attention of all present. The hapless Meena Bhye had fallen from her musnud in violent convulsions, at this oracular confirmation of her worst suspicions, and the confusion that followed may be more readily imagined than described. At length the unhappy Ranee was placed in her palkee by her attendants, and conveyed to the palace in a state of insensibility. The sports of the day were for a moment suspended, and the numerous partakers of the festivities dispersed in different directions, multiplying, as they went, marvellous and exaggerated versions of the extraordinary occurrence.

CHAPTER XI.

THE NAUTCH.

The sun had sunk behind the lofty summit of Savindroog, whose lengthening shadow was casting a deep gloom over the late scene of festivity. The rapid approach of night, however, did not interrupt

the revelries; for the glorious luminary of day was replaced by artificial lights, whose diminished splendour was by no means unfavourable to the nature of the exhibitions then going forward. The town of Maugree was brilliantly illuminated; and the palace of the Maha Raja, being entirely covered over with variegated lamps, beamed forth in one resplendent flood of light. Fire-works of the most ingenious and fanciful description were exhibited in all directions; and innumerable rockets rushed like flaming arrows through the sky, calling forth repeated plaudits from the admiring multitude. Meanwhile the pipe and tabor resounded in the hospitable halls of the Chieftain, where preparations were making for a magnificent Nautch, the Maha Ranee having sufficiently recovered from her illness to grace the festivity with her presence.

The festal chamber in which this ancient and indispensable feature of all Eastern entertainments was exhibited, rivalled in brilliancy the light of day. It was a square room constituting the centre of the building, and open to the sky; but on the present occasion it was covered with a rich scarlet canopy, supported on pillars beautifully decorated, and hung with wreaths and garlands of delicious flowers. The walls were illuminated with dazzling lamps, and ornamented with portraits of the family and ancestors of the Chief, and fresco paintings of gods, goddesses, and heroes encountering lions and tigers; while the floor was covered with Persian carpets of the richest patterns and most beautiful texture.

The Maha Rajah attired in splendid armour having entered the Durri Sala, preceded by his minstrel, singing the praises of his family and his own unequalled exploits, was received by his numerous guests with the customary exclamation "Health to our Chief!" and took his seat on a rich musnud in the centre. The Ranee and the inmates of the private apartments were seated on his left hand, and his guests of a certain rank on his right, all armed with bow and shield, and dressed in splendid coat of mail; for such was the custom of the age, and the salutary caution inspired by not unfrequent acts of sudden violence or treachery. Behind these ranged the chief officers of the state and household of Kempé; together with the poets, astrologers, physicians and men of learning, who were either his subjects or his guests on this great occasion. Young girls, selected for their beauty and figure, were in attendance on the principal personages, with fans and chowries, cooling the heated atmosphere; and handsome pages in showy costumes served the chiefs and warriors with refreshments. Ushers with golden wands were stationed in different directions to preserve order, and guards were placed outside to prevent improper intrusion.

At a given signal two Bayaderes, or dancing girls, advanced from behind a curtain, to the music of a pipe and tabor, and gracefully saluted the company; scattering flowers amongst them, and betowing on the Chief and his most distinguished guests bewitching smiles and fascinating gestures. They were dressed in the most elegant and attractive attire; the picturesque costume of their country flowing gracefully round their beautiful limbs, covering but not concealing their exquisite proportions. Their luxuriant and shining black hair

was enwreathed with bewitching art with Jessamine, (the Camapoolel, or flower of love,) and sparkled with precious stones and golden ornaments. Their finely rounded arms were encircled with strings of pearls; and their bare ancles were loaded with silver chains and little bells that tinkled harmoniously at every motion. Their dance was voluptuous in the highest degree, and admirably calculated to display the beauty and pliability of their limbs; while their look was languishing and their carriage eminently graceful. Their slow but measured steps indicated luxurious delight, which, by a witchery peculiar to their class, they never failed to impart, in a high degree, to those who witnessed their ravishing performance.

But they merely served as foils to the *nauchni* who succeeded them, and whose fascinations it is not in the power of language to describe. This was a young Cashmerian, with eyes of jet and teeth of pearl; whose form was faultless, and whose graceful motions set all criticism at defiance. The luxuriant tresses of the lovely Lillah which nearly reached the ground, were enwreathed with the most delicious Jessamine, and almost covered with the richest jewels; her nose ring alone (a present from Kempé Goud) being set with diamonds and emeralds of inestimable value. Her swelling bosom was confined by a richly embroidered bodice. Her round and lovely arms were literally covered with bracelets of gold and precious stones. A zone of silver bells surrounded her waist, whence hung the richly embroidered Sarie, so artfully disposed that it half displayed one beautiful leg to the ravished sight, the other being covered to the ankle with long and graceful folds, gathered up in front. One end of the Sarie was thrown across the breast in a light and elegant drapery, and both ankles were loaded with silver bells and chains of intermingled gold and pearls. Thus, like a being of the sky, the lovely Cashmerian looked as if she meditated a flight to her native sphere.

The movements of her dance were slow at first and graceful, expressive of quiet enjoyment and soft delight: but soon they rose in character, and her countenance and gesture grew more animated; suggesting love and adoration, or, in accordance with the theme she chose, depicting alternately fear, homage, hatred, or affection; the most fervent love, or deep despair. The fascinating grace of the fair dancer, and the "sleepy eye that won the willing soul" excited the warmest sympathy in every breast; for, as in a well enacted drama, the imagination was led captive by the cunning of the scene, and reason and judgment were alike laid prostrate before the witchery of the siren.

The dance was discontinued for a time, and the pipe and tabor yielded to the melody of the lute, whose silver cords were touched by Lillah with taste and skill, and accompanied by the seraphic tones of her voice, in a song pregnant with happy recollections of her distant home and forsaken country:—

THE CASHMERIAN GIRL.

There's a valley in the north where the spring for ever smiles
On its city of sweet flowers and its lake of floating isles,*
Where softly falls the dread monsoon in light refreshing showers,†
And the zephyrs ever wanton in its leafy bowers.
Oh! the pleasures I enjoy'd by its beauty-giving streams,‡
Oft steal upon the memory like blissful summer dreams;
For tho' I dance and touch the lute while roaming far and near,
Still my heart is in the bowers of my lov'd Cashmere.

It was sweet to rove at leisure thro' its flowery glades,
And to listen to the murmur of its bright cascades;
Or by moonlight on the lake when from isle to isle we flew,
Across its glassy bosom in our light canoe.
I have visited the regions where the sun retires to rest,
And have revell'd in the spicy groves of Araby the blest;
But tho' I dance and touch the lute while roaming far and near,
Still my heart is in the bowers of my lov'd Cashmere.

Yes! the Brahmin in his temple, and the Rajah on his throne,
May boast of joys unrivall'd save in Paradise alone;
Tho' the treasures and the power of the universe be theirs,
And the smiles of youthful beauty, and the hope of happy years.
To my poor longing bosom all their pleasures are not worth
One simple joy of nature in that valley of the north;
And though I dance and touch the lute while roaming far and near,
Still my heart is in the bowers of my lov'd Cashmere.

The song had ceased, but, with a singular echo, the strain seemed floating on the air; till, as young Vega sprang forward, it became evident that the sound proceeded from his veena, with a fidelity of imitation that made it seem a continuance of the melody by the same instrument. This was the gay and gallant Bheel, slightly introduced to the reader in the first chapter; and who was much admired by Kempé for the courage he displayed in action, and the zeal and fidelity with which he executed the orders of his Chief. Smitten, however, with the most passionate adoration of Lillah, young Vega took every opportunity of evincing his uncontrollable love; and even now in the presence of his Chief, whom scandal pointed out as his successful rival, he did not hesitate to pour forth the overflowings of his amorous muse, in the following impassioned strains to the praise of his adorable Cashmerian.

* The houses in the city of Cashmere are slightly built of brick and mortar, with a large intermixture of timber; and on the roofs is laid a covering of fine earth which is planted with a variety of flowers.

Numerous streams from all quarters of the valley of Cashmere bring their tribute to the Chelum, a large navigable river, and many small lakes are spread over the face of the valley, some of which contain floating islands.—*Description of Cashmere.*

The little isles in the lake of Cashmere are set with arbours, and large-leaved aspen trees, slender and tall.—*Bernier.*

† The periodical rains, which almost deluge the rest of India, are shut out of Cashmere, by the height of the mountains, so that only light showers fall here: but these are sufficiently abundant to feed some hundreds of cascades, which are precipitated into the valley.—*Description of Cashmere.*

‡ The waters of Cachemir are the more renowned from its being supposed that the Cachemirians are indebted for their beauty to them.—*Ali Yezdi.*

Less sweet the breeze of Yemen's grove,
  Less bright the morning's vivid ray,
Than Lillah's smile, when warm with love,
  Her bosom burns at close of day.

When Chandra* pours her beams around,
  And Lotus leaves sigh to the gale,
And music calls with magic sound,
  To festive hall or flowery vale.

How sweet 'tis then to see her move
  Amid the dance's mazy measure,
With burning blissful smiles of love,
  That steep the heart in dreams of pleasure.

The melting languor of her eyes
  Inflames the soul with fond desire;
While from her lips of coral sighs
  Of pure and odorous balm respire.

Around her lovely arms she wreathes,
  As tho' invisibly she pressed,
While passion's burning fire she breathes,
  Some hero to her panting breast.

Her little feet like lightning glance,
  Her tinkling bells in concert ring,
As bird-like in the mystic dance
  She makes each light voluptuous spring.

Like one of those bright nymphs divine,
  To gods on high and heroes given,
Whose countless numbers proudly shine
  The Apsaras of Indra's heaven.†

But the day had gone by when the passionate strains of the young Bheel were pleasing to Lillah's ear. To all the fickleness of her sex, and all the art of her profession, she added the most unbounded ambition: and though Vega might once have boasted of possessing her affection, her thoughts were now solely occupied with the attentions of the Maha Rajah himself, and the hope of even one day sharing his musnud. The adoration of Vega was therefore treated by Lillah with the most chilling indifference; and though, in his fervid love, he had compared her to the Apsaras of Indra's heaven, he might, with greater justice, have likened her to one of those fair exiles from Swerga,‡ who are banished for misconduct, and

* The Moon.

† The Cinnaras are the male dancers in Swerga, or the Heaven of Indra, and the Apsaras are his dancing girls, answering to the fairies of the Persians and to the damsels called in the Koran bhûru lûyûn, or with antelopes eyes.—*Sir W. Jones.*

The Apsarasas, or nymphs of Indra's heaven, are said to be thirty-five millions in number. They sprang from the sea clad in heavenly vesture, and adorned with celestial charms; they were not sought in marriage by either god or demon, but continue the common treasure of the host of heaven.—*Ramayana*, Book 1st.—Wilson.

‡ When the Apsarasas, or celestial nymphs, happen to misconduct themselves, they are banished from heaven, (Swerga,) and doomed to live on earth for a certain time, in the character of Gopalis, or Shepherdesses. Whilst on earth they generally prostitute themselves to the handsomest men.—*Wilford.*

doomed to live on earth for a certain time, in the character of Gopalis or Shepherdesses. Little, however, did the beautiful dancer care for the thoughts of her adoring Vega, or the misery she inflicted on his faithful heart. Excessively addicted to pleasure, and prone to falsehood and cunning, the character for which the Cashmerians are notorious throughout the East, her sole object now was to obtain such an ascendancy over the mind of the Chief, even in the presence of his wife, as might pave the way to her own future elevation and unrivalled sway.

Conscious of the power of her charms, the siren again displayed her fascinating art. Clapping together the palms of her hands the pipe and tabor poured forth their lively sounds, and Lillah once more resumed her voluptuous career; displaying in succession all those unerring fascinations of which she was rendered mistress by the most perfect training and the most exquisite natural grace. As she seemed to fly through the air, rather than tread upon the earth, she took a silken scarf of varied tints; which, as she swam through her mazy evolutions, she twined into a wreath of lovely flowers, so perfect in form and colour as to vie with the most delicate productions of nature. With artful sighs, and languishing looks, she pressed the garland to her breast; and with an action of exquisite grace, kneeling before the musnud, she laid it at the Chieftain's feet. A murmur of rapturous applause issued from the admiring spectators; while Kempé Goud, intoxicated with the witchery of the scene, seized the magic wreath, and threw it over his neck, reckless of the heart-breaking sigh that issued from the bosom of the hapless Ranee.

But there was another, also, on whom the acknowledged bondage of the Maha Rajah to the seductions of the enchantress operated as a death blow. This was the love-sick Vega; who, feeling now that every hope was vain, moaned audibly, while his fingers convulsively swept the strings of his veena. At length in more measured strains of harmony he gave vent to his despair: while the melody of his voice, and the plaintive tenor of his song, obtained for him the attention of the pitying audience, as he poured forth the following

LAMENT.

Oh! had I never seen thine eye
Nor felt thy bosom's thrill;
Oh! had I ne'er inhal'd thy sigh,
I had been happy still:
My days in careless joy would flow,
My nights in calm repose;
But now each day renews my woe,
And night no balm bestows.

Oh! did I ne'er the rapture feel
Thy burning kisses give,
I might thro' life contented steal,
And still might wish to live:
But now our lips no longer meet
In passion's soft control,
And life that once with thee was sweet,
Is hateful to my soul.

Oh! could I love as others do
With passion cold and tame,—
Oh! could I once but gaze on you,
Nor feel my soul on flame,—
My beating heart might once again
In peaceful calm repose,
But now it bleeds in silent pain,
With burning anguish glows.

The disconsolate, though still adoring lover concluded his despairing strain, but the frowning brow of the Chief was bent on him in anger. Flushed with wine, and in a feverish state of excitement from the blandishments of the Cashmerian, Kempé could ill brook that in his presence, and before his assembled guests, a dependant should dare dispute with him the love of a creature who had gained so strong a hold on his own heart; nay more, that he should thus publicly boast of favours which argued a degree of familiarity between Lillah and the Bheel alike wounding to his pride and degrading to his affection. In a voice of thunder, therefore, he commanded Vega to quit the presence and abandon for ever his foolish and presumptuous suit.

"Great Chief," replied Vega, bold in his despair, "I am your slave, and the wounds of my body testify the fidelity of my service. To quit your presence, when so ordered, is my duty, but over the feelings of my heart I have no control; and rather would I die a thousand deaths than abandon for an instant the love I bear to that cruel but too fascinating woman."

"Then die in your madness," cried the Chief, half choked with rage, as he seized his bow and fitted a deadly arrow to the string.

A murmur of mingled sorrow and disapprobation ran round the circle, and many voices cautioned Vega to fly from the impending death.

With admirable firmness, however, the bold offender bent his knee to the ground, and bared his breast, that nothing might impede the arrrow of his chief.

For a moment anxiety and suspense were depicted on every countenance: the boldest warrior held his breath, while the females with difficulty suppressed their shrieks, and trembled at the coming catastrophe. But Kempé, by a powerful effort, recovered his self-possession, and laying down his bow, waved his hand benignantly to Vega, who silently retired to a distant part of the saloon.

Meanwhile the lovely cause of this scene never for an instant lost her coolness and presence of mind, but seemed to regard the almost tragical event as a becoming tribute to her charms. With smiles of heavenly brightness she again awoke the melody of her lute in a lively and cheerful prelude; and, calling forth the most ravishing powers of her voice, she accompanied the instrument in the following

FESTIVE CAROL.

Pensive mortal! cease complaining,
Bid the liquid ruby flow:
Pleasure's cup devoutly draining,
Soon will brighten every woe.

Should thy heart with care be laden,
  Waste it not in fruitless sighs;
Seek the lovely moon-faced maiden,
  Bliss is in her lotus eyes.

When thy hopeless bosom rages,
  Seize the lute thy pangs to calm:
Music every pain assuages,
  Songs will pour a healing balm.

Then, for shame, yield not to sorrow,
  Every joy of life is thine;
Perfect bliss you soon may borrow,
  From music, love, and rosy wine.

The smiles of the chief fully evinced his entire acquiescence in the Epicurean doctrines of his fair enslaver; and it is impossible to say, excited as he was, to what extent he might have carried the pleasing theory into practice, in spite of the presence of his too mild and too submissive wife: but the Bhaut, indignant at the voluptuous indulgence in which the soul of Kempé was about to plunge, swept the strings of his veena with a clashing hand and lofty look, as he poured forth a battle strain in all the glowing magniloquence of oriental imagery.

Lament ye! lament ye! fair maids of Mysore!*
  Lament for the beings that yet are unborn;
When your valleys re-echo the war's sullen roar,
  And the Chief in his wrath sounds his Collary horn.

When down from our wood-covered mountains we rushed,
  And the foe, like the antelope, fled in affright,
Red torrents of blood from the fugitives gushed,
  While their cries of despair broke the silence of night.

Then Kempé, the glory and pride of his race,
  Seemed to brandish, like Ramah, the weapons of heaven;
Nor checked his proud steed in the death-doing chase,
  Till the foe into shelter was shamefully driven.

Then Cauvery's waters were hardened to clay,
  By the dust from the hoofs of his galloping steeds,
And the wood-covered hills flew about in dismay,
  And acknowledged him king of the earth by his deeds:

* In the song of the Bhaut a faint attempt has been made to embody a few of the *sublime* images peculiar to Hindoo poetry, of which the following may serve as specimens:

"No Sirdar could stand in battle against him, but all of them fled; and whether Hindoo Rajahs or Mahommedan lords, became like dust in his presence. The mountains hearing of him were struck with terror, and flew about &c."

"The waters of the sea were dried by the dust scattered from the hoofs of his galloping steeds."

"The mountains, glowing with rage, flew about desolating, and laying waste the surface of the earth: but Indra with his thunderbolt clipped their wings."—*Wilford from the Scanda-purana.*

While the Huma,* that never descends from the sky,
Hovered over his head in the midst of the fight,
And proclaimed by its homage that Destiny high
Had decreed him a crown the reward of his might.

All hail to our Rajah! All hail to his queen!
And hail to the prince to our hopes that is given!
Soft music was heard, and sweet flowers were seen
To pour at his birth from the gardens of heaven.

Oh! long may they reign over these royal towers,
Which owe to the labour of heaven their birth,
And bloom like a nosegay of beautiful flowers
On the sweet swelling breast of the Goddess of Earth.

Lament ye! lament ye! fair maids of Mysore!
Lament for the beings that yet are unborn;
When your valleys re-echo the war's sullen roar,
And the Chief in his wrath sounds his Collary horn."

Stung with the pride inspired by his martial fame, and revelling in the glorious recollections called up by the song of the bard, the Chieftain, as if ashamed of the soft effeminacy in which he had too long indulged, sternly waved his hand, and the siren and her festive crew vanished at the well known sign. So quick, indeed, they fled, that all appeared like the witchery of a fairy dream; and in their place was brought a royal guerdon for the venerable Rungapa, who knew from long experience when to seize the critical moment in the vacillating fancy of his lord.

EULALIA'S JEWELS.

BY MISS H. B. MACDONALD.

O precious drops! and brightly borne,
Like diamond dews from the founts of morn!
But not 'mid the gladness that morn rains forth,
With its thousand showers, have ye your birth!
Nor shook from the damps of some skylark's wings,
Through a rainbow cloud to heaven that springs!

Not where a Grecian fount doth well,
In the haunted shades of some emerald cell,
With starry showers that sparkle fair
Amid the naiad's shining hair;
Or with spray-like gems o'er the laurel trees—
Bright drops, your way is not with these!

In the coral cave, or the crystal mine—
But a deeper bed and a holier shrine.
O precious drops, whose fount is seen
Like a flash of purity serene,
'Mid the welling springs that weltering move
From a woman's heart of soundless love!

* The Huma is a bird peculiar to the East. It is supposed to fly constantly in the air, and never touch the ground: it is looked upon as a bird of happy omen, and that every head it overshades will in time wear a crown.—*Richardson.*

"O Love! in paradise bowers of old,
Of whom such radiant tales were told!
Of the gladness with thy fate entwined,
Like tendril blooms by the glad spring wind;
With the songs angelic, and morning mirth,
That hailed the dawn of thine early birth!

But sadly now—as some god might rove
Through his fallen fanes, art thou, O Love!
And the human heart a broken shrine,
Where all that lingers of *thee* divine
Is best, beneath our shadowed years,
Revealed by a few trembling tears!"

And murmured so, 'mid each breathing swell
Of a long and sorrowful farewell,
One called by fate afar to rove
From the chosen of her early love—
Who drank within that parting tone
A sense of heart-breaking and hopes foregone.

"O! thronging drops, in whose bright array
My soul seems dissolving all away,
As in a gush of tenderness!
'Neath the might of whose outpoured excess,
I faint and fail, as a flower doth swoon,
Exhaling its life to the burning noon.

"Yet might but my heart one surety gain
That all hath not utterly been in vain;
One memorial for thee, beloved, to keep,
Won from my love's lone treasures deep,
Where thy soul may gaze 'mid its darker gleams
And think of the light of thine early dreams.

"And O! for this some magic power!
Accorded to love in that tearful hour,
Detaining each dewdrop as ere it fell,
Congealed in the bonds of some crystal spell,
In brighter transforming than ever hath rolled
From the alchemic deep in its pearly hold.

"And, radiant gems! what a precious spell
In the light of your jewelled heap would dwell!
As all the hoarded gleams divine
Affection keeps in her secret mine—
And love's all purest rays did seem
Concentred in that surpassing gleam.

"For thee, belov'd one, for thee to guard
In holiest cell of thy being stored,
As of some buried casket's store—
And a light divine, and a changeless power
In its rays shall dwell for thee unfurled,
Like lone glad gleams from some inner world.

"And while gazing thereon 'mid thy gaudier gold,
As it fades within thy shrinking hold—
And o'er other gems while the dim doth spread
Telling of falsehood and Faith long fled;
Thou'lt own while *that* gleam doth thy heart enthrall,
One memory of true love is worth them all!"

Scotland, April.

TABLEAUX VIVANTS.

BY MRS. FRANCES ELIZABETH DAVIES, AUTHOR OF "MEMORIES OF GIBRALTAR," &c. &c.

TABLEAU III.—THE SPUNGING PHILOSOPHER.[1]

"And still the wonder grew
How one small head could carry all he knew."

THE clock of Westminster Abbey was chiming ten, when Dr. Omnium Surface, neat as a bridegroom, and perfumed like a lady, stepped from a cab at the door of Middlesex Hospital, to inquire concerning one of his "*old patients*," who had been missing since the preceding day, and whose unaccountable absence had overwhelmed his humble but attached family in the deepest affliction. The information of their bereavement had been *conveyed* to the good doctor while it was yet early morning, and, actuated by a truly "philanthropic spirit," and also by a "deep sympathy" for a person long known to him, he had occupied the succeeding hours in unavailing researches.

Whether any other reason conspired to produce this interest for the lost one it is impossible to say—such was the statement made, such the motives asserted, by the worthy Galen himself, and of course we are bound to take his word for the fact. At Middlesex Hospital, however, his researches were destined to terminate, for there lay the body of poor Ann's father-in-law, and with it was found the highly-prized bauble the appropriation of which had cost her so dear a price. The wretched old man had literally met the fate predicted by his wife, for he had been discovered by the police lying dead on the pavement, where he had evidently sank down overcome by exhaustion. The pistol was found closely buttoned within his waistcoat, and as though fears for its safety had been strong, even in death, his worn hands were clasped so tightly over it, that it was not without great difficulty that they could be taken asunder.

The coroner's inquest returned a verdict, "Died from natural causes, accelerated by FAMINE!!" and as no relative appeared to do honour to the old man's memory, all arrangements respecting the disposal of the dead were *kindly* and *generously* undertaken by Doctor Omnium Surface, who exerted himself so energetically in the cause, that a subscription was soon raised among the medical fraternity, assisted by a few wealthy patients, while, at the head of all, his own name ostentatiously figured, and he was thus enabled to remove the remains of his *pauper protegée* to their last humble home with a decency and despatch that baffled curious inquirers.

This anxious task completed, the doctor, as agent for the widow, received into his safe keeping the valuable weapon, upon the beauties of

[1] Continued from p. 267.

which he gloated, with an enthusiastic admiration which savoured more of martial, than of Esculapian propensities. But why should that astonish? Davy, Herschel, and a few other *commonplace* persons, devoted themselves chiefly to the pursuit of a single science; but what was their genius to the genius of Doctor Omnium Surface? Theirs was but the genius of a man—his was the genius of an Elephant—he had, as his poor deceased friend used to say, "a Monsteratious genius," for he united all the knowledge, of all the philosophers within the compass of one multi-bumped cranium.

Had he been as fortunate as he was clever, the world might have erected a monument to his honour, but, under circumstances, he got what was a great deal more acceptable to the living man,—i. e. a great many good dinners.

As an M.D. Doctor Omnium Surface had invented (we take our data from his own veracious report) the stethescope; but that, upon his showing, was comparatively useless to the faculty, because no member of it perfectly understood the method of using it except its inventor; but then the doctor owns that to be because the instrument manufactured for his special use is specially constructed. His minute-glass for counting the pulse is another happy thought; but that—he monopolizes, and uses—mysteriously, lest the rest of the pulse-feeling fraternity should profit by it, and grow as wise as himself. In mechanics, there were *his* Etnas, *his* coffee-boilers, and *his* portable kitchens. Of these, that clever person Lucifer Jones of the Strand, contrived to obtain the ideas, and to patent three months before the doctor's invention saw the light. Then he had his air-belt to preserve him from drowning—an unnecessary precaution, since—but proverbs are vulgar. But here he found a rival in Mackintosh, who unfortunately had converted air into beds, pillows, cushions, belts, and every imaginable commodity, so that Doctor Surface was obliged to use up all his spare air in building castles. In chemistry he discovered a mode of making diamonds! But here again ill fortune crossed him; for Crosse lectured, demonstrated, and exhibited sparks at Bristol, just a week before the doctor propounded the question in the metropolis—*minus* the demonstration and the sparks.

His astronomical career was equally unfortunate, for when, after incredible difficulties, he arrived at the *ultima thule* of his wishes, by being appointed lecturer in ordinary at the ——, and had adjusted his "colossal achromatic telescope, which nobody could adjust"—but himself, and had wound up his audience to concert pitch, by grandiloquently promising to make them partakers in his *novel* study of Saturn's ring—lo! clouds encircled and shut out Saturn altogether, and for three weeks the *newly-discovered* planet lay hidden from oriental and occidental inquiries.

In optics, it must be confessed that he excelled, for he *found out* that, by placing a mirror in a "given angle it would represent exterior objects upon a given plane," as the doctor expressed it; and though West and others, had anticipated him a few—years, with what they vulgarly called the camera obscura, and Daguerre, Talbot, and Co. had improved upon that, by transfixing objects so represented, still, that does not in the least derogate from the doctor's ability, for

great minds naturally arrive at similar results, and their being first in the field could, as a matter of course, only be owing to some *accidental* circumstance.

In music he really was astonishing! He certainly did not sing, because even Hullah himself would have been puzzled to construct his voice into melody; but then he knew how to *Hum* excellently. He did not perform instrumentally, because—he had no ear, but then, as Lady Bulwer says, he "appreciated" the fair Ellen's professional skill—and as no one else did—at the same value, it follows that his organ of tune must have been larger than any other person's.

But there is no rule without an exception, and so to the universality of Doctor Omnium's pursuits there was an exception also; for although it has been elsewhere hinted, that he was famous for drawing the *long* bow, he did not belong to the cockney Toxopholites who infest Lord's grounds, nor yet to the club who congregate to shoot at the bull's eye in South Lambeth, and who, in their green uniforms, look, some very like huge dropsical caterpillars, others like gigantic grasshoppers, and all, morally, much more like a flock of green geese than like

> "Robin Hood's merry men in the good greenwood,
> Where the mavis and merle are singing."

Our doctor was not one of these; he was only a colloquial Toxopholite. In applying the diminutive prefix, let it not be thought that we wish to derogate from the doctor's talents, by insinuating him to be a *small* archer. Homer nicknamed Apollo the "farshooter;" and *our* hero's ekebalistic skill would, had he lived in the days of the bard, have entitled him to the soubriquet of *far far* shooter.

Every man, however, has his *grande passion*, and the doctor's, like that of the renowned gentleman above mentioned, was a defensive passion too.

"For he had heard of battles," and though a compression of the combative bump forbade his "following to the field some warlike lord," he loved the possession of fire-arms. Hence his admiration of the poor old man's treasure. The doctor boasted, likewise, of being a good shot; and though he had never in his life ruffled the feather of a pigeon, it is inconceivable how much powder he expended in frightening the neighbours, and how many hours he would sit at his back parlour window, murderously intent upon knocking the brains out of a glass bottle.

He used, however, to relate with great unction, a marvellous story respecting an attack made by a gang of housebreakers upon his villa—the locality of which *we* do not presume to determine, though perhaps the balloon lady and the Duke of Brunswick might have hit upon it in their aerial asc—no, *des*cent. The doctor's plate chest it seems had awakened the robbers' cupidity. Query again!!—"they were fortunately beaten off" by our gallant Paracelsus, who averred that he had actually *hit a* man!!—but this point was not very well authenticated, for Mrs. Surface, who usually played *Echo Obligato* to her husband's voluntaries, rather demurred to this incident, therefore it is but charity to suppose that *if* he did—he really could not help it.

It has been elsewhere hinted that the visit of the doctor's lady to

Eglantine Villa was a very apropos occurrence *quoad* Miss Briar's respectability. It was no less so for other reasons—for while Mr. Courtney had been occupied in his damask rose process—that is in blushing for his new friend's scientific delinquencies, that sciolous professor had been considering how he could most profitably use the talents of his new brain's carrier. The post of philosophical director to the ——, just then about to be opened, had been offered to his acceptance, and combined both honours and pecuniary advantages, that rendered it highly desirable to him, but then, it would require a skill and knowledge something beyond conversational mystification: and it was only by the aid of a practical friend that Dr. Omnium could hope to hold it without displaying rather *more novel* views that would be either desirable or instructive.

Such an ally the seeker flattered himself he had found in the simple-minded, single-hearted, home-loving Charles Courtney; for while the former, like many other blockheads, possessed a clear field, where he had only a donkey to run, the latter, no matter what the merits of his steed, had no field in which to contend for the prize—apart they could each effect little—united they could do much. Of this fact the doctor, accustomed to weigh minutely the chances of life, was sooner aware than his friend, so he determined to bring about a family intimacy, and then, under *le gage d'amitie*, all the rest would follow as a matter of course.

Mrs. Surface pleased the Courtneys simply because she was *different* from their preconceived notions of her—formed upon Miss Briar's report of her likings and dislikings, her whims and caprices, her refined taste, &c. &c., which, with the doctor's personal anecdotes of "Lady F——," who came annually to town for the benefit of professional attendance—of the Marchioness of Westcheap who would have carried him off *vi et armis*, but was prevented by the veto of Mrs. Surface—of the Countess of Grandison, who excited the lady's jealousy by insisting upon having a portable *cuisine* in silver, manufactured for her travelling carriage under the doctor's direction; and the recital of fifty other beautiful little idealities of a like description, had occasioned our friends to suspect that Mrs. Surface was a very *exigeante* fine lady, by whom they made up their minds to be thoroughly bored; instead of which the poor little woman proved to be a very simple and ladies-maidish person, and far more humble than ladies' maids usually are, looking as though in her whole life she had never ventured an opposing "I will" to her lord and master, and remarkable only for a fulsome exhibition of conjugal affection, and the constant iteration of her individual rights, in the term "*my* husband." On the whole, however, she made a favourable impression, consequently an intimacy was speedily established; that is, the Courtneys received and entertained them at all times, with every imaginable hospitality and good-nature.

About this time the Courtneys determined to remove nearer to town, and it was agreed that the lease of the Villa should be transferred to Miss Briar, under the doctor's presumed responsibility; and to obviate the impropriety of a spinsterial domicile, Mrs. Surface promised to give up her "*country house*," and matronize that of her unmarried "sister."

Nothing could be more proper or better conceived than the programme of their arrangements, and no one could be more assiduous to prepare pleasing accommodations for her *brother-in-law's* family, than Miss Briar, from the old lady, his mother, down to his little son, every one of whom was abundantly cared for; indeed so impatient was the lady to put her new views into practice, that in the interim prior to their removal, the Courtneys felt that the obligations which she owed to them were rather rudely repaid by the *brusque* style in which she hurried their departure.

* * * * * *

A young child once gained immortal credit for her shrewdness, because she told an old maid with whom she was staying, and who was constantly supplying her with liberal portions from the vinegar cruet, which she kept carefully corked for home consumption, "That no one should pronounce upon another's temper until they had been locked within doors together."

But in the case of Miss Briar this truism was completely inverted. For she, who while domiciled with the Courtneys had been all industry, amiability, and propriety, became, after their removal, transformed into the idlest, rudest, draggled gadabout, that it was ever the ill fortune of a well-conducted family to admit within their doors.

The acquaintance, indeed, proved altogether anything but satisfactory. Although the common views of the gentlemen drew them constantly together, the pecuniary results to *one* at least seemed to be still distant. Mrs. Surface was likewise a constant visitor, but she always came alone, and during the periods of the doctor's absence appeared so thoroughly uncomfortable, that she kept every person near her in a constant fidget. Occasionally Miss Briar would thunder at the door, rush into the drawing-room all spattered and slovenly, glance curiously round, look *stilettos* at Mrs. Surface, then scamper off again, leaving every one in astonishment as to why she came, and whither she could be gone: at these times Mrs. Surface would shake her head and sigh, and become more lachrymose than before.

Nor could it be denied that Miss Briar's perambulatory propensities were sufficiently subversive of good order to occasion well-founded cause of grief to an anxious sister—for it was an authentic fact, that "the little victims," aptly so called, were left day by day to their own management, while their misnamed governess was trolloping through all the bye-lanes in town; the ostensible object of these strolls being "business with the attorney," who was said to be effecting a sale of the much talked-of, but still unavailable property. If such were the fact, certes her legal adviser must have been approached through very *dirty* ways—but whether it was so or not, she and the doctor best knew, for the whereabouts of the gentleman might generally be guessed by the whereabouts of the lady.

Sometimes, but not often, they all passed an evening in Manchester Square; but then, the mutual bickerings of the ladies, frequently degenerating into a perfect brawl, was sure to break the harmony of the meeting; and not even the awful glances of the doctor could at these times reduce the belligerent parties to decorum; and upon the single occasion when our friends visited Eglantine Villa, the amiable

Ellen's manner was so offensive that they were in no haste to repeat their visit. Strange it was that an intimacy which opened so auspiciously, and which for a time had been so actively pursued, should be so suddenly and mysteriously chilled, yet so it was—exactly in proportion as the erudite Paracelsus and his loving wife became established upon tame-rabbit terms, so did the other member become estranged.

In describing the Erebus gloom that had fallen upon the fair Ellen, it is but fair to record the one occasion where all her ancient smiles reappeared. It was when she came "quite unknown to Doctor Surface to solicit Mr. Courtney to accept a thirty pound bill," which would be punctually taken up by her brother-in-law, who had, she averred, been "cruelly disappointed, by the absence of a friend," &c.

Now, although our primitive pair had the greatest possible objection to all bill transactions, and would personally have endured any sort of privation rather than have incurred such an obligation, still under the circumstances it seemed impossible to refuse; so after a little connubial freemasonry, Charles did as he was requested, making a mental promise to himself to hold himself prepared to meet the payment in case of necessity. This precaution, however, proved a needless one, for with many thanks and protestations the bill and its sponsor were in due time released; by which time the doctor's responsibility and punctuality became fully established in the opinion of Mr. Courtney; who thence readily undertook to furnish a succession of scientific novelties, many really curious, to the ——, for which the modern Janus was to receive half the profits, and all the honours,—an engagement being *not* "signed, sealed, and delivered," but concluded *a parole d'honneur*. Thus our Spunging philosopher congratulated himself upon the success of his treaty, and easily obtained the position for which he had long sighed. After this it only remained for Charles to work, and the partner to talk, and to it they both went, each in his vocation.

Money, however, must be sown as a seed before it will blossom into fruit—a fact that was soon made clear to Charles, for, toil as he would, he grew no richer, neither did the doctor, if his own words might be trusted. But—truly there is great weight sometimes in a *but*—however, Dr. Surface, with his accustomed acumen and novelty of thought, remarked that "Rome was not built in a day," and the Israelitish millionaire, who officiated as auditor and president of the —— establishment, was, according to his report, "Such a screw, that it was difficult to wrench open his money bags."

"But the establishment is prosperous," urged Charles.

"Very! exceedingly! Two thousand persons admitted daily—the thing takes exceedingly. By the way, those new effects of *mine* in optics (a curious original idea of Mr. Courtney's, upon which he had expended much time and care,) answer most astonishingly."

Charles winced, but it was too late; the doctor had bargained for the fame, and now it was clear that he assumed the character of an inventor as a matter of *right*, not of courtesy.

"But our agreement," pursued Charles.

"True, ah, yes!—agreement—O, of course, *my* agreement—fif-

teen guineas per week—then twenty—then—by-the-bye, Courtney, I think it is quite foolish of you—excuse me—but, as a friend—as a *friend* I take a liberty—but really it is provoking that you do not accept that vacant appointment—in a couple of weeks you will be quite at leisure for at least six months—ah—yes—I see—exactly—meantime, you might as well—certainly——"

"I should be exceedingly glad," said Charles quietly, "to accept any appointment, the duties of which come within my capability—but—really—"

"Say no more, my dear fellow—the appointment is yours from this moment. I can ensure that it was offered to me—but having other views—you understand, other views—but it quite delights me to find that you will at *last* be prevailed upon."

"This is the first intimation I have had on the subject," said Charles.

"You don't say so! Is it possible! I thought that puss Ellen, or Mrs. Surface—in short, my dear fellow, the salary is small, but you know combined—combined, I say, with other—other—however, *au revoir*, you must get your present business for us quick out of hand—and—"

"It would be necessary that I should learn the nature of the post before I decide upon my own fitness to occupy it," said Charles.

"Pshaw, my dear sir—a bagatelle—undertake to initiate you in an hour—something about gas—mere child's play, depend on it. By the way, did I tell you about my last invention? Capital thing! Got a man of fortune ready to speculate—queer scamp—killing himself by inches—brandy, sir, in half pints—dined with him at the Ship at Greenwich yesterday—swimming in Burgundy—capital Maraschino—white bait, so forth.—Help me famously! Give you a turn too, if you know anything about smoke!"

"I have some models that will show how much I have studied the subject," smiled Charles. "If I can assist you, of course I shall look for a fair compensation."

"Trust to me—glad to hear—kindred spirits—another time—have a patient waiting—Lady Mary—daughter to the Bishop of Cautes-ton—charming woman—won't let that brute Boltby (his most intimate and most useful friend) come near her. Off now—tell you more about it another time—smoke's the word, my boy—be the making of us. By the bye, just put your name on this stamp—do, there's a good fellow—we must have money to get forward those mirrors—no getting on, you see, without money. However, don't be uneasy—I'll provide as before—you know me—safe—quite safe;" and placing the acceptance before Charles, he pointed to the blank, where he wished him to sign.

"For how much?" inquired Charles hesitating; then added, "you know I have been at considerable expense in getting up our various experiments, more than perhaps I am quite warrantable in incurring, and the results to me at least—"

"My dear fellow," interrupted the doctor, impressively laying his hand on his companion's arm, "I know all you would say—we've been used ill. We ought, as you say, to have drawn cash before this time—but the truth is, we've got into a mess, and the only way to get

out of it, is to spend a little money and perfect our own plans in an independent manner—you understand!"

Now Charles did not understand, but he was mystified, and that answered the purpose much better; so in the course of five minutes his manœuvring partner had contrived, if not to convince his reason of the propriety, safety, and so forth, to fence him into a corner, and rather than be thought unfriendly or ungenerous, with the weakness of a good and unsuspecting nature, Charles had signed the bill for a hundred pounds—a sum he was by no means able to meet without great and permanent inconvenience.

When this act was notified to his wife her colour fled; but seeing that it was past recall, she simply answered that the hazard was great, but that the event might exceed their hopes. But in her secret thoughts she could not but feel that the whole family bore a suspicious character, and that even Mrs. Surface, whose delicacy of health and simplicity of manner in some respects engaged her sympathy, still wore towards her husband a fawning sycophancy of demeanour, that looked more servile than sincere, and when coupled with the injurious insinuations by which in his absence she frequently embarrassed her hearers, seemed utterly incomprehensible, unless ascribed to a system of habitual deceit.

Thus it is ever, that while a woman lives under the protection of her husband, she is unwise as well as inexcusable to whisper his faults even to her nearest and dearest friend. For marriage is a holy bond, the mysteries of which are inexplicable to all but the parties themselves. If a woman be deserted by her husband, she may be pardoned for seeking to justify herself, because the barriers of decency have been broken down at her expense, for it is upon the woman always that in such cases condemnation falls; but even then she ought to respect the conjugal bond, dealing ever gently. The worst nature is never wholly bad; the most vicious not entirely without some virtue, and more sinners are reclaimed by love than fear. Let no woman, then, ever exaggerate marital errors to glut the unsympathizing multitude, who, while sating their gross appetite for scandal, forget to pity the sufferings that have robbed woman of discretion. But let it ever be remembered that when the feminine charm is lost in a bold craving for revenge, a wife can scarcely hope for popular commiseration, for it may well be supposed that the Amazonian virago, who publicly directs the dagger against her husband's fame, may in domestic privacy have goaded him into the grossness of which she complains, or estranged those affections which had nestled faithfully within an ark of peace.

MILCAH.

A TALE OF THE SPANISH JEWS IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

BY MARION MOSS, ONE OF THE AUTHORESSES OF "EARLY EFFORTS," "THE ROMANCE OF JEWISH HISTORY," &c. &c. &c.

"Lost son of Judah, who in every clime
Hast suffered still for uncommitted crime;
When will earth's blood-stained annals cease to be
The record of oppression unto thee?"

Unpublished Poem.

"TOMB of my mother, fare thee well! Spain, thou bright land of fertile hills and fruitful valleys, fare thee well! I will gird up my loins, and casting the dust from my feet, seek a new home in another land! Weep not, thou wife of my bosom. For twenty years one roof has sheltered us, one heart, one interest has been ours; and though it be in the barren deserts of Africa, so that our children are with us and we may worship our God without fear, we can still be happy."

"Will nothing move these cruel and unjust princes to revoke their edict?" asked the weeping woman. "O, Enoch, will not the prayers of a loyal and unoffending people induce them to leave us in the peaceable possession of the homes in which our fathers have dwelt for three centuries? Will nothing move them?"

"Nothing! Abarbanel has pleaded in vain. Feglah, we are not alone in our sorrows. There are thousands who will go forth from this bright land, in more bitterness of spirit than we, for they will leave children, brothers, and kinsmen, behind them, apostates or victims, while we have no such source of grief; in this at least we are blessed, therefore be thou comforted."

Feglah pointed expressively to a young female, reclining on a pile of rich carpets at the farther extremity of the apartment, and dashing the tears from her eyes, she said half reproachfully, "Enoch, thou forgettest our child when thou speakest of consolation. Behold she was fair as the snow on the Appenines, and beautiful as the bending and graceful acacia. Thou knowest she was the pride of our hearts and the delight of our eyes. Nor was she less gentle and virtuous than graceful and lovely. Yet is she sorely stricken—betrothed to one who returneth not her love—a widow and not a wife—bound to an apostate for ever, by ties she cannot break;—is she not desolate? Yet thou speakest of comfort, as if happiness could be mine, even in the land of beautiful fertility and old associations, far less in a new, perhaps a barren home."

Enoch followed her motion with his eye, and his heart swelled with emotion as he listened to her passionate words; but he felt grateful for the blessings yet left to him, and taking Feglah's hand, without any direct reply, he conducted her to a door leading into an inner chamber, and opening it they entered together.

"Behold," he said, "we have other offspring;" and he pointed to two lovely children, a boy and girl, who with half wistful, half studious looks, sat on a low cushion at the feet of their father's sire, who was expounding to them a portion of the Scriptures, which they had been reading together, and they listened with an attention divided between their reverend grandsire and a plate of ripe oranges and dates, which was to be the reward of their morning studies.

"We have other children;" and he strove to repress a sigh. "Behold, and be comforted."

Feglah clasped her twin-born in her arms and wept, while Enoch drew his father aside, and informed him that the hope founded on the appeal of Abarbanel to Ferdinand and Isabella had been a vain one, and the Hebrews were commanded to quit the kingdom at the time specified on the issuing of the edict.

Who is not acquainted with that dark and disastrous period of Jewish history, when toward the close of the 15th century of the Christian era they were driven forth from the land where for upwards of three centuries they had dwelt in peace? When bigoted princes, governed by a designing and intolerant priesthood, persecuted them, and they were condemned to death, degradation, or exile, by the decrees of one of the vilest, most accursed institutions that ever disgraced the annals of even a barbarous nation. Darkness, blacker than night, fell over the literary horizon of Spain, in which a brilliant galaxy of Hebrew constellations had shed a glorious light so long. And dearly has that guilty land suffered for the wrongs and oppressions heaped on the devoted heads of the wanderers of Israel, by her princes and people.

We could not find space here, even were we willing, which we are not, to enumerate the many cruelties perpetrated on the unfortunate Israelites, during the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella. It is enough for our present purpose, and we gladly leave the rest of that dark page in the world's annals to the pen of the legitimate historian to state, that the crowning act of persecution was the edict commanding them to dispose of their landed possessions and quit the country within four months; nor were they permitted to carry gold or jewels, and only certain sorts of merchandize.

Abarbanel, one of the wisest, best, and greatest men of the age, sought to induce the monarchs to revoke their edict through the medium of their most vulnerable point—avarice, offering to purchase the revocation by replenishing the royal treasury, which had been exhausted to carry on the war against Granada. But here again the church interfered, and the monarchs were advised to publish that addition to the edict, which forbade the unhappy Hebrews to take their gold and jewels with them. A terrible year was the year of the Christian era 1492, and on none did the pressure of that calamitous period fall more heavily than on Enoch Ben Gamaliel—reduced at once from a state of affluence to comparative penury, by the decree which banished him and his countrymen from Spain. But a heavier trouble had fallen on him. He might hope in a new home for comparative happiness. He might hope to see his younger children form attachments and associations that would render life pleasant

to them. But still, the canker of domestic affliction had entered his house—a canker which he could never hope to see removed save by death.

Milcah, his eldest daughter, and Jacob Ben Asaph, had been brought up together from childhood, and a mutual affection had been the fruits of their constant intercourse. They had been solemnly betrothed unto each other, and the day for their nuptials appointed. But a few days before the consummation of the marriage, Jacob's father died, and during the first month of mourning the young man had been seized on by some of the officers of the Inquisition. He was charged with some offence that would have appeared too trifling for notice by any other tribunal than the Holy, or more properly speaking, the Unholy one, by whose orders he was arrested. He was tried and condemned to the torture, from which he was told by his mysterious judges nothing could save him but undergoing the rites of baptism.

Every feeling of Ben Asaph revolted from submitting to such a rite. He was stretched upon the rack, and at the first shock he wavered, yet still he rejected the offer of mercy on such terms as it alone was offered. He was carried in a state of insensibility from the place of torture to his cell. When he recovered he found himself in darkness, and alone. Morning broke at length, and after a long night of sleepless pain, he was again submitted to the agony of torture, and in a moment of suffering too great for endurance, he consented to submit to the baptismal rite. He apostatized, and became an alien to his betrothed bride, whom he loved with all the fiery ardour of youth.

The apostacy of Ben Asaph was a terrible blow to Enoch, for he felt that the happiness of his first-born was wound up in his fate. She was bound to him by a tie as indissoluble as the marriage bond. Yet she could not wed with an apostate and still retain her religion. Enoch had not said to his child, "Thou shalt not wed with the lover of thy youth;" but he had said to her, and his eyes had filled with tears, and his voice trembled as he spoke,

"Milcah, my blessed one, Jacob Ben Asaph has turned aside from the worship of his fathers, and boweth his knees at the altars of a strange God. Milcah, I will not say unto thee, as many in my situation would have done, Thou shalt not wed the youth to whom I betrothed thee; for they who are compelled to fulfil one duty, while their hearts yearneth after one that is away, make but poor worshippers. Therefore thou shalt make thine own choice. If thou deemest thou canst be happy with him whom thou lovest, go and God be with thee! But ere thou goest, consider well all the chances of thy fate, and remember that without a legal divorce from him thou canst wed none other."

And she had heard her father's words without a tear. But bowing her head meekly, she replied, "God hath not forsaken me, my father, nor will I forsake him; I could be happier as the widow of the once noble and upright being to whom you betrothed me, than as the wife of an apostate whom I should pity and contemn. I will

think of him as he once was, and as he is now. Fear not for me, my father, I am thine."

And Milcah had kept her high-minded resolve, and struggled with her sorrows, but she faded like a flower, over which the breath of the monsoon has passed, and the fond parents saw with an agony of feeling impossible to describe, the altered looks and fading beauty of their child, and the patient uncomplaining gentleness with which she bore her trials.

"And must we then leave the peaceful home of our fathers?" asked Milcah timidly, when her father made her acquainted with the fatal edict? "Leave the beautiful valleys of our own dear Spain, to sojourn among strangers?"

"I fear it will be worse even than this," replied Enoch sadly, and hoping to rouse her from her state of apathy. "It is worse than sojourning among strangers. We shall be deprived of our wealth, my child, or we might purchase ourselves a home. But the door of the stranger is oftener closed against than opened to receive the friendless and poor. Now, go to thy mother, my dearest one," he added, as he kissed away her tears. "She is overwhelmed with the burden of her sorrows, and thou alone canst comfort her. A sad comforter I have sent thee, my poor Feglah," he said in a musing tone, as he watched the gliding graceful motion of his heart-stricken child, and he blessed her for laying aside her own sufferings to soothe and comfort her sorrowing mother.

The olive-crowned hills of Spain had receded from their view, and Enoch sat upon the deck of the vessel which was bearing him and many of his suffering people from the shores of Spain for ever. It was night, and the dark blue vault of heaven was spangled with the brilliant constellations that only gem a southern sky.

"Look, dear father," said Milcah, who had stolen up from the cabin where her mother and younger sister were sleeping, "look at yonder beautiful star;" and she pointed to a brilliant one above her head, which even as she spoke shot from its high place in the heavens. "See, it is gone—gone for ever. Is it not like my fate, my father, bright and beautiful for a moment, then falling from its place, and leaving it dark and desolate?"

This was the first time Milcah had ever alluded to her sorrows, since the day when Enoch had conveyed to her the tidings which had fallen like a blight on her young existence, quenching the light of her spirit, and darkening life's brilliant hues with a shadow of impenetrable gloom. But now that she had once spoken, the ice was broken, and the tears flowed fast down her pale worn face, and for the first time since she had heard the fatal tidings that condemned her in the spring of life to perpetual widowhood, her heart did not feel like stone. Her tears, like the rain which after a long drought purifieth the atmosphere, and softeneth the parched earth, refreshed her wounded and almost broken spirit.

Enoch drew her down beside him, but he whispered no word of consolation, for he knew that it was a mercy to suffer her tears to flow unrestrainedly; pressing her to his heart, he remained silent till the kindly shower had exhausted itself; and even when she had ceased

to weep it was some time before he addressed her, and then he sought not to tear her mind at once from the train of sad thought that occupied it, but he won her gently from the contemplation of her sorrows, to look upon the beautiful phenomena of the vast and wondrous ocean.

At length the weary voyage drew to a close. It was a cheerless day, and a thick grey mist hung over the sterile and inhospitable shores of Africa. Barren rocks rose abruptly from the sandy beach, and where glimpses of the country beyond could be obtained through the opening of the rocks, it presented only a frightful waste of sandy desert.

"Surely this is not to be the new home of which my mother and sister spoke?" said the young Gamaliel, as he stood by his father's side, watching with the impatient feelings of childhood their slow progress through the heavy sea.

"Milcah said we were to have gardens, groves, and fountains, even more beautiful than in our own Seville. But here I see nothing but rocks and sand—there are neither birds, trees, nor flowers. Surely, surely, my father, thou canst not mean us to dwell here?"

"God forbid, my boy!" ejaculated Enoch with emotion, and stooped to caress the beautiful child who held him by the hand.

At this moment the captain ordered the ship to be brought to, and the boats lowered, and the crew busied themselves with alacrity in obeying the commands of their chief, while the Hebrew passengers, above fifty in number, stood curiously by, watching the movements of the crew, and marvelling what they could seek on that barren coast.

There was a mingling of fear too in the hearts of some amongst them, for they had seen the captain conversing in a suspicious manner with his officers and men. But doubts and curiosity were alike soon satisfied, for the terrible command of "passengers to the boats," was issued from the stentorian lungs of the captain, who stood on the deck to see his orders carried into execution.

"But," expostulated Enoch, "this is not the part at which we bargained to be landed, and what are we to do in this barren and desolate land?"

"It is the port to which I have brought ye," he quietly replied; "and here I shall leave ye; as to what you are to do, it is none of my business. I have brought you to Africa, and here again I say I shall leave you."

"It is true this is Africa," resumed Enoch; "but——"

"No buts to me," he savagely replied: "my ship has been burdened too long by the accursed unbelievers."

Finding it vain to attempt further expostulation, Enoch called to his unhappy fellow-passengers to accompany him below, and assist in bringing their luggage on deck, and removing it into the boats.

"You will take nothing from this vessel but yourselves," said the captain with a look of dogged resolution. "Into the boats with ye, and be thankful that I do not order you all to be flung overboard."

"Great God!" said the aged Gamaliel, "are ye fathers? are ye men? that ye can cast forth silver hairs, helpless women, and innocent babes to perish in the wilderness!"

"Get thee gone thou hoary blasphemer," said the brutal Rodrigo, striking him a violent blow across his mouth; "how dar'st thou call upon the name of God?"

The blood boiled in Enoch's veins at the insult offered to the gray hairs of his father, and he sprung toward the captain like a beast of prey when deprived of its young; but superior numbers overcame him, and at the sabre's point he, with the rest of the passengers, was driven into the boats, and pulled by sturdy rowers, they were soon landed on the sandy beach.

Then might have been heard the despairing entreaties of men, mingled with the wailing screams of women and the shrill cries of startled children, calling to the seamen not to abandon them to a fate so terrible. A derisive shout of mocking laughter, accompanied by scoffs and curses on their religion, was the sole reply vouchsafed, and they saw them reach the vessel, and spreading their white sails bear away in the distance, leaving them penniless, without food, and nearly without raiment, to a fate almost too terrible for imagination.

But fate had not yet wearied of persecuting them. The fearful roaring of wild beasts fell upon their ears, and those who first ascended those rugged rocks fell a prey to the savage beasts that haunted those arid wilds, and in an agony of terror the unhappy survivors plunged almost knee deep in the water, to escape the yet more awful fate that awaited them on the shore. At this moment the dense mist which curtained the sky, began to fall in heavy showers, pouring down on their devoted heads, and drenching them to the skin.

At length the receding tide left the beach dry, and the unhappy Israelites, suffering from their long immersion, and weary from want of food, drew themselves higher up under the rocks, that they might be safe from the returning tide, and lay down upon the sands in their wet garments, and prayed that they might be permitted to die.

"To what new suffering are we destined to be exposed?" said Feglah, as she lay down upon the earth, with her head pillowed on her husband's shoulder. "O, Enoch, where now shall we find consolation? Look at thy reverend sire, and thy unhappy children, will they not perish for want? O, in this our hour of trial, where, where, shall we find comfort?"

Enoch looked towards his aged and wounded parent. He was supporting his little grandson in his arms, and striving to comfort the sobbing child, and his voice became so choked that the soothing words he was about to speak died unuttered on his lips, But Milcah, who had succeeded in hushing her young sister Doris to sleep, drew near to her mother, and raising her hand to her lips, said in a soft tone, "Mother, the God who forsook not the Egyptian mother when driven forth from the tent of Abraham, will not forsake us. He who rained down manna for our fathers, when they wandered in the wilderness, will not suffer us to perish unaided in this desert land."

The heart-struck mother made no reply, but laying her hand on Milcah's head, blessed her fervently.

Day dawned at length on the deserted Hebrews. They were shivering with cold, and fainting for lack of food, but neither food nor firing were to be found on that desolate coast, and to attempt to

penetrate farther into the country was to rush on almost certain destruction.

Four days had rose and sunk, and hope grew faint in the most sanguine heart. For four long days and weary nights no food had passed their pale parched lips save a little sea weed, which had been picked up along the beach, those who were strongest seeking it for their weaker companions. But now the strong man was reduced to the weakness of childhood, and though there were some shell fish clinging to the rocks, religion prevailed over even the pangs of hunger, and with a devoted enthusiasm they preferred perishing from hunger to eating forbidden things. "For," said Gamaliel, "our first parents fell for tasting the forbidden fruit, and he who deserts God must expect to be deserted."

But now the old man, who had been sinking since the day he had embarked from Spain, and who had been much weakened by the loss of blood that had flowed from the wound occasioned by the brutal blow given him by Rodrigo, lay stretched upon the sands, his head supported on Milcah's knee, while she strove to sustain expiring nature by squeezing a portion of the weed which she had saved from her own scanty portion into his swollen mouth, and nauseous as it would have seemed at any other moment, even its saline taste appeared delicious to the starving man.

"Bid thy father draw near, my child," he said in a low voice. "My days have been long in the land, but I am like unto a ripe shock of corn, ready for the scythe of the reaper. I had hoped to lie down in my father's house and die in peace, and when my white hairs were laid low, to sleep quiet by my father's grave. But God ordained it otherwise, and, like a summer day closing in storm, He has seen fit to darken the evening of a life that has known but few trials. His will be done. It grieveth me not that I must lie down in a strange land to die, but it grieveth me, my child, to see the spring of thy young existence dried up and withering. O my daughter! it breaketh my heart to see thee thus! But God will be merciful to thee for thy gentle, uncomplaining forbearance to all, and thy self-denying kindness to thine aged grandsire. He will be with thee in thine hour of need, and reward thee when reward is least expected! Enoch, my son," he continued, turning from his weeping grandchild—"Enoch, my son, come hither, that I may bless thee and thy young ones ere I die."

Enoch bent his head in agonized silence, and Gamaliel blessed him and his children. Then, through the stillness of the night and the vast desert solitude, rose feeble voices chanting the praises of the Most High, and the solemn prayers for the dying.

When the fifth morning dawned on the abandoned ones, Enoch was fatherless, and hands almost too feeble for use dug his narrow bed, and laid Gamaliel in his desert grave.

Enoch sat with his head bowed upon his breast, for he could not bear to look upon his famishing wife and children. The fifth day was drawing to a close, and hope, which had long since been worn to a shadow, became entirely extinct, when the cry of "A sail! a sail!" passed joyfully from lip to lip; and the drooping angel of life again plumed her pinions, and fluttered in many a despairing heart.

The white shawl of Feglah's turban was torn from her brow to form a signal, and, for want of a staff to raise it on, it was placed in the hands of the little Gamaliel, and raised on the shoulders of the tallest man; the child was directed to wave it toward the approaching vessel, and watch if it was returned.

O with what an agony of mingled hope and fear did the anxious eyes of the famishing people turn towards the ark of their hopes!

"Comes she this way?" asked a dozen eager voices of Gamaliel; and the child's reply of "I cannot see her now," fell like an ice-bolt on their expectant hearts. But she had only been hidden for a moment behind a projecting rock, and presently she was seen emerging from the shadow with the graceful majesty of an ocean bird skimming its native element, and, O God! she sees and answers their signal of distress! She approaches under a press of sail, and though the shades of evening are rapidly falling, yet, through the gathering gloom, straining and anxious eyes can see the ship brought to, and boats lowered over the side, and presently a sound more delightful than a strain of sweet music broke upon their listening ears—it was the plash of oars dipping in the clear blue wave; and then sight and hearing alike failed; a chill as of death stole over the failing senses of the sufferers, and when they again awoke to consciousness, the blue waves alone were around them, and the blue sky above.

It was the dead of night, but, feverish and uneasy, Milcah could not rest. Her head throbbed with a burning pain, and she pressed her thin, emaciated hands upon her heart, to still its fluttering pulsations. Noiselessly rising from her sleepless pillow, she wrapped her mantle round her, and, stealing upon deck, looked forth upon the quiet world of waters around her, and the clear blue vault above. It was a night of cloudless beauty; the moon walked through her bright path in the shining vault, girdled by a peerless diadem of brilliant stars.

But Milcah was too weak to sustain herself long, and seating herself on a coil of ropes, she leaned her burning forehead against the vessel's side, and dreamed of the happy times when, on such nights of loveliness, she had wandered with her betrothed through the orange and lemon groves of her beautiful Seville. The tears flowed fast down her pallid face as she contrasted that bright past with the dark present and gloomy future, and remembered that the being she had loved with so pure a faith was worse than dead to her. Oh! had he gone down to the grave in his youth, leaving an honoured name behind—a name on which memory could love to dwell—she could have borne it without repining; but to think of him only as an apostate—to feel that he was unworthy of a place in her memory—an outcast from her God and her people—it was too terrible to bear, and in the bitterness of her anguish she prayed that God would suffer her to lie down and die in peace—and then she prayed He would forgive that sinful and selfish prayer.

Merciful heaven! whence came that sound, arousing the maiden from her painful thoughts, and sending the rich warm blood back to that face which for months had worn the marble hues of death? It was the rich deep tones of a clear manly voice, chanting the seventieth psalm of David—that beautiful outpouring of the spirit, in which

the minstrel monarch of Zion prays the Lord of Hosts to deliver him from the snares of the enemies of his soul.

Milcah sprang from the seat where she had been concealed by the shadow, and pushing back the mantle from her heated brow, stood listening in an agony of wrapt attention—listening not to the words, words which she had often sang together with one who was lost to her—no, it was the full rich melody of that voice. Oh! she had never heard but one such voice! It was his, her betrothed husband's; the minstrel could be none other than Jacob Ben Asaph.

By this time he had reached the spot where she stood, and the rays of the full moon, flooding the deck with light, revealed them distinctly to each other. It was the first time they had met since the fatal day of his arrest, and both saw a change had passed over the other since they had last met. The single word "Milcah" burst from the young man's lips, while he gazed on her flushed but hollow cheek with a look of passionate eagerness, mingled with surprise.

"Milcah, my own Milcah!"

"Not thine," said the maiden coldly, and mastering her emotions with a powerful effort at self-control—"not thine, Jacob Ben Asaph. We meet but as strangers;—the daughter of Ben Gamaliel will never wed an apostate."

A crimson flush passed over the young man's face; yet he strove to take her hand, but with the lofty dignity of virtue she withheld it.

"Milcah, Milcah, listen to me," he cried, passionately clasping his hands together; but she averted her face from his eager gaze, and replied, with assumed calmness,

"Thy request is vain, Ben Asaph; thou canst say nothing to alter my resolution. Jacob, we are all we can ever be to each other. Hadst thou been poor and lowly, a houseless outcast, I would have shared thy portion willingly; hadst thou been guilty of wrong, and forsaken of the world, I would have helped thee to repair the wrong thou hadst done, I would have won thee back to happiness with my smiles; I would have made our home, had it been but a clay hut, more cheerful than a monarch's palace; the more others deserted thee, the closer would I have clung to thee; I could have forgiven thee even hadst thou been a robber, for then the sin would have been only against man; I would have shared poverty, shame, degradation with thee: but thou hast cast off thy God, and, had I been thy wedded wife, I would never have dwelt under the same roof with an apostate."

"Milcah," rejoined Ben Asaph, in a voice which, despite his efforts to steady it, was low and broken—"Milcah, though thou canst cast me off thus coldly, still I love thee too well to doom thee to a life of hopeless celibacy; in the sight of God and man, I will release thee from thy solemn engagement."

"Coldly!" she replied, with a passionate burst of tears. "Look at me, Jacob—look at my worn and wasted form—look at my dim eyes and wan face—and tell me if these are tokens of a cold heart. Jacob, thine offer of release comes too late; I could never wed another; in heart I am a hopeless, wretched widow. I shall soon lay my head in the quiet grave, and it is no shame now to confess the devoted love I

still cherish for thee; but again I tell thee, had I been thy wedded wife, instead of thy betrothed bride, I would never have dwelt under the same roof with an apostate. I had hoped to have been spared the bitterness of this meeting, but I bow submissively to Him who willed it otherwise; it is but one drop more in my cup of sorrow."

"O Milcah, taunt me not with the name of apostate again!" replied the young man, deeply affected by her words, and the solemn energy of her tones. "In a moment of agony, too great for endurance, I consented to—to—to—must I repeat those awful words?—to apostatize. In bitterness of spirit, in sackcloth and in ashes, have I repented that one false—call it guilty step, if you will—and I trust my God has seen the deep contrition and penitence which have been the constant inmates of my heart since that terrible day. Milcah!" and he sank at her feet, "by the dear recollections of our early years, I conjure thee not to cast me from thy heart; a just and merciful God has promised forgiveness to the penitent, and wilt thou refuse it?"

It was some moments ere Milcah could trust her voice to speak, and then she could only falter forth, "Speak with my father, Jacob." And they were blessed words to Ben Asaph, and once again he ventured to press his lips to that brow of beauty. The citadel of the young heart was retaken, and she chid him not when she felt the pressure of those lips again; and though, when she sought her pillow, she slept not, it was many a day since her heart had lain so lightly in her breast.

Early the following morning Ben Asaph sought Enoch's cabin, and so deeply penitent was the young man, that Ben Gamaliel was easily won to forgiveness; and he blessed him when he learned from other lips than his own that through his entreaties the captain of the vessel in which they now were had been induced to rescue him and his unhappy companions from the terrible destiny that awaited them. Ben Asaph's tale was a short one. After he had submitted to the baptismal rite, he had been released from the cells of the Inquisition. But the bitter pining of remorse pursued him—he could not drown the voice of conscience. In the dead of night or the sunny noon, in lonely walk or on the crowded prado, that still small voice was audible. How bitterly did he now repent the step he had taken, and again he returned to worship at the altar of his father's God. But fearful of the fatal doom that awaited the relapsed convert, he secured a quantity of gold and valuable jewels, and fled with them from Spain. The captain of the Estrella, who had been his friend from youth, had consented to receive him and his treasure on board his vessel, which was bound for Germany, but a storm, happily, as it had proved, had driven them from their course.

"Thou saidst, my blessed one," said Feglah, when Jacob had concluded, as she clasped the weeping but happy Milcah to her breast—"thou saidst that he who heard the prayer of the Egyptian mother in the wilderness would not desert us, and He has not. O Enoch, my husband!" she added, turning towards him, "I will never despair again. Truly hast thou said, that they who forsake not the Lord, the Lord will never forsake!"

THE THREE KISSES.

BY NEWTON IVORY LUCAS.

MORNING.

"THANKS be to Him, who gave me strength! My babe,
My boy—my firstborn—blessings on his head!—
Is born! see, see, he smiles! he laughs! his arms
Are stretched towards me greeting! tender germ,
Sweet blossom of thy mother's heart!"
She said,—
She pressed, she kissed him! 'twas the first,
The virgin kiss upon his ruby lips!
The mother kissed her firstborn! Act the first!

NOON.

And now the vow is sworn by both; they walk
As were they one, encircled arm in arm,
Along the verdant mead, in converse sweet:
"I have but thee, I need but thee, beloved,
And own, with thee, my happiness complete!"
She said, and blushing at her boldness, pressed
The *bridal* kiss upon his answering lip!
The curtain falls;—the second act is o'er.

NIGHT.

The voice of woe, half-stifled sobs break forth
From bursting bosoms. He—the boy—the man—
Hath drunk the bitter cup; is dead? not yet;
Is dying! Who attends his death bed? Who?
Some twenty years ago she was his bride,
Now wife, the mother of his children. Sobs
Stifle the words, she would but cannot speak.
Her hand is on his heart;—the pulse hath stopped!
The eye, so sparkling once, hath lost its fire—
'Tis fixed on her, but, ah! its smile hath fled!
She presses down the lid; she breathes the last—
The last fond kiss upon his breathless lips,—
His passport to a better world than this!
And thus the third act ends;—the rest is show!

NAIVETE.

BY HUMPHRY HOGARTH.

THERE is a French word to express a thing which one seldom, if ever, meets in France, while the same thing, though encountered every day, and in every corner of England—a thing, in fact, indigenous to its social atmosphere—has no word in English to denote it—*naïveté* is that word and thing.

Travel from Mons to Marseilles, from Nantes to Strasburg, and you will seek in vain for an instance of that peculiar simplicity, unworldliness, and complete freedom from distrust in one's self or others, which is properly signified by this word. But step into any cottage from the Land's End to John o' Groat's house, enter into any village, nay, pass through any town—even the o'er-enlightened, artificial capital itself—of this sea-girt isle, and the rarest specimens offer themselves to your observation—specimens of every shade and form of which this delicate thing is susceptible.

We might dilate most mystically on the origin of this attribute, and prove, to our own perfect comprehension, the exact ray, emanating from the Great Source, from which *naïveté* first sprung. But we are not philosophers, and, moreover, we wish our readers to understand as well as ourselves. We might discourse most mystically on the singular aptitude of our native soil for the vegetation of this substance, and on the congeniality of our native air to its primitive luxuriance. But we are not geologists, nor yet meteorologists; besides, we have a decided aversion to the task of dragging our condescending followers into the mud, there most probably to be stuck, or of leading them into the mists, there, in all likelihood, to be bewildered. We might also drawl most sanctimoniously on the beauty of ingenuousness, and on the necessity of our legislature's devising some means of returning to the exclusive cultivation of original innocence, instead of continuing what is called the "march of improvement," and nurturing only exotic craft. But we have no calling for the pulpit; and to suppose that our present immaculate House of Commons is unmindful of the subject, would be little short of rank blasphemy. No. We profess not to theorise, nor to doctrinise, nor to moralise; we simply paint what we actually see. And now we are going to sketch you a pretty trait of genuine *naïveté*.

The morning was bright and joyous which lighted the handsome Earl of Walton and his blue-eyed countess to the altar of Love. But brighter still was the soul of that young maiden, who, in all purity, offered up her heart at his shrine; and yet more joyous seemed the face of him who appreciated the sacrifice almost as it deserved, and who laid down also, in his turn, as much of a heart as it is possible for a man of fashion to preserve for his wedding day. The altar of Love is shockingly vulgar. Since gentle shepherds and shepherdesses have retired from the sinful world, and since courtly knights and ladies gay have given up the pastime of playing Daphne and Phillis, Love and

Hymen have dissolved partnership; this joint altar smokes only with the incense of the poor and ignorant; the rich and enlightened feel bound to blush at the bare supposition of their immolating themselves for the honour of the ancient twin divinities. But, notwithstanding the *mauvais ton* of the deed, and the high-bred ridicule likely to be thrown upon it, it was to the unfashionable altar of Love that the Earl of Walton led the fair plebeian whose blood his was to ennoble, and who, from a base trader's daughter, was to be transformed into a proud earl's countess. Let us, however, guard ourselves against being misunderstood. We do not mean to insinuate that this nobleman felt that sublimated, etherialised, self-oblivious passion for his juvenile bride which poets dream of when they are unusually intoxicated. No; that would be utterly unworthy of his rank, his education, and his cultivated intelligence. She, it is true, felt all that, and perhaps more—low-born, unsophisticated, unstylish creature that she was!—but, though he was stupid enough to love the girl he was about to make his wife passing well, he certainly was not so lost to all sense of propriety and worldly wisdom as to think of nothing but love, or as not to balance very accurately the advantages and disadvantages of his projected alliance. Fortunately for the lady, her advantages weighed immensely; for between the transient charms of her person, and the solid attractions of her purse, she was an object really invaluable; and, fortunately for the glory of the little rosy-cheeked heathen deity, inclination and interest were both parties to the marriage, and indeed might, according to the learned dictum of the sagacious lawyer Sharpwit, be equitably designated as *bonâ fide* trustees to the contract. The fair daughter of a rich merchant, when well and carefully brought up, is sometimes, even in the opinion of the strictest conservator of aristocratic blood, a match not to be sneezed at by a peer wholly out at elbows, or whose estate is yearly becoming "small by degrees and beautifully less."

Miss Belinda Tomkins' paraphernalia was not magnificent enough to compete with that of the Princess Esterhazy, though it was in every respect befitting a young bride who was the bearer to her husband of one hundred thousand pounds in ready cash, and who was to be the wearer of a time-honoured coronet with five bobs; yet, such was the untutored simplicity of her mind, in her idea the sparkling eyes of her affianced lord flashed a light more brilliant than that which the largest of her splendid diamonds could emit, and, such was the benighted condition of her heart, we verily believe she would have given her whole *trousseau*, with carriage and townhouse into the bargain, for a repetition of that kiss which first saluted her as a wife, and which sealed her irrevocable union to him she deemed the "foremost man of all the world."

Writers of fiction invariably bring their stories to a close as soon as they arrive at the marriage ceremony, as if nothing after could possibly interest. But we are no common romancists; we are the most original of historians; and what is more, our histories are true—fact, absolute fact: therefore we commence our narrative with the wedding of our hero and heroine, thus making that which is the tail of the beginnings of ordinary authors the beginning of our tale. Still

we must respect *convenance* so far as to draw a veil over our gentle turtles for a little, and leave them to the enjoyment of those swift-winged moons which, in reference to the daintiness of their saccharine flavour, adopt respectively the luscious sirnames of honey, sugar, and treacle. The relation of one incident alone will oblige us to interrupt the pleasant current of these fast-flowing hours.

The first of the three sacred months glided, as such first months, to do them justice, commonly do, like a delicious dream, or like the effervescence of a glass of rose-coloured champagne, or like the first course of dinner after a hard day's hunting, when the steam of the viands is savoury, and when the appetite is keen as an east wind. Belinda had not yet discovered one fault in her liege lord, and he had found only one in his gentle lady. That one, it is true, was not rigidly a fault; it was only a mistake. But so much the worse; for has not the prince of statesmen left it on record, that a mistake is more unpardonable still than a crime? and does not the fashionable world daily ratify and illustrate the maxim? Yes, the Earl of Walton began to feel convinced that his pretty countess was, beyond exception, the most incorrigible little goose that ever had to wing her flight through the artificial atmosphere of high life. Her simplicity was really provoking. She appeared to have no capacity for wickedness. Precept, example, admonition, were all thrown away on her. Quick and intelligent enough to perceive the motives of virtue, she was the dullest of all dull beings at the comprehension of vice. He began, really, to be afflicted; for what a ridiculous figure a nobleman cuts, whose wife will neither do nor think of wrong, but, on the contrary, will be saying and doing innocent things all the days of her life! It was towards the close of this first thrice-sacred month that the Earl of Walton did that which new husbands seldom fail to do—make his wife a present. This present was a shawl. It was not a five hundred guinea Indian, nor was there, like Othello's handkerchief, "magic in the web of it," but it was of a peculiar pattern which pleased his eye—and then it was his first gift! We have hinted before that Belinda thought little of her fine bridal apparel. She saw that they set her off to advantage, and she was so far grateful to them, but no more. Her diamonds were given to her as a matter of course by her lover, and formed, as it were, part of the formal ceremony, which the law, not affection, in such cases regulate; they were cherished as a portion of that happy day's splendour, but beyond that they had no further value in her eyes. Here, however, was a gift for a simple girl like Belinda to conserve in her heart of hearts. A thing intrinsically of small worth, but the pledge of a husband's unostentatious affection, the private ratification of a husband's public profession of love, the most inestimable talisman a fond, foolish wife can possess—her husband's first present—

> "To lose, or give 't away, were such perdition,
> As nothing else could match."

The second sugared month passed over almost as rapidly and delightfully, in the estimation of our single-minded young countess, as the first, but with some *ennui* to the earl, who occasionally smiled, but

more frequently felt chagrined at the numerous instances which his lady gave of her confirmed *naïveté*.

The third month also rolled by, and Belinda still continued, absurd enough, to love her lord, and, still more absurd, to let everybody see she did. What with his club, and the opera, and the House, the earl managed to live without a thought of suicide, or without taking a single step with a view to a future suit for divorce. This brings us to the period of our veritable history.

A cry of consternation broke from the blue and silver furnished attiring room of the mistress of one of the most elegant mansions in Belgrave Square. The music of sweet bells, not awakened by soft, gentle touches, but pealed by powerfully-agitated fingers, rung through its lofty chambers. Maids and lackeys hurried to and fro, whispering with white lips, and scanning each other's faces with eyes of half amazement, half suspicion. Wardrobes were thrown open, and their contents strewn about the floors; cabinets were searched as if they contained, in some secret corner, the long looked for philosopher's stone; drawers were examined, and re-examined, and cross-examined again, like witnesses at the Old Bailey, apparently without eliciting the thing wanted; trunks, band-boxes, and work-baskets, from the attics to the coal-vaults, were rummaged with the strictest impartiality; mouse-holes were invaded with praiseworthy resolution, and the little granaries of the occupants scattered about without compunction. Something terrible had occurred—else wherefore all this commotion? Something costly had been missing—else why this universal search? And the lady of the noble mansion—where was she? Deadly pale, and utterly confounded, she lay back, in a damask-covered easy chair, in the dainty dressing-room above mentioned, without word or motion, resigned to the care of her own woman, who seemed as much overwhelmed as herself. This lady was the lovely bride of the Earl of Walton—the cause of all this tumult was the disappearance of the little-worth but infinitely-prized Cashmere shawl.

Vain was the heart-felt anguish of the fair countess; vain was the wonder of her maid; vain were the researches, the conjectures, the suspicions of the male and female domestics of the establishment. Like the celestial Pleiades, the shawl had vanished from mortal eyes—the husband's first gift was irrevocably lost! It is difficult for persons, particularly if nursed in the lap of fortune, to swallow that tough morsel of philosophy which will have it, that "whatever is is best." Yet, when necessity is the sauce to it, it is amazing to notice how deftly even the most delicately organized palates can coax it down. Belinda finished not her visiting toilette for that day;—the carriage which awaited her was dismissed to its resting-place;—she was pensive and sombre during the evening; but, by morning, she was almost herself again, and the dear, dear shawl, though regretted with sincerity, was remembered with less poignancy, and with the secret hope that its loss would have no evil influence on that which she regarded above all things else, her husband's love.

The countess was indeed the most artless of her sex, yet she had her art too, though it was one peculiarly her own. In this instance

she pushed it to its utmost stretch, and believed that she had arrived at the perfection of human wit—at the very consummation of feminine cleverness—when she came to the resolution of keeping the loss of his first present a complete secret from her lord. Poor Belinda! She could never suppose for a moment, in her primitive way of reading hearts and words, that, had she told him of her mishap, he would laugh at her for her silliness, and ridicule the idea of spending two thoughts on the disappearance of such a trifle; yet this, in all probability would he do, and then bid her console herself with a new one ten times as costly, and a hundred times as becoming.

It was a splendid afternoon, and the Earl of Walton's carriage, after rolling round the Regent's Park, turned slowly down Portland Place, the heat of the sun infusing a lazy languor into the horses, the coachman, the footmen, and the two gracefully reclining occupants of the vehicle. These were our amiable countess, and a country cousin, whom she chaperoned about, and whom she had the unaccountable *bêtise* to acknowledge as a relation, though she was "nobody," and had nothing to recommend her save a pretty face and a mind as ingenuous as her own. Suddenly, a faint shriek pierced the hot dulness of the still air; the late reposing countess sprung up nearly erect; her hand, contrary to all decorum, pointed fixedly to some object on the pathway; her voice pronounced in broken words: 'Tis it—I know it—there! Look—look Amelia—that lady has it.—O why don't he stop?—Coachman—coachman, draw up, I tell you, instantly!"

These vehement accents of his lady would have entirely failed in arousing the torpid sense of the portly powder-wigged coachman, did not Amelia bethink her of strengthening their effect by the powerful assistance of the check-string. A touch upon this true cord of a coachman's feelings had an instantaneous operation on the Jehu's sense; instinctively he understood his duty, instinctively he pulled the reins, instinctively the lazy horses stopped, and instinctively one of the footmen stood at the carriage door, touched his hat, and awaited his orders.

"You see that lady there, John?—there—just there?"

"Yes, my lady; with all the flowers and feathers?"

"With the shawl, John;—with the shawl, I tell you?"

"Yes, my lady."

"Step over to her—with my compliments, John;—and ask her to have the politeness to let me speak a moment with her;—and John, desire coachman to draw up close to the flagway."

The countess was greatly agitated, surprised, confused; her eyes glistened with pleasure, and rested, as if fascinated, upon the person she had pointed out; her thoughts had but one direction, that which her eyes took. Quicker than we can relate the details, the carriage was drawn up to the footpath—a fine, gaudily-dressed, brilliant complexioned young woman approached—the Countess of Walton accosted her strange acquaintance.

"Would you do me the favour to take a seat in my carriage for a moment, madam? I wish to speak a word to you on a delicate subject."

The stranger assented, the steps were let down, and in another minute the countess, her young cousin, and the incognita were in earnest conversation—forming, to any one who knew the parties, a singular group.

"I hope you will pardon the liberty I take with you, madam," began her ladyship,—"but that shawl, madam—yes, I am quite sure—that shawl is one I lost about two months ago; and I should be infinitely obliged to you if you would inform me where you bought it."

The strange lady coloured slightly, the countess blushed crimson at her own temerity, and Amelia looked the picture of young bewilderment, understanding nothing of what was passing, wholly incapable of even guessing what was to follow.

"O, there's no offence, ma'am," replied the person addressed, smiling rather vulgarly, but showing a fine assortment of very white teeth—"none in the world. But as to the shawl, ma'am, I can't exactly tell you where I bought it, because it isn't exactly mine, ma'am. It belongs to a friend, who lends it to me sometimes, because, to tell the truth, I think it a very nice shawl indeed, ma'am."

"But where does your friend live?—couldn't we drive to her house? she will be able to give us every information about it," cried the countess hurriedly, looking imploringly into the face of her companion, and forgetting to note the contrast between the superfine dress and under-plain language of her whom she made her associate, in her anxiety to repossess herself of the lost favourite.

"By all means, ma'am. Mrs. Tomson is a most respectable lady, and, if you please to call at her house, I am sure will let you know all about it, ma'am. Her house is No. 50, South —— Street, ma'am. A most respectable house, I assure you, ma'am."

"Couldn't we go there directly?" inquired her ladyship, trembling lest the stranger should say no, or be incommoded by the request—"we shall set you down afterwards wherever you please, and I assure you you will much oblige me."

Such an invitation admits of no refusal. The address was given to the footman, by him passed to the coachman, and the young Countess of Walton, her yet younger country cousin, and their remarkably attractive new acquaintance, were immediately rolling through town, in conversation apparently as free and easy as if they were the playmates of earliest days—the confidants of each other's bosom.

We dare say every sage and prudent matron will here exclaim: "How very indelicate—nay, how abominably criminal, to be seen speaking to—God knows whom! To invite into your carriage in open day,—Heaven knows what!—'Tis monstrous wicked!" Soft, ye amiable and sagacious critics. Recollect that Belinda and her pretty coz, knowing no wrong themselves, could consequently think of none; remember too, that to the pure in spirit all things are pure; recall the exquisite sentiments of the poet of high thoughts and heavenliest virtues:

> "She who has light within her own pure breast
> May sit in the centre and enjoy clear day,
> While she who hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
> Benighted walks, under the mid-day sun—
> Herself is her own dungeon:"

and you will find ample reasons for exonerating the two simple beauties from any graver charge than that of horrible indiscretion. Besides, was not their associate a woman, at all events—apparently a gentlewoman? Was she not dressed in the most splendid manner—a perfect bale of satins and laces? Was she not covered with jewellery, and young, and beautiful, and though not perhaps remarkably elegant in her choice of words, or quite *aufait* at west-end pronunciation, had she not an *ensemble* as *distingué*, if not more so, as most rich citizens' wives and daughters—to which class she doubtless belonged?

As the carriage with its three graces moved towards its destination, many were the salutations directed to its inmates, by noble and gentle acquaintances, in chariots or on horseback, and—whisper it not within the precincts of St. James's!—by a very unaristocratic number of extra-exquisite pedestrians. The "nods and wreathed smiles," however, of these last-mentioned personages were strictly confined to the service of the lady without a name; and the stare of surprise which ever accompanied them could not fail to betoken to the initiated that there was something passing strange in the position of this *belle des belles*. The manner also of the countess's friends had in it much that a sharp observer might notice as extraordinary. The smiles of the elder ladies often darkened into frowns as their proud eyes glanced from hers and from her fair cousin's elegant toilette, to the superfluously fine habiliments of the more than equivocal person whom they had made their public companion. The younger beauties of the *beau monde* either laughed outright—with the laugh of good-breeding be it understood—as they bowed, or elevated their quizzing glasses with provokingly graceful impertinence, or checked themselves haughtily in the centre of their salutation, leaving it but half accomplished, according to the knowledge which each of them had of the naughty world and of its naughty ways. But the expression of the gentlemen, one and all, as they doffed their beavers, was more remarkable still. Some started as though they had seen a ghost; some whistled that low prolonged note which acts as a safety valve to wonder, and which may be indifferently spelt—whew!—some exclaimed "The devil!" but all took off their hats cavalierly as they passed by, and then began to chuckle as if exquisitely tickled, or as if thinking of something irresistibly comic, and more than usually marvellous. Ignorance is bliss. The countess was ignorant of the scandal, and the conjecture, and the mirth of which she was the source. She thought of nothing but her shawl—she spoke to the stranger about nothing but her shawl—she had no comprehension for anything but her shawl. She returned the salutes made to her without thinking of the saluters; she noticed not the expression of those who thus favoured her; and had she even noticed it, she would not have been able to understand it. Happy innocence!

The horses stopped; the incognita bobbed her head at two pretty young ladies, rather *decolletée*, who ornamented the drawing-room windows; the party had arrived at No. 50. A thundering knock brought a respectable looking female servant to the door, and in another minute the countess, her cousin, and their new acquaintance, had enter-

ed Mrs. Tomson's house, and been announced to that discreet person with becoming etiquette. Here we must leave them to prosecute their inquiries.

"What the devil, Dashall!" cried the Honourable Tom Wincombe to his friend, as they drove down South —— Street, in the latter's stylish cab, a moment after the ladies had left the carriage. "Isn't that Walton's livery?"

"That at No 50? Hah, not impossible," replied the viscount, reining in his splendid chesnut-coloured horse, and reducing his quick pace to a slow walk.

"Quite impossible, you mean. But curse me if it isn't Walton's, though. 'Tis his, by G—! Well, now, Dashy, old boy, confess, doesn't that astonish you a bit?"

"Astonish me, Tom! Not in the least. I tell you," cried the heir apparent to an earldom, "nothing astonishes me—positively nothing. But it is cool, Tom—damned cool. Even I never thought of sporting my coronet and my men in livery at No. 50."

"Ha, ha!" shouted the Honourable Tom. "But he might have left his men and horses at the corner of the street, or ordered them up a door or two. And, Walton, such a paragon of propriety too, Dashall!"

"Damme, Tom, I am quite jealous of this trick. No other man but myself should have done it. I didn't think the devil himself could have beaten me at a bold thing, but Walton has beaten me, and the devil to boot. Ho! coachman, does his lordship often visit here?"

The coachman thus addressed, who knew the cab, the horse, the tiger, and the two gentlemen, perfectly well, touching his hat, answered, "I never drove his lordship here, my lord—it's her ladyship who visits here."

"The devil it is!" exclaimed the Honourable Tom, his eyes dilating to four times their natural bigness. The reins nearly dropped from the hands of Viscount Dashall. It was pretty evident that he had found something that astonished him at last.

"Her ladyship the Countess of Walton a visitor at No. 50, sir?" demanded he with much greater emphasis than was his wont.

"Yes, my lord, and her cousin, Miss Amelia."

The young gentlemen looked at each other simultaneously, burst into immoderate laughter, and the viscount, giving the whip to his horse, fell back in his cab, exclaiming, "By G—, Tom, I'm staggered at last!"

Accidents have the most ridiculous antipathy to solitary blessedness. Like opera singers, they will only condescend to come in couples. They occasionally arrive in troops, 'tis true, but we venture to ask any one who has the pleasure of their acquaintance, did he or she ever know an accident to visit him or her alone? No, Miss Chance, like Miss Kemble, and a hundred other misses, whose names are known to fame, only keeps up the maiden appellative for public use; in private she takes her proper titles, gives up every pretension to singleness, and comes into your presence wedded—nay, sometimes with a *cavaliere servente* or two in her suite. Miss Chance this day was pleased

to travel double. Scarcely had the viscount's spirited chesnut, irritated by the smart cut which he had received, bounded past the carriage, when a gentleman on horseback, followed by his groom, drew rapidly near.

"Walton himself—by all that's damnable!" cried the Honourable Tom in a hissing whisper that pierced the ear of his noble friend sharper than a pistol's report.

"Walton! Here'll be a scene! Drive on, coachman, you devil—drive like fury out of that!" and the good-natured *roué* pushed half his body out of the cab in a desperate effort to save the countess from being awkwardly discovered by that person whom his chivalric creed taught him to believe the horridest of monsters that persecute lovely and passionate woman—a husband.

Vain was the viscount's praiseworthy effort. The coachman heard not, or understood him not. The Earl of Walton touched his shoulder, and called to him to pull up.

"Why, Dashall, Dashall, what a precious ornament to the peerage you are, to be seen actually jumping out of your cab in broad daylight after the girls! 'Tis too open, my dear fellow. Upon my honour it is. But, hallo! My carriage and servants standing at No. 50! Hell and fury! Who has done this?"

Quick as a flash of lightning, the proud Earl, blazing with a hundred passions, was at the coachman's side, his riding-whip whizzed through the air in the act of descending on the Jehu's fat shoulders, while his half-choked voice thundered forth, "Scoundrel! who brought you here?"

The affrighted coachman could not articulate a word, but he did that which, in this instance, was equal to a dozen—he pointed towards the door.

At that moment the delicately-tinted countess, and her habitually pale-faced modest cousin, rushed down the steps blushing crimson deep from the roots of their hair to the tips of their fingers, and, trembling like aspen leaves, fell into the arms of the attendant footmen.

"My wife—Amelia—devil!" was all the poor nobleman could utter, mortally stricken as he now believed himself to be in the tenderest part—his honour.

Viscount Dashall and the Honourable Tom had by this time descended from the cab, and with the presence of mind which an habitual rencontre with odd adventures gives, did the best that, under the circumstances, could be suggested. They assisted in placing the two fainting ladies in the carriage; and gave the order for home, as fast as possible.

What the poor countess saw or heard in the house into which her simplicity had led her, it suits not us to say, but she discovered enough, before her inquiries touching the lost shawl were ended, to feel convinced that it was no place for her to be in, and that the sooner she got out of it the better for her own and her cousin's security and character. She would, perhaps, have died on the spot for very shame had she known that she was a visitor at the notorious

Mother Tomson's, and that the lady with whom she had driven through town was no other than a noted courtesan.

The Earl of Walton was essentially a polite man, but there are times when courtesy is forgotten even by the most courteous. This was just such a moment. Instead of thanking the gallant viscount and the Honourable Tom for their services, he rushed savagely up to them, and drawing himself up to his utmost height, growled rather than said,

"My Lord Dashall and Mr. Wincombe, you have publicly dishonoured my wife—when may I expect the favour of washing out the stain in your or my own blood? Let it be at once though—I cannot, will not wait an hour!"

"My dear Walton," commenced the viscount, "I pledge you my honour I know no more about her ladyship's visit to that house than the man in the moon."

"Liar and coward!" vociferated the earl, losing all control over his passion. "Didn't I see you half way out of your cab, making signals to the wretched woman and my men? I hope, for the honour of our order"—and here the earl sneered bitterly—"you will not force me to the necessity of inflicting on your lordship a public horse-whipping!"

There are words which when addressed by gentlemen to gentlemen admit of no palliation—no explanation. Of this sort were those used by the earl to Viscount Dashall. The latter high-spirited young nobleman felt all the blood of all his ancestors boiling in his veins; he erected his manly figure proudly before his assailant, and silencing with a motion the Honourable Tom, who attempted to expostulate, replied in a careless calm tone, "I have a party to dine with me at eight—would half-past seven answer your lordship's purpose?"

"'Tis long till then," ejaculated the earl, fiercely eyeing his opponent; "but let half-past seven be the time—one friend each—pistols—Wimbleton Common."

"As your lordship pleases," was the reply.

The gentlemen then saluted each other with a formality ominous as the gentle civilities of the air before the thunderstorm, and separated.

"This is rather a nice affair, Tom," said the viscount, laughing as he sprung into his cab; "what a consummate pair of fools we are, not to have left the testy peer and his frail lady to their own explanations, without thrusting our cracked-brained skulls between them! How d—d lucky it will be for Lord Jacky, my worshipful brother, if I arrive at the family mansion this evening with an ounce of lead more in my pate than usual. Ha, ha, ha! Tom, you're a happy dog. Being a younger son, the best thing that can happen to you is to be shot like a gentleman."

"I should have no possible objection, upon my soul, Dashall! that is, provided we had really had a lark with the dainty countess and her rustic relative. But to fight like a pair of knights errant for a couple of distressed fair ones, whose lips we have not even once tasted, is what I call infernally spoony."

"Never mind, old fellow," replied the consoling friend, "if you're riddled properly you'll escape the duns; and if I get my *coup de*

grâce, I'll have the satisfaction of diddling my eternal enemy, Ben Levi, out of the *post obits*. That's what I call dying for a noble purpose!"

The cab was out of South —— Street in a minute, and the two fashionable friends were in the direct way of making preparations for a fashionable death. It would be impossible to enumerate the contending passions that raged and wrestled in the bosom of the Earl of Walton, or to describe the state of his mind. Shame, wonder, hatred, doubt, scorn, and love, rode paramount therein by turns. But one relief offered for the alleviation of his pangs—revenge. He had an hour and a half to wait for even that temporary emollient, but an hour and an half is an eternity to one who,

> "On the tortures of the mind doth lie,
> In restless ecstacy."

The poor animal that carried him sorely felt the effects of the earl's distemper. His sides reeked with hot gore that followed each maddened plunge of the cruel spurs; his mouth foamed with agony from the laceration of his jaws, nearly broken by the convulsively pulled rein; his flesh quivered under the repeated infliction of the sharp cutting whip. However, the beast's suffering soon ended. The club-house, whither the earl mechanically directed his course to seek the necessary friend in his extremity, was soon gained. He entered, and found what he sought. We leave them to their arrangements, which with men of honour are the simplest and least complicated possible.

At half-past eight that evening the viscount presided over a choice company of noble and gentle spirits at his chambers in the Albany, and amongst these one of the liveliest was the Honourable Tom. His lordship, though generally *insouciant* and gay as usual, had at intervals an appearance of passing anguish, but it was only slight, or veiled with practised art—not one present, excepting his *fides Achates*, surmising that anything beyond the ordinary had occurred. At the same hour the Earl of Walton lay motionless and insensible on the couch which the night before he had pressed in all the vigour of manhood—his young countess kneeling at his bed-side, and bathing his pale hand with her agonized tears. It is worthy of remark, how amenable to reason a little blood-letting renders those whose veins are over full of the fiery fluid. This effect was exemplified clearly in the present case. The earl had been simply shot through the fleshy part of the thigh, from whence a copious hemorrhage and consequent exhaustion followed; and when he awoke to consciousness he found the faithful creature still watching over him—still moistening him with her bright eyes' precious dew drops. His heart was softened. The explanation which in the frenzy of his suspicions he spurned with contempt, he now listened to with patience—with content—with a smile. All that the innocent countess knew herself of her adventure, she told with a simplicity that put to flight every doubt of her purity, and with a still continuing ignorance of the peril she underwent, that told him too plainly experience would have no effect in teaching her the wickedness of corrupted life. The earl's corporeal wound soon cicatrized—not so the wound which his mind had received. It takes long ere such a

proud spirit as his recovers itself from even a skin-deep gash. With such the scratches of ridicule are felt more severely, and fester more virulently, than the deeper cuts of serious malignity. He endured the raillery which his wife's mistake had brought upon him with all the philosophy he could command; and, though convinced in his judgment that it constituted more than half her charms—strange inconsistency of the human mind!—ceased not afterwards daily to pray that she might finally be cured of what still appeared to be her incurable *naïveté*.

IRISH SONG.

DARTHULA.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Hark, Darthula! hark the bells,
So wildly o'er the waters pealing!
How they weave their mystic spells,
Around my heart and spirit stealing!
How they tell of by-gone pleasure,
Days and moments dear to me!
O! how sweet the golden measure,
When I hear its chime with thee,
Darthula!

See, Darthula! see the light
Of dying day on Banna's waters,
Where happy lovers meet by night
To pledge their vows to Erin's daughters.
I, alas! in sadness wending;
Far from Erin soon shall be,
Tender thoughts and blessings sending
O'er the distant wave to thee,
Darthula!

Sweet Darthula, fare thee well!
Above the hill the moon is stealing;
Soon will chime the vesper bell,
That calls the heart to holy feeling.
Now we part,—how deep the sorrow!
We that never parted yet:
The sun that lights my lonely morrow
On my hopes and joys will set,
Darthula!*

* "Darthula was the most famous beauty of Ireland; and to this day, when a woman is praised for her personal charms, they say, she is as lovely as Darthula, the first of Erin's maids. In the old Irish, the name is written '*Dart-huile*,' which means, a woman with beautiful eyes."

THE RUSTIC GOING TO COURT.[1]

BY EDEN LOWTHER.

CHAPTER XI.

Godfrey Langelande went supperless to bed. In fact, the state of his exchequer rendered it prudent that his appetite should be graduated on the same scale. Fortunately, however, our hero's mental occupation rather dimmed and dulled the sharpness of his corporeal wants, anxiety being about the worst thing for the appetite that can be well prescribed. Hitherto the young rustic had luxuriated in the capabilities of a ploughboy in this peculiar line of natural art; because hitherto his mind had been as calm and equable as the absence of all intense desires or stirring troubles could leave it; but the last week had been something like an initiation or novitiate into the world's ways, and the consequence already was, that our young rustic's mind had got harassed and worn and fretted, and he found out, much to his grief and little enough to his satisfaction, that the world was very much a world of mortification. Still the knowledge he was acquiring had one convenience resulting from it;—namely, that if he had less to eat his appetite also was diminishing; and under the influence of this doctrine of adaptation, poor Godfrey felt it the less hardship to go, as we have said, supperless to bed.

And yet it must be owned, that while Godfrey was disappointed in his most sanguine hopes, he was not utterly depressed. Nay, he not only had a sort of secret satisfaction in his heart of hearts, but a glimmer of exultation also; he had not succumbed to the mastership of evil; he had not bent and fitted himself to the world's crooked ways, or cast himself in the mould of its monstrosities. He had rebuked the wrong and adhered to the right, and therefore he could sleep, aye, and soundly too!

And Godfrey did sleep, the unbroken sleep of youth and hope. He slept, in truth, a very solid sleep, a sort of iron sleep or marble sleep; but as iron and marble may both chance to be broken, so our hero's absorption of the mental faculties was suddenly and at once rent and riven by a grasp like that of a vice on his shoulder, and a shake not unlike the heavings of an earthquake.

"Rouse thee!" exclaimed a voice at his elbow, and Godfrey did open his large eyes, which seemed strongly expressive of stupefaction.

"Silence, or ——" a finger laid upon the trigger of a pistol very rhetorically finished the sentence, for Godfrey had unquestionably at the first moment opened his lips as well as his eyes.

Sometimes the first impulse of the mind is obedience, sometimes rebellion. Godfrey's happened this time to be obedience, and in

[1] Continued from p. 319.

truth, submission seemed to be rather prudent under all the circumstances of the case.

So Godfrey stared round and about, and well he might. To be rudely and roughly awakened out of a sleep is quite enough to disturb any man's temper, it being unpardonable even in thieves to be ill-bred. Our rustic, notwithstanding his country education, was very sensible of the uncouthness of the proceeding, and looked as if he felt particularly disobliged. But Godfrey's visitors were not such as could well be supposed to care for looks; but he did look, and he saw himself right regally attended, a couple of men at his head and duplicates at his feet, not little shadowy elve-like creatures, but strong, muscular, masculine, six-foot-high giant-sort of personages, with muffled faces and griping hands, who were grappling him down in a way anything but agreeable.

"What want ye?" ejaculated Godfrey, as soon as the fetters of his surprise began to relax. "Unhold me, base knaves! what want ye?"

"Speak under thy breath, as thou valuest life," replied the gentle visitor who was holding the pistol in a convenient position for introduction of the bullet to his head. "Under thy breath, boy, an thou be not aweary of thy life."

"Grasp me not thus, villain, but out with your purpose! What seek ye? What want ye? What do ye here?"

"Patience, boy; and now on to business, mates."

Whereupon the three, leaving Godfrey under the *surveillance* of the pistol, commenced a most unceremonious investigation of our hero's luggage. His portmanteau was very speedily ripped open, and every article of apparel scattered on the floor. Seemingly, however, the search was not satisfactory; every article was relifted and reshaken but with as little profit, and then the midnight myrmidons turned inquiringly to their principal.

"Ay, ye may seek, ye may seek, discourteous knaves, but ye will find little to reward ye!" exclaimed Godfrey. "Think ye I keep either gold or jewellery in an old leathern valise? Ay, ye be but doltish thieves after all! Look into the chinks and the crevices and the seams, mayhap ye think to find diamonds for the buttons of my grey doublet! Ay, cute knaves ye are, in sooth!"

"Silence, babbler," sternly repeated the man who had kept his station at Godfrey's pillow. "See ye, fellows, if it be sewn into his doublet, search every fold of his garments."

"Ay," said Godfrey, bitterly, "doubtless ye shall find a king's treasury! ye shall revel in the wealth ye shall purloin from me! Ay, ay, ye shall not be able to walk under the weight of my gold."

"Boy! babbler! baby! will nothing teach thee to hold thy tongue! Search on."

And the men did search, but they found nothing.

"Can ye not discover my wealth—my gold—my silver—my jewels?—nay, then, ye be but clumsy knaves and thieves after all!" tauntingly said Godfrey.

"Thou shalt guide us to it," said the master knave. "Where be thy treasury?"

"That will I then, for the sake of astounding thee with its

amount, and of showing thee how grandly thou art rewarded for all thy trouble! Turn thee round, and lay thine hand upon the table at thine elbow, and thou mayest at once possess thyself of no less a treasure than three twopenny pieces, a silver penny, and seven farthings; but have ye bags to carry so much treasure hence away!"

"Silence, jeering babbler! We want not thy beggar's coins! But hearken. Thou art accused before the magistracy of being an evil doer, of being engaged in treasonable practices—of being a malcontent—a spy—a popish recusant, going backwards and forwards between us and our natural enemies, and wanting to sell thy country—and thou hast mischievous papers in thy possession: we have come to seize upon these treasonable documents, and prove thy malpractices. Surrender them to us without more ado."

"Traitor and spy in thy teeth!" passionately exclaimed Godfrey. "Thief, for thy traitor! night-robber, for thy spy! I am a true man, and thou art the knave."

"Silence, dolt!" replied the midnight visitor.

"Silence!—and why silence? why, thou false lips, thou art an entire piece of deceit from the crown of thy head to the sole of thy feet! An thou wert what thou professest, what need of silence? The minister of justice comes armed with such authority that he needeth not to creep to men's bedsides like a thief in the night. But I know thee! I know thee, crafty as thou art, and simple as thou deemest me. Ay, my whilome traveller on the road, thou that didst seek both to dupe and to tempt me, and now art playing the night robber too, I know thee well enough! Thou and that marvellous rogue, my own uncle, Master Nicolas Langelande, be linked and banded together; and it is the packet—the packet ye seek! Well, seek on! Look on! Nay, hinder not yourselves in your most worthy purpose! Pray ye seek on!"

"Thou shalt show us where to find it, thou piece of marvellous wisdom, or ——"

"Nay, I fear ye not," replied Godfrey; "and as for aiding—nay, marry, I speak not another word. Do your own base work; I help ye not!"

"Show us where thou hast bestowed this packet."

"The packet! Nay, seek till ye find. Doubtless, ye are to be well paid for your midnight work—why should I help ye? All my worldly wealth lieth at thy elbow. Thou canst put it in thy pouch, and be a rich man at once, an thou wilt."

"Once more, wilt thou guide us where to find it?"

"In the chimney—in the thatch—in the cellar—mid the ashes—buried in the meadows—on the top of the tallest tree—at the bottom of the well—search everywhere—search—ha! ha!"

"I will brain thee!" ferociously exclaimed the man. "But now search his pallet, my men, and leave not a cranny or chink unrummaged. And thou, dolt, keep thy mouth shut!"

And Godfrey did keep his mouth shut, saving and excepting an ironical laugh, which broke out every now and then as the inquisitorial search went on, for on it went until every part of his clothes, his pallet, his very pillow, had been searched—and fruitlessly—while at

the close of these rough proceedings, the men, with muttered threats and maledictions, left Godfrey's chamber, the last sounds being muttered menaces on one side, and scornful cachinnations on the other.

"Good lack!" exclaimed Godfrey to himself, "what knaves there be who dwell in courts! I wish I was well home again where nobody lives by deceit! And mine own father's brother too! Lack-a-day! And what a pretty pother of a peril have I been in! I had little hopes that my precious packet would have missed their ken. Had I hid it, then it would not have escaped them; but lo! simply because, in my guilelessness, I took no heed, it remaineth secure and in safety! How I trembled every time the villanous knaves went anigh the table! and yet with all their cunning there lies my poor packet, alone anent my beaver, where I had nightly laid it, and together with all the world's wealth I am master of, as safely as when I fell unsuspectingly asleep. Had I been fearful, and hid it under my pillow, it must needs have been lost; but because I feared no evil, and doubted no man's honesty, I am all secure! Ay, ay, as the pastor Muttlebury always layeth down, honesty is the best policy, straightforward ways lead a man most direct to his end. I cannot abide crooked dealings!"

The morning was yet in its rosy blushing youth, when Godfrey's old acquaintance, the stiff stranger of the way-side inn, entered the oaken panelled chamber where Master Nicolas Langelande's breakfast was spread.

"What news?" asked Master Nicolas, upturning his eager, though dull grey eyes, and his withered, though sharpened up visage. "What news? Have ye prospered? Quick, man, quick, for I am all anxiety!"

The stiff stranger shook his head dolefully.

"The packet, man, the packet! Hast got it in possession? Be it in thy keeping? Deliver, man, deliver, and wear not out my patience!"

"Marry, then, your patience is made up of very frail material, and not at all like to stand the wear and tear of every day use. I marvel how thou makest it endure the daily service of his sacred majesty's whims and tempers, since it is so easily fretted by just brushing against a friend."

"'Tis for that very reason that a feather chafes me! In good sooth, I am so worn and wearied with those same kingly whimsies, that out of the presence I can brook no other thwarting!—so now what of the packet?"

"In good sooth, just nothing."

"Careless! heedless! sleepy-headed—slothful——"

"Then had ye better for the time to come do your own dirty work," said the stiff stranger doggedly.

"Nay, nay, I meant not half of it! But thou hast failed, and it chafes me!—tell me how it chanced."

"We have ripped up his clothes, his couch, his wallet, but not a fragment of paper hath that boy in his keeping. It strikes me, too, that we have been over hot in counting on this luckless snarling nephew of thine having this packet at all in his keeping. Hast thou aught but his own word for the verity?"

"Nay, the lad is so altogether simple that I needs must trust him."

"He simple! The jeering knave! Why, with all his foolery he is thy match in trickery! Ha! ha! he is thy kin, what marvel if he inheriteth thy cunning!"

Master Nicolas looked as if he scarcely knew how to appreciate the compliment.

"Packet, or no packet, the lad has shown his wit! having it to hide it—not having it to pretend to its possession. But trust me, he hath it not, else would he have bargained with thee for it when he saw thy eagerness for its possession, and have made fair terms with thee for its surrender. Nay, nay, he hath no packet to barter for."

"Then it was but to dupe me—to play me off—to plume himself on baffling me, that he feigned its possession. The jeering knave, I would I could brain him for giving me this needless trouble, and laughing at me in his sleeve the while. I would I could brain him!"

"I would I could trample him under my foot, and crush him under my heel, for giving me also this bootless trouble!" responded the man. "But after all, we be no worse than before."

"I thought to be better," replied Master Nicolas, "and I am so much worse than I had counted on. Ah, that packet would have proved a princely prize! and I could dash my head against the wall that I should have missed it. Seest thou not that I could have ruined the king, and have compelled him to have bestowed upon me the highest offices in the state, or, an he had hung back, I could have bargained with the Prince of Orange for a noble guerdon! But either my cursed fate or thy daftness hath ruined all! I am wild to think what I had almost grasped, and yet that it is lost!"

"Thou canst not be said to have lost what thou only hadst in surmise. Trust me, this mocking lad never had the packet."

"I could almost think so, else he would have been glad to have grasped my gold and taken my proffers; or, had I failed with him, Barbara would of a surety have cozened him out of it. I care not to be duped in a deep game when I play it with men, but to be outwitted by a brainless boy—pah! it maddens me!"

"What move next?"

"Whip me this lad home to his dunghill with the lash! drive him to his hut and his grandame with the rod! for I am aweary of his neighbourhood! He is a very thorn in my side!"

"I see not how the dolt may be thus driven. He hath a marvellous tendency to a will of his own."

"He is moneyless—that I am well certified of. But the shameless knave will soon bring me to discredit here. Why, he will be standing, beaver in hand, to beg alms of the passers by, and mine enemies here at court will rejoice them to have it to say that they threw the largess of a farthing to Master Nicolas Langelande's nearest of kith and kin."

"Shall I trounce him? Shall I cast him into the river? it floweth commodiously enough."

"Thou hast bungled!" replied Master Nicolas, angrily, "else had I not been in this straight; and now thou leavest me to get out of it as I may."

"If you be in the mire, 'tis your own groping that got you there,"

said Master Nicolas's visitor, sullenly. "An you will dabble in the mud, you must expect to be splashed."

"Dost thou turn against me too?—thou—evildoer as thou art!"

"Journeyman evildoer—your journeyman, to do the dirty work of your inventions!"

"Down, dog!" exclaimed Master Nicolas Langelande, his lips foaming with passion. "Dost think to lord it over me?"

"An I be a dog, I can bite as well as snarl!" exclaimed the stiff stranger. "Howbeit, I know thou wilt humble thyself to me anon, and coax the dog back again to thy service, for thou knowest right well it were dangerous to goad him on too far, lest he were to get maddened and turn on thee—ay, thou knowest of a surety that thou darest not to let me leave thee long in this spleen. And now I tell thee, that I will not be cozened back again to peace with thee under the price of twenty golden pieces. Twenty golden pieces, else I have a tongue in my head, and thou mayest riddle me how I will use it. So see that thou sendest me twenty golden pieces before sunset—ay, an hour before sunset."

And so saying, the stiff stranger stamped fiercely and doggedly out of the room, clapping the heavy oaken door after him with a sound that reverberated through the regal dwelling with a violence almost sufficient to reach the ears of its royal occupant, leaving Master Nicolas writhing and foaming with a passion which he dared not indulge, and could not restrain.

The morning was still further advanced—the whole court was in a stir—men were hurrying hither and thither—beefeaters in their red, their ruffs, and their ribbons, were perambulating about—the king's equerries were in motion—horses were prancing, and champing, and neighing—the shrill note of the fife, and the rolling beat of the drum, agitated the air—a long train of servitors lined the descent of the grand staircase and the portal leading out into the cloistered quadrangle—groups of people, clustered here and there into little knots, were straining their eyes—all was bright, gay, on a quiver, in a tittillation—King James was going out to ride.

Some gave over laughing, others gave over listening—first a hush, then a slight acclamation—King James's foot was in the stirrup. The master of the horse, lords in waiting, the equerries, the grooms of the chambers, the various officers of the household, were all clustered round—and Master Nicolas Langelande too was there.

Suddenly Master Nicolas felt a twitch at his sleeve—he turned round—it was his journeyman sinner of the morning.

"*What now? What here?*" asked Master Nicolas in whispered vehemence.

"Look!—see!—behold thy hopeful nephew, in the direction of my finger, about to throw himself at the king's feet. I wish thee joy."

"Ha! Confusion! destruction! ruin! Look at the tatterdemalion! What disgrace to be coupled with him—and before all these

sneering popinjays! Besides, the tale that he will tell! Wilt thou not aid me?—save me?"

"Dog that I be!"

"Nay, nay—*friend!*"

"And the golden pieces?"

"Thou shalt have them of a surety, only save me!"

"Thou wilt not haggle?"

"Surely not! Waste not the precious time! Haste thee! haste thee!"

"Thy *friend* chooseth not a gainly place nor a fitting time to seize thine ear," said King James's confidential lord to Master Nicolas. "The king all but waiteth."

"My *servant*, my good lord," replied Master Nicolas; "but my humble duty waiteth on his majesty."

"Nay, then, mine ears are faithless servants, for I even thought I heard thee call the knave thy friend. But what bootless matters! Thou art ready to fall into thy place. Do I not know the full extent of thy faithfulness, Master Nicolas Langelande?"

Master Nicolas Langelande winced.

King James's hand grasped his bridle-rein. A sort of heavy, anxious abstraction seemed to hang over the brow and bearing of the sovereign. Every eye was on him, but his seemed bent on vacancy. The courtly group waited for the signal to proceed. Master Nicolas's intensely eager eye watched the permissive gesture to urge on, but the king gazed for a moment or two on vacancy. Heavy thoughts and dark anticipations hung gloom-like over him. A kingdom rent away, a people in rebellion, a church desecrated, and, more than probable, an axe and the block for his own head, or, at best, sad and doleful exile—these were the sombre anticipations that rested on the spirit of the monarch, and these were all connected with the fate of that packet which our young rustic had still in his possession, in which the sovereign had more than compromised himself. No wonder, then, that the spirit of King James was all heavy within him.

A slight noise roused the monarch from his abstraction. He looked to the point from whence it proceeded. There was a scuffle—blows—blows in the purlieus of the palace—blows in the actual presence of the king. A general agitation ran through the crowd; the courtiers closed around the royal presence, to guard the sacred person; Master Nicolas Langelande was most zealous of all in ordering the people nearest to the culprit to hasten his immediate removal. "Take the villain hence! Away with him! Hence away with him!"

"Little are we counted on, little is our presence heeded, when brawlers dare thus to disturb the very abode of their sovereign!" sternly exclaimed the king, his previous discomfiture finding vent in his anger at the insult thus offered to his presence.

"He hath broken privilege!" exclaimed Master Nicolas. "Of a surety it will go hardly with him. Good fellows, hence with him—away!"

Four strong giant-like men laid their heavy grasp upon poor Godfrey Langelande—for it was no less a personage than our hero

who was now making this very formidable commotion in the royal presence. But our young rustic, not at all liking their handling, cuffed, and kicked, and rebelled most outrageously.

"Villains!" he exclaimed, "I will have speech of the king! Way-side robbers and bed-side thieves, I know ye all! Master False Lips, I will assuredly give thee this knock on the head for old acquaintance sake! Take that! and that! and that! I will fight my way unto the king! I *will* have speech of the king!"

"I beseech your majesty, enter again the palace. Your sacred life is not secure from this assassin! I beseech your majesty to dismount and enter!" said Master Nicolas Langelande, with almost breathless earnestness.

"Thy zeal overrateth the danger," said the king, with calm sternness. "If treason walketh abroad, we will meet it face to face."

Master Nicolas wrung his hands in agony.

"Treason! treason!" he passionately exclaimed. "Tardy that ye are, why do ye not force away the traitor from his nearness to the king? His sacred life is in danger! Away with the traitor!—away with him!"

"I will have speech of the king!" once more loudly vociferated Godfrey, still struggling most vehemently in the grasp of his assailants.

"In sooth we have here a lion's cub," said King James's confidential lord, "and a most rampageous and roaring one too."

"This outrage in our presence!" said King James.

"Broken privilege! punishable with death, or mayhap the right hand stricken off," said Master Nicolas.

"I claim speech of the king!" shouted our rustic from amidst the din of the hubbub—"I claim speech of the king!"

"Sire," whispered the aforesaid lord, "may there not be matter here worthy of observance? Doth your grace not think there may be somewhat worthy of note?"

"Master Nicolas Langelande," said King James, "we think it well ourselves to investigate this matter. See thou if this madman's frenzy be so far abated that he may be admitted to our presence. If it be so, bring him before us; if not, let the guard at once overpower him, and keep him in safe custody until it be our pleasure to make further observation of him."

Master Nicolas was at once admitted through the crowd to do the king's behest. With white and livid lips he approached Godfrey. At his sight there was a momentary cessation of hostilities. Master Nicolas took advantage of the pause to whisper a few words to the young rustic.

"Hearken, boy! madman, hearken! Thou hast broken privilege. Thy life is in danger! They will hang thee! draw thee! quarter thee! or, at best, chop off thy right hand! But I still pity thee! Go hence with these men! they mean thee well! they are thy friends! Go hence, and they will have a care of thy safety; and I will give thee gold—ay, gold, and new apparel, for I still have a care for thee, being, as thou art, my own brother's son—bright gold and dainty raiment; thou shalt have both, only hence away, for they will

else slaughter thee, and I cannot abide it, seeing thou art of kin to me. Softly now, good youth, and hence quietly away!"

"Thou have a care for me! Ay, such care as the wolf hath for the lamb. I know I am in the hands of thy Philistines, and see how they have rent my garments and bruised my limbs. But I warrant me I have given them cuff for cuff, and will do so whilst I can wag an arm. I tell thee now, as I told thee before, that I will have speech of the king; and for thee, I have told thee before that I disown thee, and will take nought at thy hands!"

"Men-at-arms, aid these good fellows in the seizure!" exclaimed Master Nicolas Langelande; and accordingly, at the word, as many hands as poor Godfrey's body could accommodate with a grasp immediately pounced upon him, his mouth was muffled, and his captors, kindly relieving him from the trouble of his own weight, proceeded to carry him away.

"May it please your majesty," said Master Nicolas, "the youth is of a certainty either mad or a most outrageous traitor; and his frenzy being also of such a sort as must needs make it highly dangerous for him to approach your majesty's sacred person, I have, according to your grace's behest, ordered him into safe custody until his passion subside."

"Be it so; this shall be looked to at a fitting season," replied the king. "We have tarried long enough—on."

Then was the stir and the bustle of the onward note. As the king rode forward, Godfrey was carried past the gay cortège. His outstretched hands were distended above his head. King James's confidential lord caught a glimpse of the open palm. He changed colour, for even courtiers can change their hue sometimes. A little signet ring that Godfrey wore arrested his attention. It had slipped round upon his finger, so that the shield was within his hand, and the plain circle without. Something connected with the ring evidently arrested that noble lord's attention.

"Halt!" exclaimed the courtier, and Godfrey's kind conductors did accordingly halt.

"Unhand and set him on his feet," said the noble; and it was done.

"I am acting towards thee as though thou wert a reasonable man," said the courtier, "therefore no violence."

"I am gentle as a lamb," said Godfrey. "I was ever one of the quietest and meekest of living creatures. Indeed, I often find that I have too much of the dove within me. It is a fault, and I must mend it."

"Thou hast proved thyself wonderfully lamb-like and dove-like: in sooth, thy whole guise is that of a most gentle and tractable being."

Godfrey looked down upon himself. His clothes were rent and torn—his doublet hung in rags—his beaver was gone—his face was flushed with recent passion—and, in fact, gentleness did not seem at all the bent of his genius.

"I be not quite a saint," said Godfrey, apologetically, "and such villany would madden any man who had none other than an honest purpose!"

"And what was thy purpose?"

"I did but seek speech of the king, and they sought to drive me away."

"Dost thou wear a love-gift on thy finger?"

"Nay, I was bidden to send this to the king."

"Enough. I will present it for thee."

Godfrey took from his finger the token that was to gain him admission to the kingly presence, and the courtier immediately, though covertly, presented it to the sovereign. Flashes of agitation broke over the face of the monarch as he received the token, and the tremor of concealed fearfulness shook his limbs as he sat upon his steed.

"We have thought better," said the king, as he turned his horse's head, and retraced his way across the quadrangle. "We will ourselves investigate this matter at once, and not delay the inquiry. The youth is now calm and peaceful in deportment."

"Sire, sire! pardon my zeal for your safety, but of a surety your majesty will not be closeted with a traitor! He may lift his sacrilegious hand against the life of our anointed king."

The king frowned darkly as he passed Master Nicolas Langelande, gave him no farther answer, but took his way, attended by his court up the grand staircase which he had so lately descended, followed by Godfrey and his favourite lord, who was particularly careful not to lose sight of our hero until he had passed through the ranks of the whole train of courtiers, and Godfrey, leaving them all behind, stood alone with his guide in the presence that he had so long coveted to enter, namely, before the Majesty of England.

The courtier closed the oaken door of the king's closet, which separated it from the audience chamber, and shut out the gaze of the glittering group who were gathering there full of eager curiosity. He likewise drew the tapestry over the door, so that neither eye nor ear could penetrate into the secrecies that might be perpetrated therein.

King James threw himself into his canopied chair, unable at the moment to preserve the kingly dignity of calm quietude. A slight convulsion of the muscles, a tremor of the limbs, a quivering of the lip, proved that the monarch was not independent of his fears. But it passed away: the king suppressed his agitation, assumed the bearing of the monarch, and turned his eyes upon our rustic.

Poor Godfrey's long-coveted presentation to the king was at last accomplished: he stood before him, but in such a guise! his hair dishevelled, his garments riven, his face flushed and bruised, and his whole person and apparel in the saddest bewilderment imaginable.

"Thou art in the presence of thy sovereign," said the courtier.

"I cry your mercy!" exclaimed Godfrey. "If the fashion of my comportment be not conformable to the court ways, I pray of your grace to set it down to the maltreatment I have met with from villanous hands, which hath somewhat complicated my faculties, rather than to aught in my intention;" and thereupon poor Godfrey plumped himself down upon his knees before the king, and added, "I pray you majesty's grace to believe that I be a true man, and have a right loyal heart beating in my bosom."

"What meaneth this token?" asked the king impatiently, as he held up the little circle to Godfrey's gaze.

"He who gave it avouched that it would gain me access to your grace, but when I came to present it the villanous knaves who have thus maltreated me would have driven me away like a beaten hound, an I would have crouched and turned, though I declared the while that I wanted nought but speech of the king."

"Thou hast it—use it discreetly," said the courtier.

"They have badgered, and beaten, and bruised me."

"Forget thine own personalities. What boots it to the king that a hind is beaten?"

"I be no hind," replied Godfrey with a flushed face; "and if I were, a beaten hind may feel as much pain of body as a beaten lord—both be alike the king's subjects, and both under his care, as the pastor Muttlebury saith."

"Thou hast right on thy side," said the king; "our fatherly care encircleth all our children, and therefore are we grieved for thy misadventure. But now, if thou art really here on any accredited mission, speak out, and without further parleying. It boots neither with our time nor temper to wait on thy delaying."

"The king said that I was right against this silken lord!" exclaimed Godfrey to himself. "The king said that I was right! what will they say at home to this!"

"Declare thy purpose," said the courtier. "Trifle not with his majesty."

"Thou needest not to teach me," replied Godfrey. "I am hastening straight on with mine errand. The matter is atween me and his grace. Come not thou in the way. May it please your grace," continued our rustic, addressing himself to the king, "some ten days agone I set out to court to seek my fortune, thinking that truth and honesty might be thought of some worth where your majesty did abide, and having an uncle—that is to say, a brother of my father's—in your majesty's court—but let that pass—and on my way I fell in with an adventure. There were two travellers at a way-side inn—the one an honest man, the other a rogue—howbeit I knew not then which was the knave and which the true; but I know now, and the true man, when he was sore waylaid and beset by the other rogue, and his vagabonds, gave into my keeping a packet——"

"A packet!" exclaimed the king.

"Be it safe!" exclaimed the courtier.

"Which I avouched my word that I would faithfully present unto your majesty's grace. I knew not then what perils, and temptations, and obstructions I should meet with on the way—howsomever, after many a hard battle and peril, I dutifully and humbly beg to place it in your majesty's grace's hands, and that you will be pleased to certify that I have honestly done so."

And thereupon Godfrey drew from his innermost vest a something wrapped in a kerchief, and having unfolded it, presented it once more on his knees to the king.

A flash of such joy as the condemned wretch feels at sound of respite, when the very hand of the executioner is upon him, danced

joyously across the face of King James as he eagerly grasped the packet. It would have made a pretty picture that closet scene at Hampton Court—the chamber, the tapestry, the canopied chair, the kingly occupant, as he leant back with that sort of gasp with which a man may be supposed to inhale the first breath of reprieved life, the eager gaze of the courtier rejoicing in his master's safety, yet looking with a sort of good-natured scorn upon our hero, who, squabbed down upon his knees before the king, gazed upwards in his face, his large eyes open to their fullest extent, his lips parted, his face flushed, and with his tattered dress, and his embrocation of countryfication, looking like nothing but the odd mixture of his own individuality and personality—altogether, we say it would have made a pretty picture that kingly closet and its occupants.

"A good youth! a brave youth! an honest youth!" exclaimed the king, after a moment or two of rejoicing silence.

"Thou hast done well and wisely, notwithstanding thy—thy—thy youth," said the courtier.

"And now thou shalt recount to us the adventures and misadventures of which thou hast spoken," said the king. "We would know all that hath befallen thee relating to this packet, and more fully how it came into thy possession."

So, with this permission, Godfrey set out at once with the whole history of his adventures, and the king and the courtier listened. His majesty had not been in more sunshiny temper for many a long day, and he hearkened patiently, sometimes smiling, and sometimes frowning, as the case might be. As for Godfrey, his exultation was so inflating that there was positive danger that he might rise, and float away on his own buoyancy. Our readers may have found out that he was somewhat of a gossip, and then for a gossip to have such an audience, the pleasure was perfect intoxication.

But at length the monarch signed his dismissal, and Godfrey was consigned to the care of royal attendants, and dined that day at the king's cost.

"And now what thinkest thou of that traitorous Master Nicolas Langelande?" asked the king of the courtier.

"That he should have had the cuffs bestowed so unworthily upon his nephew—in sooth, that they should stand in each other's shoon."

"We have been thinking that it would be but common justice to degrade the knave and instal the youth. What sayest thou?"

"I fear me," said the courtier, "that the youth is in some sort framed better for the country than the court, notwithstanding that he deemeth so stoutly for the contrary."

"His honesty may be somewhat over rigid and homespun," said the king. He remembered some slaps at popery that Godfrey had laid about him in his narrative.

"The texture of his make is, in good truth, somewhat too coarse for courtly wear," replied the courtier, who remembered too some rough hits that had not altogether been spent in beating the air.

"And yet he is an honest youth, and has done us right leil good service. He may have saved a kingdom from rebellion, and a king's head from the block!"

"Ay, and doth not your grace think that if only to humble that traitor uncle of his, the youth ought to receive somewhat—ought to be cared for?"

"The knave hath wearied us with supplications to be made deputy ranger of our Royal Hampshire Forests."

"That, your majesty, would be a royal guerdon for this honest untaught loon, and would justly spite Master Nicolas too."

"And for the sake both of one and the other he shall have it!" exclaimed King James.

Right brightly shone the sun, right joyously sang the birds, right sweetly breathed, and right brightly flushed the flowers at Godfrey Langelande's native village. The dame Kimbolton was sitting at her wheel, and the pastor Muttlebury, comforting and exhorting her not to be over anxious, was at her elbow. Esther and Mabel were whispering love secrets together, and the children were all playing around, when the sound of horses' hoofs came on more and more distinctly on the village road. To see a traveller was an event, and the whole of our party hastened to the entrance of the old red-brick house. A gaily-dressed gallant drew up to the door, followed by some attendants. He threw his bridle rein from him, leaped from his saddle, paused a moment whom he should first embrace, and looked as if he would fain begin with pretty Esther Muttlebury, but resisting the temptation, threw his arms round ancient Dame Kimbolton's neck, and then repeated the ceremony all around. The stranger was, however, no stranger at all, but only the New Deputy Ranger of the Royal Forests of Hampshire—our Rustic who had been to Court.

DEPARTURE OF THE SWALLOWS.

THAT I had wings (the sacred minstrel sung)
Like to a dove, that I might flee away
And be at rest! Poor visitant of May,
What rest have ye? Full fondly have you clung
To this our changeful clime, and woo'd too long
Th' uncertain sunbeams of a northern day:
You have *no* rest. His cold and stern decay
Gray Winter on your march has early flung.
And sadly swift his path, for ye must speed,
Reluctant though ye be, to brighter lands
Where summer reigns eternal and serene.
Farewell! light heralds of the flowery mead
And waving wood; farewell! ye fleet-winged bands;
And O! return full soon, for welcome ye have been!

Queen's, Oxford. W. T.

WEDDING CLOTHES.

(FOUNDED ON FACTS.)

BY MRS. ABDY.

WEDDING clothes!—how many sweet and tender associations are connected with that subject! I am not speaking of them as a matter of fashion and millinery; it is immaterial to me whether they are manufactured by a high priestess of *ton* in St. James's, or by the humble mantua-maker of a country village. I regard them both as an ornamental and necessary part of marriage preparations. The gentle and trusting girl quits the home of her youth to form new ties, to enter on new scenes, and to engage in new duties; she stands at the altar the pride of the bridegroom about to claim her, the joy of the circle about to resign her—should she, on such an occasion, be arrayed in aught but bright and delicate attire?

I have known some ladies who have gloried in violating the customs and discarding the formalities of their grandmothers, have filled their trunks for a honeymoon excursion with the crumpled silks and faded muslins of the preceding season, and have set at nought all poetical attempts to celebrate them as interesting brides, by shining forth on the sight of the expectant bridegroom arrayed in gingham instead of satin, and concealing their blushes, not behind a Brussels lace veil, but beneath a coarse straw bonnet.

I do not admire these modern innovations; if we are too fond of removing occasional bricks from our edifices, we may in time shake the firmness of the walls; let wedding clothes be once generally despised, and the wedding ring will soon be voted an unmeaning form, and, as a fitting conclusion, the heartless mockery of the registration office will be considered a more simple and straightforward way of parting with our liberty than the beautiful and sublime service of our own beloved and revered church. I am willing to allow that much worldliness is often connected with the purchase of wedding clothes. There is the reluctant papa to be coaxed out of the necessary one, two, or three hundreds, with assurances that "nobody ever thought of giving less;" there is the penurious aunt or godmother to be railed at for the unexpected scantiness of her gift; there are painful reminiscences of particular friends, whose nuptial wardrobes have been much superior; and there are pangs of regret at looking round Howell and James's, and reflecting how small a portion of the treasures there displayed even an ample allowance for marriage finery will enable the longing bride elect to carry away.

These, nevertheless, are but occasional spots on the brightness of the picture; wedding clothes are usually bought and worn in a pure and holy frame of mind. I do not, however, wish to arrogate any praise to my sex that may possibly be disputed. I will therefore content myself with relating two anecdotes associated with wedding clothes, and if the scoffer at the constancy of woman smile at the first,

I will readily forgive him for doing so, provided he promise me to spare a sigh to the last.

I was once in company with a widow, whose love of dress was clearly evinced by the exceeding laxity and liberality with which she wore her weeds;—white blonde did duty for white muslin, black crape was gathered and festooned out of all its simple and severe dignity, brilliant hoop rings surmounted the wedding one, and a gold chain round the neck offered a most unfitting emblem of the chain severed by death. The subject of wedding clothes was introduced—a young lady in the company had just been ordering hers of almost Moravian plainness.

"Mine," said the gay widow, "were very ornamental; my lover was remarkably fond of flowers, and my embroidered dresses, and profusion of wreaths and bouquets, might have suited the Flora of a fancy ball."

"Did the gentleman continue his love for flowers?" asked a benevolent old lady, kindly anxious to find an excuse for the white roses that ornamented the blonde cap of the widow.

"I do not know, I am sure," she replied; "after my wedding clothes were provided, and every arrangement completed, our marriage, unfortunately, went off about settlements."

There was a general buz of condolence among her hearers, but I did not attend to the observations that followed. I was absorbed in reflection on the phrase, "Our marriage went off about settlements." How frequently is this said, how little is it thought of, and yet how awful is the consideration, that the happiness of two human beings, fondly attached to each other, and encouraged in their progressive attachment by those near and dear to them, should be suddenly, cruelly, and irreparably blighted, because they, or their friends, or their legal advisers, cannot agree about the exact "provisoes" and "whereases" which are to occupy a few inches of parchment! I was aroused from my train of thought by an observation addressed to the widow by a forward little girl of fourteen.

"Did it not make you very low-spirited to put on the flowers and ornaments as a single woman, which you had expected to have worn as a bride?"

"It would have done so, my dear," replied the widow, "but matters fell out very fortunately for me. A friend invited me to pass a few weeks with her, to change the scene; I met with a gentleman at her house who made proposals to me, and as he offered the settlements required by my friends, there was no reason to postpone the match; on the contrary, as my clothes might get old-fashioned, there was every reason to accelerate it. I was married just three months after my first engagement was broken off, and the clothes answered the purpose quite as well as if they had been bought for the occasion."

I cannot express how I recoiled from her. One of the heroines of the gingham gown and straw bonnet, to whom I have formerly alluded, would have been welcome to me in the comparison. How much useless pity had I wasted on this woman's blighted hopes and wounded feelings! She only thought of the fashion of her dresses; she valued her new admirer, not because he supplied the void in her aching heart,

but because he rendered her newly-purchased finery available, and she transferred to him all the affection and constancy which she had vowed to her former lover, just as easily as she made over to him the blooming garlands and bouquets selected for her use by the aforesaid amateur of gay tints, whose "language of flowers" was so abruptly and effectually silenced by the stern realities of the lawyer's parchment documents.

My next story is of a different description.

Amabel Stanmore accepted the addresses of the talented and fashionable Delwin; the thorny path of settlements was trod by them and their friends unscathed; she ordered her wedding clothes, simple, elegant, and becoming, and took delight in the thought that, when she first wore them, she should enjoy the constant society of him whom she had chosen from the rest of the world as "her protector, her guardian, her guide." The white satin dress, the delicate lace veil, and the wreath of orange flowers were carefully deposited on a shelf of her wardrobe; the lavender silk travelling-dress and white cottage bonnet had also their appropriate places, the modest set of turquoises reposed on satin in their morocco casket, and beside them lay the faithful and exquisitely-finished portrait of her dear and affianced lover. A few days only were to elapse before the celebration of the marriage; the lovers were in a company of young and gay persons, the spirits of Delwin were exhilarated, and he spoke in a manner strange, and sad as strange, to the ears of his affianced bride. Alas! she had not till now seen him in his real character. Delwin was a freethinker; he was not contented, like some of his thoughtless acquaintance, with neglecting religion, but he despised it; he did not allow the Scriptures to remain unheeded and unexamined, but he studied them to cavil at, and to pervert them, realizing too well the forcible lines of Sir Walter Scott,

> "Better had they ne'er been born
> Who read to doubt, or read to scorn."

Instead of admiring and valuing the piety of his intended bride, he regarded it as a drawback to her beauty and talent—a folly which must be humoured for a time, but which at a future day must be compelled to yield to ridicule or argument.

On the day succeeding the party of pleasure, which had been so truly and literally one of pain to Amabel, she received the usual visit of Delwin with a sad countenance; she asked him if the sentiments that he professed were the result of serious reflection, or the ebullition of hasty and momentary rashness. Delwin had courage to decry his God, and to deny his Saviour, but he had not courage to tell a deliberate falsehood to a fellow-creature; he revealed to Amabel the whole system of cold and barren scepticism which had for some years actuated his conduct, and governed his thoughts. Too much shocked to enter into any controversy with him, she requested him to leave her for the present, and the next day she addressed a long letter to him. She did not attempt to touch upon abstruse doctrines, but in simple words she set forth to him the need of man for a Saviour, the blessing of having attained one, and the sin of disregarding such

a blessing. She implored him to converse with the good and wise, to read the works of the holy men of past and present times, and to strive and pray for deliverance from the clouds of dark and gloomy unbelief which overshadowed his mind. One of Delwin's gay companions was with him when he received this letter, and he drew to him so vivid and graphic a sketch of the horrors of an evangelical wife in a brown gown and muslin cap, a table covered with Missionary reports, and a piano awakened to nothing but hymn tunes, that Delwin returned a cold, short, and somewhat sneering reply to Amabel's energetic appeal.

"He was willing." he said, "that she should retain her own religious opinions, and he expected to be allowed the same liberty; if she dreaded contamination of her principles in an union with him, that union had better never take place."

Amabel sat long with this brief unfeeling note in her hand; mechanically she repeated over and over the last words, "that union had better never take place;" she prayed to be directed, and the result of her prayer was, that she received strength to write to Delwin, accepting his permission to break off her engagement with him. Happy was it for Amabel that her own conscience approved her, for she met with no commendation from any quarter; her friends blamed her—Delwin was what calculating people term "an excellent match" —the world blamed her, they thought "she had treated the poor young man very ill"—Delwin blamed her, "she ought not to have professed affection for him, her conduct proved plainly that she had never loved him." Never loved him! Poor Amabel! none but her God and herself knew the fearful struggles that had taken place in her heart long after her resignation of him, and the strong temptation under which she laboured to summon him again to her presence, and to unite her fate with his, in the vague and distant hope of his future reformation. But Amabel was a Christian; she knew that she must not do evil that good might come of it; she prayed to be delivered from the temptations that beset her, and her prayer was answered. She was not able to shun Delwin, for her friends moved in the same circles that he frequented, but she was able to resist the fascinations of a manner which displayed to her all, and more than all of its former softness; for Delwin's vanity was piqued by her desertion, and he was anxious to prove that her wisdom and her piety were insufficient to support her in the difficult task that she had undertaken, of schooling her inclinations, and subduing her affections. Amabel's broken engagement might have furnished a country village with materials for discussion for months; but in London it was merely a nine days' wonder. A second nine days' wonder, however, ensued in the continued invisibility of Amabel's wedding clothes. The most scrutinizing observer among the most particular friends could not recognize one of the dresses or scarfs that she had displayed to them with so much artless exultation when she had arranged them in readiness for her wedding; the picture of Delwin was of course returned to him, but "where," thought her young companions, "are the turquoises, the blonde veil, the white satin dress?" and "echo

answered where!" Time passed on—Amabel bought other dresses, other bonnets—it was not the character of Amabel to be extravagant, but who had ever yet dreamed of giving money for new clothes when they already possessed a wardrobe stocked with fashionable apparel in its first unblemished purity!

At length a thrifty old maid suggested that Miss Stanmore had probably prevailed on the milliner to take the *trousseau* back at a reduced price, and actually volunteered to ask the question of the lady of silk and tiffany herself. Madame la Fleur was shocked and astonished. "No lady would have thought of making such a request of her—the rumour, if uncontradicted, might be seriously injurious to her establishment." The inquisitive spinster, who, like Withrington, in the ballad of Chevy Chace, was ready to fight upon her stumps when her legs were smitten off, next addressed the inquiry to Miss Stanmore. Amabel replied that the subject was a painful one, and that she must request her never again to introduce it.

Several years elapsed—piercing and curious eyes investigated every article of Amabel's dress, but they could not recognise so much as a ribbon of the missing *trousseau*, and in process of time the inquiry, like that of the authorship of the letters of Junius, was suffered to die a natural death. Amabel had many offers of marriage, she refused them all; in the course of time the uncle and aunt, with whom she resided, died, bequeathing to her a handsome fortune, and she took advantage of the opportunity of gratifying her taste for retirement and the country, by fixing her abode in Devonshire, where she had a married brother settled.

Many years passed, Amabel no longer Miss, but Mrs. Stanmore, was on the verge of fifty; happy in herself, beloved by all who knew her, the kind monitress of the young, and the liberal benefactress of the poor. Delwin still haunted the scenes of London gaiety in which he had been so long a feverish actor, but he found "no music in the song, no smartness in the jest;" his constitution was ruined by excess, his temper soured by disappointment; he had outlived the friends of his youth, and was little sought after or valued by his present circle of light and indifferent associates; he had nothing to attach him to the present world; he was without a cheering thought or hope connected with the world to come.

Amabel was seized with fatal illness—she had caught a fever in one of her visits of charity, and her death ensued in the course of a few days:—her last hours were consistent with all that had preceded them, resigned, pious, and peaceful. Her will was opened—she had survived her brother, his wife, and two of their three children, and after divers charitable legacies, she bequeathed the bulk of her property to their remaining child, a young married woman, who came from Scotland, where she resided with her husband, to take possession of the furniture, books, &c., which constituted a part of her legacy. It was several years since Mrs. Cameron had seen her aunt; she asked various questions of Lewson, the faithful housekeeper, who had for twenty years lived in her service, and was gratified and delighted with the account of the many excellencies of her deceased relative.

Opening, one day, a closet adjoining her aunt's sleeping room, she

perceived a large chest; she asked Lewson if she knew what it contained. Lewson was quite unequal to give her any information on the subject; she said that it had often been a cause of curiosity to her, for that on one occasion when she ventured to suggest to her mistress, that as it was never wanted, it would prove a useful gift to one of her poor pensioners, she burst into tears, declared that it was most dear to her, and that she desired never again to hear any allusion to the subject. Mrs. Cameron was perplexed how to act; she felt that there was somewhat of irreverence in thus violating the private stores of the dead, but the chest, in common with the other property in the house, was her own, and she was naturally anxious to penetrate the mystery of its contents. She thought of the iron chest in Caleb Williams, and of the box belonging to Abudah the merchant, in the Tales of the Genii, out of which a diminutive hag nightly issued; it appeared strange that one so simple and open in all her dealings as Mrs. Stanmore, should have any secret depository of treasure, and the size of the chest was so large, that it was out of the question to suppose it to be the receptacle of letters, or even of deeds and papers. Fearing the raillery of her husband, who was absent for the day, she conquered her irresolution, sent for a locksmith, and when he had completed his business, dismissed him from the room, closed the door, and found herself alone with the object of her curiosity. "Slowly and sadly," she lifted the heavy lid, almost apprehensive that one of the automatons of Merlin or Maillardet might arise and clasp her; but the contents of the chest were simple and harmless; it was filled with garments, mildewed, decayed, and moth-eaten, and at the top lay a small casket enclosing a set of turquoise.

Mrs. Cameron was at no loss to understand the meaning of what she saw; she had heard from her father the story of the disappearance of Amabel's wedding clothes, and it was now evident that her aunt, notwithstanding the glorious victory which principle had gained over passion in her heart, had still clung so fondly to the image of her lover, that she could not bear the idea that other eyes should ever rest on the attire, which she had once fondly hoped would have been worn by her in the house of her beloved and loving husband. Mrs. Cameron knew Delwin by name and character, and she could not help weeping to think that the freshness and brightness of existence of a being like Amabel Stanmore, formed to constitute the happiness of the most excellent of men, should thus have been sacrificed to the memory of so unworthy a one.

It was a touching sight to behold the young, blooming, and happy matron kneeling by the heavy chest, and dropping warm and rapid tears over the wedding clothes of one who was as formed for domestic bliss as herself, but whose lot in life had been so widely different.

Soon, however, she dried her tears—she remembered that although Amabel had, with the lingering tenderness of a fond devoted woman, treasured up these mouldering garments, she had not suffered her thoughts to be engrossed by the regrets associated with them, but had placed her hopes and wishes on that blessed land, "where neither rust nor moth doth corrupt." She had not confined herself to weep-

ing over the recollection of her lover; she had daily and fervently prayed for him, and her niece, as she reverently replaced the garments, and closed the chest, could not help indulging a hope that the prayer of the righteous might yet be found to "avail much," and that even at the eleventh hour the unhappy Delwin might be brought to acknowledge the mercy, and trust in the intercession, of his Saviour, and be united in the kingdom of heaven to the affianced bride, from whom his wilful and hardened impiety had divided him on earth.

TIME.

"Ultima semper
Expectander dies homini dicique beatus
Ante obitum nemo supremaque funera debet."

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

THROUGH the dim vista of receding years
The memories of longpast hopes and fears
Sweeps o'er the mind, like music's dying strain,
And in the past we seem to live again.
How oft, alas! is such reflection fraught
With disappointment and embittered thought!
On life's broad ocean when man first sets sail,
With swelling heart he courts the favouring gale;
Joy speeds his course, and all around is bright,
He recks not, knows not of the coming night.
Too soon he finds the glittering vision fade,
And what seemed bliss an unsubstantial shade;
Tie after tie is broke as Time rolls on,
And on the barren waste he stands alone.
At length, borne down by care, and bowed by grief,
He turns to Heaven, though late, to seek relief:
The clouds disperse, the veil is rent away,
And on his sight bursts Hope's celestial ray;
His soul no longer to despair is hurled,
He sees a better and a brighter world.
The struggle's o'er, the weary task is done,
His bark has reached the shore, his race is run,
Like a tir'd infant on its mother's breast,
He sinks into the grave in peaceful rest.

London, June, 1842. THES. D'OYLY.

SPAGNOLETTO'S DAUGHTER.

BY NEWTON IVORY LUCAS.

THROUGH the effectual intervention of some Spanish hirelings under the command of Don Juan of Austria, a natural son of Philip IV., who had lately arrived in Naples, a renewal of the disturbances originating with, or caused by the insurrection of Masaniello, had been suppressed, and the inhabitants of the metropolis were just beginning to breathe more freely than they had for some time previous been permitted. The approach of the carnival, that season of mirth and frolic, had contributed to re-establish the wonted state of hilarity, and to bring back matters *in statu quo*, or rather, as if determined to make amends for lost time, the Neapolitans upon their happy festival seemed resolved to surpass all past feats of fun, mirth, and unbounded hilarity. Political motives, rather than any spirit of generosity, had induced the government to take so active a part in the ceremony. On the Largo de Castello, where, but so short a time before streams of human blood had flown, an artificial fountain was now arranged, from which the richest wines gushed in abundance, to the unspeakable delight of the assembled Lazaroni. Nor was the viceroy contented with this act of munificence alone. The carnival was to be terminated with the so called Cocagna. This was considered as affording one of the greatest, nay, the greatest pleasure, and nothing else had been spoken of for several days beforehand. A species of wooden amphitheatre was erected, on the arena of which a considerable quantity of beasts—living and slaughtered—such as swine, sheep, goats, geese, chickens and capons—were distributed, mixed with immense heaps of bread, cakes, and fruits of every description. Gods and goddesses, splendidly but somewhat ludicrously decked out, sat on thrones near each heap. Pan presided over the live stock and slaughtered animals, Ceres over the cakes, Pomona over the fruit; and these, upon the given signal, were to distribute the delicacies amongst the impatient crowd. Generally speaking, however, the good people were, for the most part, too impatient to wait for such divine distribution. The Lazaroni are a hungry class of people, and when there is an opportunity to take, they seldom wait for permission. Well knowing that the greater the number of receivers, the smaller the portion which must necessarily fall to each, they generally pretended the signal had already been given, and precipitated themselves *en masse* upon the delicacies spread so temptingly before them. It was in vain that the soldiers, endeavoured to restrain them; they were too weak to arrest the impetuosity of hungry Lazaroni, and each fought his way as well as he could, and possessed himself of a pig, or a goose, or a sheep, as his fortune might be; the weaker party were obliged to content themselves with chickens or bread, and as there was not always a sufficiency of these articles to satisfy the demands of all, the interesting ceremony was not unfrequently terminated by a pretty

general exchange of blows and kicks, in which most amusing display of manual and pedestral strength, the gods and goddesses were general ejected from their thrones, and being for the most part the weakest, fared the worst, *malgre* their divinity. Thus it had been with the Cocagna to which we have alluded. The Lazaroni got the sheep, pigs, and other eatables, and the divinities the kicks and blows. Matters were in this state of agreeable confusion and general contention, when a set of the more noisy and uproarious multitude verged off from the field of action, attracted by the appearance of a colossal vehicle drawn by four oxen, upon which a richly decorated proscenium was displayed to the curious and wondering eye of the beholder. A group of masks was upon the vehicle amusing themselves and the spectators with feats of dexterity and fun. Amongst the rest, the Coviello—one of the seven Italian masks and representative of the inhabitants of Calabria—was the most conspicuous. His black velvet doublet and pantaloons were decorated with silver buttons and rich embroidery, and the handsome figure of the person they covered formed a striking contrast with the hideous mask, the crimson coloured cheeks of which were swelled out to an unnatural size, accompanied by a swarthy peaked nose and projecting brows. Although the Coviello expressed himself in the provincial patois, his language indicated the man of education, and his smart rejoinders and witty observations were as cutting as the air of the Abruzzi. The delighted mob had just rewarded one of his most brilliant repartees with enthusiastic applause—throwing up their sweaty nightcaps and rending the air with their "Viva al Coviello!" and other popular demonstrations of satisfaction, when the mask himself sprang from the car and disappeared into one of the many *taberni*, erected and decorated for the occasion with a profusion of flowers and greens, leaving the vehicle and his companions to pursue their route and avocation *ad libitum*.

The bontique, in which he so suddenly retired, was one of the largest on the square, and, as it professed to deal forth to its customers none but the noblest wine—the so called *Lacrymæ Christi*, which grows on the basis of Vesuvius—it was, of course, only visited by the better-conditioned class of the inhabitants. The peripatetic theatre, and the interesting spectacle around the amphitheatre itself, formed, for the moment, the great loadstones of attraction; and for this reason, there were but three persons in the booth at the entrance of the masquerading gentleman above spoken of. One of these three was a tall, strongly-built man, with a velvet coat, laced and embroidered according to the fashion of the day and country. His hat was decorated with a red pendant feather, and at his side dangled a rapier handsomely worked, and with a silver handle. In his countenance, which was broad and large featured, a certain degree of self-consciousness—self-satisfaction was expressed—it might have been taken for hauteur—it often was, and repaid as such;—but there was also evident indication of no little firmness of character. The dark curling hair, here and there interspersed with grey, proved clearly enough that the prime of life was past, notwithstanding the freshness and ruddiness of his complexion, which gave him a more youthful appearance. By the side of the stranger sate a beautiful *brunette*

of about nineteen or twenty years of age. Her features were regular, even to a fault;—her eyes, mild but piercing;—her whole appearance quiet and lovely. At intervals the girl sipped from a diminutive glass, which was replenished by her companion from a pot-bellied, scraggy-necked bottle, as often as the emptiness of his own glass reminded him of her presence. In the furthermost corner of the apartment was a well-formed youth, disguised in a wide, brown *tabarro*, with his hat slouched over his face, in deep meditation, as it seemed, over a *foglietta lacryma*.

The mask, of whom such honourable mention has already been made, no sooner entered the bontique than he made one bound up to the table, where the middle-aged man and maiden were sitting, exclaiming at the same time with comic pathos,

"Will your dignities permit
Coviell to show his wit?"

Following up the interrogatory exordium with a number of stanzas, in which the political affairs of Naples were touched upon in a manner not altogether the most flattering, accompanied with several sly cuts directed against the Spaniards, and concluding with a sharp satire upon monarchical government *in toto*.

"Santa Madonna!" exclaimed the maiden, alarmed at the expressions, and scarcely allowing the mask to complete his satirical eulogium; "surely, you have not been declaiming these verses publicly?"

"And why not, beautiful Maria Rosa?" replied the Coviello, removing his mask and disclosing a merry and by no means disgreeable face. "And why not? To-day, you know, is carnival—they must swallow it—and were it ten times more unsavoury than it is; besides, Signor Formica, the player, is the favourite of the Lazaroni, with whom our oppressors would fain be upon good terms."

The elderly gentleman had hitherto made no observation, but sate comfortably and gravely enjoying his wine. This reply, however, of the Coviello seemed to call for some reproof, and refilling his glass, he turned to the speaker and said—

"Caution—prudence—call it what you will—is no inconsiderable attribute of wisdom! If any one should make the discovery that this said Signor Formica, the favourite of the Lazaroni, was no other than the identical author of the 'Guerra,' the admirer of Masaniello, and at the same time called to remembrance that he was not included in the amnesty; why, under such circumstances methinks Signor Formica would stand no bad chance of being hung up by the neck; and Signor Salvator Rosa, the pet Formica, and the redoubtable Coviello, would participate in the same fate."

"Diabolo! Signor Ribera, how can you be witty upon so disagreeable a subject?" said the Coviello, casting a suspicious look upon the youth in the corner, and refixing his mask. "Your jokes and your paintings have this character in common—they are both very, very *affecting*, and at the first moment produce a shudder, which is anything but pleasant; upon calmer reflection and inspection, however, the impression becomes weakened. Besides, with respect to your present observation,

I must say I do not think that the consequences of such a discovery as you allude to, would be so serious as you suppose; much milder measures have been adopted since the arrival of the prince,—the viceroy himself begins to manifest a certain degree of moderation in his actions and proceedings."

"Moderation, sayst thou?—well, that's capital!" exclaimed Ribera, thumping his glass upon the table; "what moderation, pr'ythee, has he manifested towards me? me—Jose Ribera—me, who have brought art here in Naples somewhat into reputation; nay—methinks I may say it without being termed arrogant—who have raised it to a pitch on which it never stood before? What, I repeat, has his moderation awarded my merits? Am I not banished from court?—and why and wherefore?—on account of this flatterer, this hypocrite, this Zampieri, the little Domenichino! Corpo di Baccho! ten such Domenichinos are not worthy to hold the candle to me—me—Jose Ribera—called, or nicknamed, as you will, *El Espannol!* And pray what are then the mighty man's productions—what has he created,—this gallow's bird? Let him post off to the devil with his 'Communion of St. Jerome;' which, by the by, he stole from Agostino Carracci. By heavens! fifty scudi for a daub! None but a starveling would pollute his fingers with such a price. But perhaps you consider him so great a master in his art, simply because Pope Gregory XV. was his godfather. Is it so?"

"Be that as it may, you cannot deny but there is a richness a grace in his pictures, mixed with the boldest design, and the most perfect colouring," observed his daughter.

"Pshaw! what knowest thou of design and colouring? I tell thee, there is nothing great, nothing grand in them. Dio! there's nothing terrible—nothing affecting—nothing that takes the beholder by surprise—nothing that knocks him down, as it were, and then raises him again," answered Ribera with an elevated voice. "Do but look at the corner paintings in the cupola of the chapel *Del Tesoro*, and then tell me if they do not bear a character somewhat little, mean, and at the same time confused? There is a certain degree of timidity in the expression of countenance, which destroys the simplicity and beauty they otherwise possess. His own expression of countenance was somewhat similar when he was exposed to the persecutions of Corenzio and the others, and when he found the intimidatory epistle thrust into the keyhole of his own door. Diabolo, say I, and the devil's curse upon the cowardly jackanapes, who betrayed me for speaking the truth! Grace, design, colouring! By heavens! thou knowest nothing about the matter; give me thought—a thought—a bold conception which seizes me—shakes me, if you will—but there's something grand in it, something beyond the reach of milk-and-water efforts! Take my St. Bartholomew, for instance; that's no picture for our Neapolitan dandies and lackadaysicals; they would not venture to hang it up in their boudoirs; and yet I fancy posterity will acknowledge its merit, and be ready to confess that the man who executed it was an artist of the right sort. And even here, this our Signor Salvator; look at his rocks, look at his caves, look at his ravines; do they not at once convey to the mind something mysterious,

something terrible; but at the same time, something magnificent. Does not each of his banditti look the villain he is with half a century of crime upon his conscience? Give me the artist that at once strikes home to the soul, no milk and water passion; something sublime—all the same whatever the sphere—be it the beautiful or the terrible. Look at the Madonna of Lanzio; that was an artist, if you please; there's painting! I don't care a straw for Pope Sixtus, excellent as he is—nothing about the angels, the two lovely cherubs, and still less about Barbara—give me the Virgin with the Child, there's sublimity for you! And what a world of thought lies in the deep, dark, inimitable eye? Yes, this more than earthly being may venture to place its foot upon the head of the serpent, with the full conviction of destroying it; this boy is, indeed, the future judge of the world. In this picture one of the two poles of sublime painting is attained!"

"There is great truth in what you observed; but we shall never have a second Raphael," observed Salvator.

"No, perhaps, not; but we may all endeavour to compete with him," replied Ribera. The human fancy is as differently organised as the human body. The soul of Lanzio was occupied by the beautiful; my soul is filled with the conception of the terrible. He would not have been able to produce the former, nor I the latter, without some copy to imitate; when we once have this, if we can but retain the idea, all imitation is easy, almost a secondary matter. Allow me to exemplify my meaning. It is now somewhat more than five years since the chapter of the church, Santa Isabella of Madrid, ordered a Madonna of me. It was my wish to produce something out of the common way—something that might be classed with the productions of the best masters, and with these feelings I set to work. I purposed taking for my copy the features of my Maria Rosa; of course, more beautiful, more holy, more noble;—I succeeded. I looked upon my work as one of my best; but when I came to the eye—the expression of the eye—the whole was a failure—a complete failure. Purjty, innocence, sublimity, nobility of soul, all lay in the eye of the ideal which stood before my soul; but there was one thing wanting, Signor Salvator—the *thought*, which speaks in the look of Lanzio's Madonna; it was my wish, with the feeling of maternal joy, to express, at the same time the anticipatory feeling of sorrow, which I conceived must necessarily touch the soul of her, who presses to her bosom the Saviour of the world; in the expression of this thought I was unsuccessful. Twenty times I recommenced it, and each time my endeavours failed. I could not retain my ideal, as the ideal must be retained in order to produce anything grand. By heavens! if I did not love my daughter, if I did not value her above all price, I could wish that she might be visited with some heartfelt sorrow, in which case, and in which case alone, I should be able to complete my work."

"I fancy, dearest father," said Rosa, smiling, and pressing Ribera's hand between her own, "I fancy at this price you would never wish it to be completed. Methinks the two poles of painting, as you expressed yourself but just now, are eternally separated; he who feels

inclined and drawn towards the one, is the farther removed from the other. If Signor Salvator excel in the representation of rocky ravines, which make the blood run cold to look at, and banditti, whose appearance fill the beholders with indescribable horrors, it is easily to be accounted for, when we consider that he passed no little time after his imprisonment as the voluntary guest of the *briganti*, and, notwithstanding his natural mirth and hilarity of spirit, is passionately fond of that scenery, which would terrify any other beholder;—this manner of life has for him a peculiar charm; no wonder that he delineates it so well."

"Who knows but what he assisted his companions in picking pockets and cutting the throats of all stray travellers?" interrupted Salvator, not a little piqued at the maiden's observation. "By heavens! the signora is always ready to form the most favourable and flattering conjectures in reference to her humble servant and admirer."

"It was far from my intention to wound you, signor," replied Rosa, "I was only maintaining that the beautiful and terrible are widely separated, and that it is next to an impossibility for the small compass of one poor limited soul to harbour the two conceptions at one and the same time. There never was an artist who could excel in both spheres——"

"Excuse me, signora," interrupted a voice behind the fair speaker; "there is one artist, who is able to do what you consider an impossibility;—there is one artist whose excellence in both spheres—the terrible and the beautiful—the noble, the burlesque, the sublime, and the little, is the same, and unequalled. This artist, noble maiden, is Velasquez."

At the very first words he uttered all eyes were directed to the speaker, whose whole appearance was calculated to make a favourable impression. His dress was perfectly simple, and indicated a man of the middle class. His deportment contrasted greatly, but to his favour, with his outward appearance; there was something superior, almost proud, but decidedly noble in his bearing. His face was somewhat long, the complexion brown, the features agreeable; his dark hair fell in ringlets over his shoulders; his figure was symmetrical.

With more kindness in his outward bearing than was usual, Ribera looked upon the stranger; his words or his appearance, or mayhap both, conjointly, seemed to have made a still greater impression upon the maiden; she kept her eye steadily fixed upon him.

"You know Diego Velasquez,—are perhaps a Spaniard?"—asked Ribera.

"My name is Juan de Armillo,—I am a writer in service of the prince," replied the youth. "I am intimately acquainted with the noble Velasquez; he belongs to the so called *privados del rey*, and is daily at court. He stands in especial favour with the king, and there is no doubt but that he will rise to still greater honour."

"So, so,—that accounts for the noise they make about his pictures!" exclaimed Ribera, contemptuously. "What the courtier, the *privado del rey*, produces, must of course be excellent."

"Of course, of course!" exclaimed Salvator Rosa; "let him be a

poor devil, and nobody asks about the great master, who paints Madonnas, village taberni, cattle, and cucumbers, with equal success."

"I beg your pardon, sennor," replied the youth; "if he had painted nothing more than two scenes, a view of the Prado, and another of Aranjuez, he would still belong, and justly belong, to the first artists of any, of every age. I have every possible respect for the art of which you are professors, am ready and willing to pay my mite of acknowledgement to your well-merited and extended reputation as masters of that noble art; but of this I am convinced, you would have made nothing of the wood of oaks, surrounded by walls, in the centre of which stands a solitary country house, and just as little of the gravelled walks of a garden; but if you could see what Velasquez has made of both—if you could see the hunting of the boar, the court promenade in the *Calle de la Reyna*—a scene, which in future times will be looked upon as a piece of the history of our times—could you see all this, I say, you would be overcome with admiration and astonishment, and throw down your pallet and brushes in despair. Yes!" exclaimed the youth, growing warm upon his subject; "what would you say if you could but see his 'Visit of St. Antony to St. Paul the Hermit!' Nothing can be more admirable than the representation of nature in this picture; and yet the indescribable effect is produced with almost one dash of the brush—the canvass is scarcely covered, the outlines of the figures not sharply marked out, the country, the trees, the heavens, everything is perfect in the whole without individual completion. Look at it closely, and you see nothing in the awfully beautiful scenery but confusion, uncertainty, chaos; step back four paces, and the mist is dispersed, the elements become life, everything is beautiful, simple, and still sublime! But what shall I tell you of the scene itself?" continued the youth, at the same time taking up a piece of charcoal from a brazier on the table. "Look you, the picture is divided into three parts; to the right is the stranger, knocking for admittance at the door of the cell, carved by the hermit out of the rock; in the centre are the two haggard old men in confidential discourse; to the left is Antony praying over the dead body of Paul, whilst two lions in the background are discovered preparing with their claws the grave for the deceased."

Whilst the young man was thus speaking, he drew, in bold outline, the rock, marked out the divisions of the picture, and indicated the position of the respective groups. They were but a few lines, which he had sketched upon the wooden table, but they were sufficient to influence the opinion of Ribera.

"*Sangre de Dios!*" exclaimed he, in Spanish. "You are a writer, you say, sennor? Excuse me, but that's false! You are a painter, and no bad one either."

"I paint a little now and then, for my amusement, but I am no artist by profession," replied the young man with a modest smile. "For what I have acquired, I am indebted to Velasquez and his pupil, my friend Murillo, who may perhaps, with time, outshine the master himself."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed Ribera with enthusiasm. "That's as it ought to be—excellent! Yes—yes, they shall yet be brought to

confess—these envious, these backbiting Italians—excuse me, Signor Salvator, of course I don't include you amongst the number—that there are men of genius beyond the Pyrennees. Let them turn up their noses as they will at my pictures—let them call me *Spagnoletto* an it please them—the devil take them for it!—they shall, notwithstanding, be brought to confess that there's more in the *Espagnoles* than they are willing to believe."

"They confess it already—one Spaniard has wrung this confession from them already," said the young man, with a bow and a smile. "Velasquez is always delighted when he hears of some new production of yours."

"Eh? what? Stuff and nonsense! You want to flatter me—you are a courtier. Velasquez knows nothing of me," exclaimed Ribera, at the same time evidently expecting to hear his assertion contradicted.

"I can immediately give you undoubted proofs of the truth of what I have asserted," said the youth. "Velasquez is acquainted with the whole history of your earlier years;—you are from San Felipe de Xativa; your father's name was Antonio; you left Spain because—"

"Basta! I believe you," interrupted Ribera, slightly frowning. "Velasquez might possibly know these circumstances; he is from Sevilla, and has relations at San Felipe. But now, sennor, tell me—"

At this moment a loud and boisterous noise was heard before the door of the bontique; a company of soldiers, dressed in the Spanish uniform, approached. One of them, who appeared to be their leader, had been, most probably, indulging too freely in the pleasures of the wine can, for he waved his cup with considerable energy, and gave vent to his feelings in the following song, which he delivered with no subdued tone of voice.

"Adelante Espagnoles!
Contemos soldalas
El hymno del Cid.

"But what in the devil's name!" exclaimed he in his natural tone of voice, approaching the table at which the party were sitting, and throwing down his cap—"what the devil does this mean? Only one beggarly table in the apartment, and that occupied by Neapolitan citizens! Diabolo! their grim visages would at any time be enough to turn my wine into vinegar. Hallo there, you old gentleman with the bilious looking physiognomy, I'll just trouble you to favour us with your absence—the girl can remain—nor need the fool himself fear forcible ejection from his quarters, as long as his wit be of the right kind, and season our mirth; but you, most worthy sennor, and the hobbledehoy at your side, will consult your own interest by obeying orders, and that directly. Do you hear?"

"What insolence is this?" exclaimed Ribera, rising from his seat and looking fiercely at the intruder. "I am a Spaniard as well as you, and an artist—a painter."

"A colour dauber! a brush holder! a miserable canvass stretcher! Off with you! I have said the word, and that's enough! Basta!"

"That we shall see," vociferated Ribera, unsheathing his rapier.

"Yes, that remains to be proved," added Salvator, drawing a dagger from the folds of his dress.

"Don't be hasty, sennores," whispered the youth. "One moment's patience; I shall be back directly;" and with these words he hastily left the room.

"The words of the young man, although perhaps only heard by the party to whom they were immediately addressed, seemed to have an effect upon all; even the soldiers, rude as their manners had been, hesitated in the execution of their purpose, and appeared to deliberate a moment as to the steps proper to be adopted. At the expiration of a few moments the young man re-appeared, accompanied by an officer.

"Don Luiz de Mendoza," said he, "it would appear to me that the conduct of these men towards quiet and respectable citizens and artists can confer but little honour on the Spanish name, and I feel confident the prince would be extremely angry were he made acquainted with the riotous behaviour of some of the soldiers of his body-guard. If he knew it, I say, I am sure he would consider twenty-four hours' imprisonment but a lenient punishment for a set of drunkards, and would certainly award that ruffian yonder, who gives himself the air of a leader, fifty lashes, as a gentle means of contributing to his future improvement."

"Be assured, sennor," replied the officer, with a respectful bow, "the punishment you mention shall be duly administered. Be off with you to the castle!" added he in an imperious tone, addressing the soldiers, and they did not deem it prudent to wait for a repetition of the order.

"It seems you are surprised," said the youth, addressing his former companions, who were, in fact, unable to suppress their astonishment at this speedy termination of an affair which had threatened a less favourable result. "You are at a loss to explain by what means I succeeded in ridding you of the rude soldiers, and that so speedily. The fact is, I saw Don Luiz passing by, and I knew him to be a strict disciplinarian. It was but yesterday that the prince was speaking of the rude behaviour of the soldiers, and admonishing each of us immediately to report when he observed anything of the kind. Mendoza himself was present when the prince urged this point, and was therefore obliged to comply with my request, even had he been disinclined."

"You are not only a young man of ability and address, but you are polite," replied Ribera, "and I assure you it gives me no little pleasure to have made your acquaintance. But," added he, and a thought seemed suddenly to strike him, "you told me, just now, that you painted now and then for your amusement—do you paint in the style of Velasquez?"

"Of course; he was my teacher."

"I have heard much, very much, of him, but I never saw any specimen of his art," replied Ribera hesitatingly.

"I dare say; the king buys all he paints; none but his royal friend and master, who daily visits him, possesses a work of his hand. If I am not mistaken, there is but one copy of his 'Infanta Margarette' which is known to the public at large; I myself have nothing more of his than a small miniature portrait."

"That you must let me see," exclaimed Ribera with enthusiasm. "*Ex unque leonem.* If he be the great man report says he is, I shall discover it, if I but see three pencil-strokes of his hand. What say you, Don Juan—did you not say Don Juan was your name? Come and visit me, and bring the portrait along with you—do you hear? Or, still better, when you have any leisure time, come and work in my atelier. I should like to know something of Velasquez' style of painting."

The youth hesitated a moment before replying to the invitation: his eye fell upon Maria Rosa, and called forth a slight blush upon her cheeks. "I accept your kind offer with much pleasure," said he; "but you must know there is one request I have to make. I have but very little leisure time; my office hours are fixed, and I have very much to do; were it known that I occupied myself with other pursuits, it might be attended with disadvantageous consequences; at any rate, I should not like it to be known. You must therefore allow me to come to you when I can—at no fixed hour—as you see it must not be known that I come at all."

"Come when you will, my house shall always be open to receive you, even if I am not there," answered Ribera. "Besides, I live at some distance from Naples, not far from Posilippo, so that nobody will observe you."

"Well, then, I shall certainly come," said the young man, rising. "My business now calls me away, and I must obey, willingly as I would remain in your society."

"Adio, till we meet again—and I hope it will not be very long before we do," cried Ribera.

"May I presume, signora, that you participate in this feeling?" asked the youth in a modest tone, addressing Rosa.

"My father's guest will always be welcome to his daughter," replied the maiden, somewhat confused.

"A handsome young fellow," said Ribera, looking after the stranger, who, with a slight bow to Salvator, now left the bontique. "He is modest without being fawning, although, without doubt, he is some poor devil of low parentage. I must say, he has taken my fancy extremely;—what say you, Signor Salvator?"

"Why, I can't exactly say that the impression he has made upon me is so very favourable," replied Salvator, visibly ill-humoured. "With respect to his modesty, I must confess I did not observe much of it in his bearing. He seemed to me to speak with no little degree of boldness, and talked monstrously big, though but a miserable scribbler. What he said about Velasquez—who knows whether there be any truth in it? At any rate, if he but keep his word, we shall see what he can do upon the canvass."

"I must say, I don't think it will be so very bad," said Rosa, not without embarrassment. "He who can speak with such enthusiasm of the merits of another, cannot be altogether without merit himself. Methinks you do wrong to speak of him so slightingly, without having seen what he really can produce."

"Santa Madonna! you seem to take great—very great interest in the fellow," replied Salvator Rosa, with a contemptuous sneer. "It

would appear, signora, you have more kindness for strangers, for those entirely unknown to you, than for friends."

"I am as yet not so entirely decided as to the propriety of accounting Signor Salvator Rosa among the number of the latter," replied the maiden; "and now, if it please you, father, let us return home, it is beginning to grow dark," added she, addressing Ribera.

In the afternoon of the ensuing day, Juan de Armillo passed through the gate into the garden which surrounded Ribera's handsome and comfortable country house. He met the owner not far from a pavilion situated at one end of the garden, which commanded a beautiful view of the Bay of Naples. The pavilion itself was about the size of a moderate dwelling-house; it had, however, but one story, and was flanked on each side by an arbour of woodbine.

"Bravo! bravo!" exclaimed Ribera, holding out his hand, and pressing that of his young friend. "Now that's what I call being a man of one's word. Allow me to present you to a few of my scholars, who are at present working in my atelier; they will not stop very long. You will see Giovanni Do, Andrea Vacaro, the brothers Francesco and Michael Angelo Francanzano—all clever fellows, I assure you—particularly Francesco; and then there's Luca Giordano, a devil of a fellow—a boy sixteen at the utmost, who, when he was but eight years of age, painted some fresco and two children for the church St. Maria la Mova—pictures, I tell you, which no artist need be ashamed of—that, I assure you."

"You forget, good sir," replied Don Juan, that my great object is, and must be, to be seen as little as possible; permit me, therefore, to come some other time—besides, to-day I only wished to show you a few trifles of my own painting."

"No, no; I can never allow that; you must not leave me so; you must tell me something more about Velasquez and about Spain," exclaimed Ribera. "Since you do not wish to make any acquaintances, come with me for a short time into this pavilion—my scholars won't remain very long.

"The building into which Ribera led his young friend consisted but of one apartment, the walls of which were hung with paintings of different kinds and masters.

"Look about you, Don Juan," said he; "this I call my Pantheon. What is not my own production is the work of my friends and scholars. Eh! what say you, sennor—how do they please you? What do you say to that, for instance? Should you think that *I* had painted that? It is, you see, in the style of Allegri. Ah, he was a great man, that Antonio! but he sacrificed all to harmony. Grace, light, colouring—all is splendid—grand, but too beautiful, too labouredly beautiful, if I may so express myself; you see all its merits at the first look. I am for the terrible, the sublime, you know, and I soon gave up imitating him. Look—here you have something of Merigi. That's an artist for you, if you please. I fancy I combine with his boldness more nature, and a more pleasing union of colour. I got it from the Venetians. This painting is by Giovanni Do;—wouldn't any one, at first sight,

set it down for a production of Merigi's? There are, it is true, some who discover, or pretend to discover, more grace, and a more pleasing colouring of the flesh in it; as for me, I am of opinion there is a mighty difference between my pupil and Caravaggio. Look at the two pictures together, and compare them. Who has—who *can* imitate the light and shade of Merigi? A fool, you know, once called him a cellar painter, on account of the deep shade which he is so fond of representing; but he got his reward for his folly—a rapier-blade between the fourth and fifth rib, which spoiled his breathing for a time. You must know, my master, Merigi da Caravaggio, was as dexterous in the use of the sword as the brush, and I—why I was his pupil, and learnt both arts with equal avidity—but that's neither here nor there. The 'Death of St. Joseph' yonder is by my pupil, Francesco Francanzano; there's good colouring in it, a character which one may almost call majestic, but that which I term the *grand thought* is wanting. This 'St Januarius' is by Aniello Falcone, a good painter, but a sorry man. You know it was he who, at the time of Masaniello, formed, in conjunction with his friends, the *Compagnia della Morte.* During the day they roamed through the town, and massacred every Spaniard that fell into their hands; in the evening, by torchlight, they did nothing but paint likenesses of Masaniello. God knows how many copies they produced! He's not a whit less celebrated as a war-painter, and his friends call him *il oracolo delle bataglie;* with just as much propriety they might call him *il oracolo d'omicidio.* This landscape is by Salvator Rosa," continued Ribera, after a short pause. "In landscapes and sea-pieces he is a perfect master. He is truly grand—inimitable; but—would you believe it?—he is weak enough to think himself, and, what is still worse, to wish to be thought, an excellent historical painter; and that he is not—never will be. I will not exactly say that his historical paintings are destitute of all merit—by no means; his 'Human Life' and his 'Fortuna' are good pictures, excellent productions in many respects; but they are not equal to mine—not to be compared with Caravaggio's. Look you, here is his own portrait, drawn by himself; you see he's got a monkey sitting on his shoulders; that's intended as a sly cut at his enemies, and you must know he has more of these than the sea has sands; but it's all his own fault—he has a bitter tongue, a very bitter tongue, Don Juan. My Rosa can't bear him. She says he is so envious, so artful, so malicious. But she does him injustice; he is not so. As little truth is there in the report that he volunteered his services to the banditti—that he was the Falcone of the *Compagnia della Morte.* He's a devil of a satirist, and, at the same time, very sensitive when he fancies that his poems, which he's so fond of reading, his witticisms, of which he cannot break himself, and of which, under the character of Signor Formica, he continues to deliver himself, are not well received. A yawning mouth, a closed eye, a slight cough, or any other such gentle interruption and intimation of dissatisfaction, suffice, at such times, to throw him completely off his guard. But, between ourselves, my Maria Rosa entertains an especial aversion to him, because he professes himself her admirer. The women, you know, Don Juan, are silly creatures. When they might marry they will not; but place any impediment in the way, and

they are at once all fire and flame—obstinate, self-willed, and foolish, and often cause an otherwise sensible man to commit an action to remedy which a whole life is not unfrequently of too short duration."

With this latter observation Ribera's countenance assumed a cast of melancholy, and a deep sigh escaped his lips. They were now standing before a niche in the back part of the pavilion, which was concealed from the eye by a broad green silk curtain. Juan, seeing the gilt frame of a picture projecting beyond the curtain on each side, involuntarily paused, expecting that Ribera would show him what was concealed behind. The painter hesitated for a moment, and then said,

"That is the sanctuary of my Pantheon, and but few eyes, I can assure you, have ever looked upon its contents;—nor would you, signor, but, as you mentioned yesterday, that Velasquez had spoken to you of my past life, of my youth, and as I should not wish you to entertain an ill opinion of me, in case your master should have been misinformed, and consequently incorrectly related circumstances, I shall deviate from my purpose, and make you acquainted with the contents."

Saying these words, Ribera pulled a string, and the curtain flew back. The pictures were three in number, and all of Ribera's hand. The first was Maria Rosa, as the Virgin Mary, drawn to the life, and executed with masterly skill. The announcing angel had just disappeared, and her raised eye was fixed upon the Spirit of God, which, in the form of a dove, was hovering above her. The second picture was a Magdalene. It represented a woman whose beauty was in the wane, of large features and masculine frame. The light-coloured hair fell in disorderly profusion over the shoulders, and supplied the place of a mantle to these and the bosom. The tearful, the agony-expressing eye was raised to heaven. The third picture represented a powerful, dark-looking man, in the Spanish dress, with a broad gold chain over his breast, and a dagger at his side. Ribera and the youth stood for some time in silent contemplation.

"That is the picture," observed the former, pointing to that of his daughter, "which I spake of yesterday, which I told you I was unable to finish—the expression of the eye—an expression of which I sometimes dream, but cannot retain, and which frustrates all my endeavours to embody. The other is the picture of my wife, as she wished to be drawn but a short time before her death; and the third is—"

"Your father-in-law?" asked the youth, perceiving the hesitation of his host.

"It is," replied Ribera, with a deep sigh. "Tell me," added he, with all his wonted fire, "did Velasquez say that I had murdered him, as some base wretches are mean and envious enough to assert? *Demonio!* It is not true! I did not murder him! It is an infernal, a cursed lie! I was the cause of his death—he fell by my hand—but it was in honourable combat, man to man."

"You may rest perfectly easy on that head," replied Juan, seizing his hand. "Velasquez told me it was an accidental rencontre, that you had been most falsely accused of the murder, and that the deed had made you very unhappy."

"Yes, yes, unhappy indeed—wretched!" replied Ribera, passing his hand across his brow. "But as you already know so much of the matter," continued he, after a pause, "you shall know all. It gives me pleasure, it affords me no inconsiderable relief, to make a clean breast, as the saying is—to pour out my heart. I never do it;—to whom should I? I always carefully avoid speaking on the subject with Rosa; Salvator would perhaps turn the whole affair into ridicule, as is his manner, and this would exasperate me;—the others are below me. You, however, are young, and may draw from the recital a lesson which may be of benefit to you; besides, you are a Spaniard—a friend of Velasquez—and these two points have gained for you my full confidence.

"I was born, as you already know, at San Felipe de Xativa, in the kingdom of Valencia. My family are descendants of the Conquistadores—my ancestors were genuine Valentian hidalgos, but poor; my mother I lost at a very early age; my father decided upon my profession in opposition to my wishes, which inclined me to the army. I learnt the rudiments of painting at Rome, under the instructions of Merigi; under the same celebrated artist I made still greater progress in the art of fencing. My skill and dexterity in the use of the rapier made me a great favourite with Caravaggio, who himself was a perfect adept in the art. Merigi's style of painting had acquired him celebrity throughout the whole of Europe, and it was with the hope that I should be able to transplant it into Spain that I purposed visiting Madrid, and provided myself with recommendations from my master. I was buoyed up with hope, and my reputation had already preceded me; when I reached Barcelona I was gratified to hear my name coupled with praise in the country of my fathers. I was just on the point of prosecuting my journey to Madrid, when I received an invitation from a man who lived in the country, not far off, and who was looked upon as no inconsiderable connoisseur. His name was Don Manuel de Irisarru, a Biscayan by birth. I accepted the invitation; the consequences proved fatal to my happiness. In the house of my host I lived, and enjoyed myself as had I been surrounded by friends and intimate acquaintances. Don Manuel was an enthusiastic admirer and friend of art; he possessed a considerable number of valuable paintings; but that which for the time had the greatest charm for me was his daughter Magdalena, a maiden in her twentieth year. You will, I am sure, find it but natural that I was easily persuaded to lengthen my stay to some months, and the more so as my host thought proper to make use of my services. These few months were the happiest of my life. My mornings were spent in painting, my afternoons in conversing with Don Manuel, or, as his occupation frequently called him to Barcelona, with Magdalena. Her mind was more richly gifted than her body, and still her Juno figure, the luxuriance of her light-coloured hair—you know in Castile, even in Catalonia, this is a rarity—had more than usual attractions for me; but what made the greatest effect upon me, and this I was not long in perceiving, was, that Magdalena was attached to me with all the fervour of the youthful soul. That I was not sufficiently strong to check the passion which was germing in my own bosom, ultimately proved

our misery. I was well aware that her father would never consent to our union. He was a passionate admirer of art, but he looked with haughty contempt upon the rank of the artist, and had more than once given me to understand that his only daughter—the wealthy heiress—was destined to become the wife of a nobleman of influence. Meanwhile opportunity and passion had brought about an explanation between me and Magdalena. She it was who first spoke of flight: she was of opinion that her father would eventually see the necessity of consenting to what he could no longer prevent. I was decidedly opposed to the step at first, resolved on speaking with him on the subject, proving the nobility of my descent, and then suing, in the usual manner, for the hand of his daughter. I did this. Don Manuel gave me a polite, but a decided refusal—he could never consent to a union between his daughter and an artist. I proposed leaving his house the very same day; but he begged me to finish some sketches which I had begun, adding, with a cold unfeeling smile, that he considered my offer as proceeding from a temporary ebullition of youthful passion, and that he was too generous to let the artist be a sufferer from the imprudence of the man. These words wounded me more than his refusal. Humiliated to the very quick, I imparted the result of our conference to Magdalena, reminded her of her proposition, and urged her to flee with me to Naples. The idea of seeking a refuge in so distant a country made a greater effect on her than flight itself, but she at last consented. The captain of a vessel, lying in the roads, agreed to take us that very evening on board. The due preparations were made: a boat awaited us on the strand. We had left the house. Our flight had already commenced, when we perceived that we were pursued. Magdalena was already in the boat, and the sailors were upon the point of pushing it off from the land, when we were surprised and attacked by three armed men. I drew my sword, and swore to defend her life and my own to the very last. Up to this period I had merely acted on the defensive. A shout from the sailors behind me informed me that they had succeeded in getting the boat off—I sprang into it—our pursuers endeavoured to retain it—I pierced the foremost with my sword—he fell!

"Upon our arrival in Naples," continued Ribera after some pause, "we were united. I had used the precaution to assume another name; no one knew me, and we remained undiscovered. I wrote to a confidential friend in Spain, and requested him to communicate with me from time to time. Who can describe my horror, when, returning one morning from my usual walk, I found my wife in convulsions, and an open letter in her hand. It was from my friend, and conveyed the information that it had been Don Manuel himself, into whose bosom I had pierced my sword on pushing off from land; that the wound, of itself not mortal, had brought on a lingering illness, which had caused his death. Terror—the pangs of conscience—brought on premature labour, which completely undermined Magdalena's health. She constantly accused herself as the murderess of her father. All the powers both of body and soul became gradually weakened. I did all I could to comfort her—and, sennor, God knows I stood as much in need of comfort as did my poor unfortunate

wife. That my hand was stained with the blood of my father-in-law, the man to whom Magdalena owed her being—this thought haunted me day and night, and caused me to suffer the agonies of the damned. My wife's bodily strength diminished hourly; she was driven nearly to madness. In the performance of the wildest, the most extravagant actions, she sought to expiate her guilt; she extorted from me the promise that the child she had borne should be devoted to the church. In addition to this, she requested me to paint her father, and from this period, day and night, assumed the attitude you see in the picture, entreating pardon for her sin. Sennor," said Ribera after a pause, "I am in other respects by no means a weak man—a man who is apt to waver to and fro like a slender reed, at every blast of fate—but events of this nature are calculated to move even a stronger soul than mine. God only knows what my sufferings at this time were. I was too depressed, too humbled to repine when it pleased the great Disposer of our fate to put a termination to the sorrows of my miserable wife in the third year of our marriage."

"Unhappy man!" said the youth. "Fate has indeed dealt hardly with you!" Ribera heaved a deep sigh, and with a trembling hand drew the curtain over the pictures. The proud, almost haughty expression of his countenance had changed to that of the deepest sorrow—the most hopeless misery.

"From this time forward," continued he, "I devoted myself entirely to my art, and the education of my child; and my endeavours were crowned with a success which far exceeded my most sanguine hopes. Maria Rosa grew in strength and beauty, both of body and mind; my house was crowded, is still crowded, with pupils, who will transfer my name to the latest posterity. I laugh at the royal displeasure, which I have most innocently incurred—laugh at the envy which persecutes me. I have the conviction that the name, Jose Ribera—*El Espagnol*, or *Spagnoletto*, if you will—will not entirely perish—*non omnes moriar!*"

"Most assuredly not;" replied Don Juan in the tone of perfect conviction; "it lives in the mouths of the artists of two great nations. But your daughter—did you not say you had promised to devote her to the church? You surely will not *force* her to the nunnery?"

"Force—no," replied Ribera; "if she choose it of her own accord, why, I must say, it would give me pleasure; but I will never sacrifice the happiness of my child in compliance with a forced and inconsiderate promise. If Rosa find her happiness in the world, be it so; if not, I should certainly approve of her taking the veil in her twenty-fourth year. Don Pedro de Assuna, the viceroy, who is my munificent patron, and who, upon my making him acquainted with my history, advised me, under his protection, to re-assume my real name, offered me for my daughter a place in St. Augustin nunnery; but I refused it, because Rosa was too young to form any decision upon the matter. But, come, signor, let us go into the house; my scholars will have been gone some time. Signor Salvator is painting a "Fortuna;" he begged me to let him finish it in my atelier—it will give you pleasure to see how he sets about it."

The atelier of Ribera, into which they now entered, conveyed no

very favourable idea of the order of his household; and had it not been for a number of easels, covered with half-finished pictures, which were stationary in various parts—the rapiers, small swords, helmets, and partisans, which were strewed about in all directions, would have justified the beholder in taking it for a fencing saloon. A quantity of hands, feet, and heads, in plaster of Paris, arranged in various parts of the apartment, contributed rather to strengthen than weaken the illusion.

Salvator Rosa was sitting at an easel, and seemed deeply interested in the work before him. He acknowledged the salutation of the stranger with a slight inclination of his head. Rosa, on the other hand, who was sitting in a corner of the apartment busied at her embroidering frame, arose upon his entrance, and welcomed him with great kindness of manner.

"Good evening, sennor," exclaimed she, laying aside her frame. "I am glad to see that you are a man of your word; I have been looking out of the window some time, fully expecting that you would come."

"To that I can bear witness," interrupted Salvator in a sharp tone, and contracting his brow.

"Of course you can, for you know full well why I have been so anxiously expecting the arrival of the signor," answered Rosa with a slight blush. "You must know," continued she, addressing the young man, "I have a little dispute with Signor Salvator. He has been teasing and fretting poor Luca Giordano,—whom he nicknames *Luca fa presto*, because his foolish father applies this appellative to him when urging him on to work—not only by running down his pictures, which he paints in the styles of the most opposed masters, but also by maintaining that he never will become a painter of any eminence, because he worked too hastily, too negligently, and sacrificed study to effect. You see, I dare not refer to my father as umpire, as he always agrees with everything Salvator Rosa says; but you are impartial—you know and love the art—you busy yourself a little with it, you said—and therefore have I been waiting for you to decide. Yonder is Luca's easel, with a painting of his own composition, and there hangs a copy of his. Now tell me, whether Signor Salvator is justified in asserting that Luca will never become a painter of any eminence."

"Yes, yes—look at the pictures, and let us hear your opinion; I am curious to hear what you will say," observed Ribera, smiling.

Juan de Armillo approached the easel, and stood for some time in earnest contemplation of the pictures alluded to. The dying Seneca was represented lying upon a couch in a bathing-room, surrounded by his weeping friends; the physician was opening a vein in his foot. The second picture, which hung against the wall, he but slightly looked at.

"Well, signor umpire, what is your opinion?" asked Ribera

"Signor Salvator Rosa is certainly mistaken," replied the youth in an earnest tone. "Luca Giordano will become one of the most eminent painters of all times; or, to express myself more correctly, he is it already."

A contemptuous smile was Signor Salvator Rosa's answer.

"Your proofs, signor umpire—your proofs! your reasons!" exclaimed Ribera.

"I am ready to allow," replied the youth in a composed tone, "that the young artist may often work hastily, negligently if you will, and that he sacrifices something to effect—yonder copy after Bassano would seem to justify such an assertion; but this is not seen in his 'Seneca.' With respect to arrangement, grouping, and bold design, the young master is truly admirable. Upon the whole, I may safely venture to assert that he will never produce anything in violation of the purest taste. As to the colouring, it is pretty evident that he has taken you, Signor Ribera, for his copy, the rest belongs to Pietro da Colona, although from the practice he seems to have in imitating the works of such different masters, he will never be guilty of those monotonous representations of figures and expression of feature, which displease us so much in the productions of Berettini."

"Infernal brush!" exclaimed Salvator Rosa, breaking the one he held in his hand to pieces, and throwing it under the easel, at the same time casting an angry look at the youth.

"Hum!" you have defended your opinion not so much amiss, although I must confess I do not altogether coincide with you," said Ribera, approvingly. "It is very clear that you have bestowed some thoughts upon the noble art, and have seen many a good production. But come," added he jokingly, "let us hear your opinion of Salvator Rosa's "Fortuna,"—a work which he is now painting for the second time, although, to say the truth, it has brought him anything but *fortuna*—nay, even banished him from Rome."

"Excuse me," replied Don Juan, modestly; "in the presence of such an artist it would be arrogance in me to express an opinion of this gentleman's productions. Allow me rather to show you a picture from the hand of my noble master, Velasquez, and, if I do not tire you too much, a trifling attempt of my own. The former, I must tell you, is but the miniature copy of a large picture," said he, producing a painting from his portfolio; "but small as it is, you will be able methinks to discover the hand of the master. Look you, it represents Philip IV., his royal friend, on horseback; he has placed him in the centre of a barren scenery, with an horizon lit up by the brilliant beams of a Spanish sun; there's no shadow—no half darkness—no relief of any kind to be seen—and still, in spite of this bold contempt of all artistical help, has he not attained the boundaries of human perfection? Look at the hair, blown about by the wind—would you not think you saw the blood circulating in the veins beneath the skin? Does not the mouth look as if it was speaking? Have not these eyes the gift of sight?"

"By heavens!" exclaimed Ribera, with his eyes fixed upon the picture, "your Velasquez is indeed a great man."

"A great man!" exclaimed Juan de Armillo, with enthusiasm. "What would you say then if you saw the larger picture—or rather all his paintings? If one keeps the eye fixed upon the canvas but for some moments the deception is perfectly startling; you would verily believe that the figures were about to leave their frames."

"That's what I call painting!" rejoined Ribera, still absorbed in

contemplation of the picture. Yes, yes! before a painting of this description the imagination needs no very great exertion to conjure up the figures of the great men of by-gone ages. What think you, Signor Salvator?"

The person addressed made no answer; he nodded his head approvingly, but his countenance manifested vexation.

"Now, young gentleman," said he after a minute's pause, and with a contemptuous smile, "as you know so well how to point out and admire the merits of paintings of worth, have the goodness to show us that you understand how to create them yourself."

"I have never said I could," replied Juan in a modest tone. "We may admire what is beautiful and grand, without being able to produce either the one or the other. I am no artist, although I reverence art; I paint but for my own amusement."

"That's all the same; show us something, be it but a cucumber or a cabbage head!" exclaimed Salvator.

"True—as you say—you are a clerk—a writer—and the pen is your brush;—nobody will expect anything masterly from you; therefore, make no fuss about the matter; show us something of your own," said Ribera, encouragingly.

Juan replaced the painting of Velasquez in the portfolio, and took out another. "It is the head of the poor mulatto Juan Pareja, the servant of the noble Velasquez," saith the youth. "Quite in secret, frequently by the feeble light of the lamp, without any assistance, any instruction, the faithful slave exercised himself in the art of painting; the mechanism of the art he guessed, and it was not till he was able to produce a work of no little size and merit—'St. Matthew's calling'—that he confessed the nature of his secret occupations, that he had in secret listened to the observations of his master, when surrounded by his pupils. Velasquez immediately gave him his freedom; such love for art surely merited that one, who is no artist, should, out of pure love, convey his likeness to the canvas——"

"No artist?" exclaimed Ribera, casting a hasty glance at the picture;—"I should like to know who is if you are not; and no bad one either! Does not the fellow there, with his black curly hair, his thick lips, his swarthy complexion, look for all the world as if he were going to speak to you? And after all, it is but a hasty composition—no exertion; but there's genius in it—thought—what I call the grand idea. An ignoramus would mayhap discover in the tawny face nothing but an ordinary mulatto; but I say there's genius in the eye of the fellow—all the same, whether you have imitated or surpassed the original. But, Signor Salvator, you say nothing."

"What shall I say?" replied Salvator; "the signor has been making fools of us all; he is no clerk,—he is no writer,—he is a painter! But from one picture you can form no opinion—and the less so from a work like this—a simple head, a hasty work."

"Justly observed, signor," replied Juan, in the same quiet tone, returning the picture to the portfolio; "but you really do me too much honour if you consider me an artist by profession; I assure you I am not, and make no pretensions to the honour or the reputation of an artist."

"But the more, it would seem, to that of a connoisseur," exclaimed Salvator. "Well, young gentleman, since this is your profession, I must earnestly request you to pass your opinion on the picture at which I am now occupied—my "Fortuna." I might rest satisfied with the judgment of the Roman brothers of your noble profession," added he with a contemptuous sneer; "for instance, with that of Prince Mario Chigi, Cardinal Omodli, Prince Salviati—with that of Carlo Rossi, the painters Passeri and Baldinucci, and the author Francesco Redi, who wrote more upon the subject than was altogether agreeable to me, and who, with the very best motives, spurred on my enemies against me. I say I might rest perfectly contented with the opinion of these worthies; but you know, one likes to hear something new."

"Were the men you mention *really* your friends," replied the youth, "they will not have failed, whilst praising the acknowledged merits of the painting, to have dwelt upon its faults."

"Have the goodness to point these out to me," interrupted Salvator, forcing the youth up to the picture. "Have the goodness to show me the errors of which you speak."

The picture before which the youth now stood represented "Fortuna;" it was the creation of a lively imagination. The goddess was represented as pouring from her cornucopia episcopal caps, chains of honour, gold, and jewels. A multitude of greedy hands were busy in gathering up the treasures as they fell, and in their haste and avidity trod beneath their feet the symbols of genius, liberty, and the arts. In one spot was to be seen an ass decorating himself with chains, in another a wolf ornamented with the mitre, and in another place kites, tigers, and various other beasts of prey were disputing about their share of gold and crowns.

"Come, come—the faults, the faults!" exclaimed Salvator. "I am the more anxious to be made acquainted with them as you spake in the plural number—whilst the men I mentioned all agreed in one—one only—and which induced my friend Baldinucci to say, *Anesta fortuna fu la mala fortuna di Salvatore*"

"The artist spoke like a true friend," said Juan, composedly.

"It may be," replied Salvator, laughing. "The choice of a satirical subject was a fault, which has subjected me to a thousand vexations—the one recognized his own eye in that of the swine, another his own features in those I had bestowed upon the ass, and a third, a counterfeit of himself in the face of the goat; but *you* spake of faults—this is but *one*."

"Excuse me—I would rather not pass my opinion upon the painting—you might feel yourself offended," replied the youth.

"By you! You offend me! O never fear!" exclaimed Salvator.

"Well, then, since you force me to express my opinion, I will do so. The choice and execution of the subject are common, and betray a want of taste. To be abusive to one's superiors, where the action cannot be punished, characterizes not the finely feeling artist, but rather the ill-educated, the envious plebeian."

The youth hesitated, and Salvator gave utterance to an expression

of anger—his whole body trembled with passion—his lips were convulsed—he cast a look of deadly hatred upon the young man, and exclaiming, "Be upon your guard, I am your deadly enemy," rushed out of the apartment.

"Demonia! are you then mad?" shouted Ribera, not a little surprised. "Have you quite taken leave of your senses, to venture to say this to the face of the proudest, the most arrogant man in Italy—a man who is wont to treat the Roman princes and prelates as his equals, and to say it with as much composure as if it had been an eulogium on his merits? Tell me, in the name of all the saints, what could induce you to such an act of imprudence? Why, man, I myself—and I am pretty blunt in my expressions—am apt to say what I really think without paying much attention to the words—I say, I myself should have hesitated before I had ventured to tell him what you have said."

"It was indeed very imprudent, signor," said Rosa, in evident anxiety. "Salvator is very irritable, and he will never forgive you—he is very malicious, and will do all he can to injure you."

"Hem! I don't think the consequences will be so serious as you apprehend, signora," replied Juan, smiling. "What I said may surprise—may offend him for the moment—truth is often anything but pleasant to hear—but—"

"Nay, nay—foolish and imprudent, as it certainly was," interrupted Ribera, "I don't mean to say but what there was much truth in what you told him; nay, I was, in some respects, pleased to hear you speak your mind so freely and openly; but still, as I said before, it was imprudent—very imprudent. When I was a young man, I used to do just the same, and, the worst come to the worst, the sword was called in to settle the dispute. The worst that can come of it is—but, no, no—what the devil—a pretty piece of advice I was going to give you! No, leave it to me, I will bring matters about again—you must meet again to-morrow, and I will see if we can't settle it amicably."

THE WIFE

TO HER HUSBAND IN ADVERSITY.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

When I, in bridal ecstasy,
To thy warm heart was prest,
With child-like fond dependency
I nestled to thy breast,
A helpless, yet a doating thing,
With ev'ry thought intent
A brightness o'er thy path to fling,
Still loving and content;
Unconscious of the inward strength
God had bestow'd on me,
While in prosperity and health
I trusted all to thee.

But now, that Sorrow's clouded o'er
Thy sunny hour of pride,
I fearless stand upon the shore
To stem its 'whelming tide;
The hurricane cannot appal,
Though Death appears in view;
I, in my turn, will show thee all
That woman's love can do!
No fancied dangers now dismay,
No shapeless horrors scare;
They're phantoms of Joy's nicer day
Which flee before Despair.
Now Sickness too hath lent its blast
To wither up thy charms,
And show thy prime of beauty past,
Thou'rt dearer to these arms.
Vainly contagion threats my life,
'Mid poverty and pain;
I tower above the awful strife,
And courage seem to gain.
More closely are our souls entwined,
We knew not love before;
For when Affliction's fetters bind,
They teach us to adore!
For ev'ry groan thou utt'rest now
My bosom inly bleeds,
And while I kiss thy death-dew'd brow
Large drops my own imbeads.
In hush of night, when all repose,
I breathe my lonely pray'r,
But ever smile, nor weep my woes,
Save, when thou can'st not share—
O! then I weep—O! then I pray
With such intensity,
That Heav'n's hand *must* sweep away
Thy cloud of misery:
For if Affection's pray'r is heard
By meek-eyed Mercy there,
Mine—dearest! mine must be preferr'd
Which wins thee from despair!
Or, if to prove thy virtue still,
Thou art ordain'd to bear,
Of ev'ry agonizing ill
Be mine, the mutual share.
Pour all thy sorrows in my breast,
My *tears* are all for thee;
As in those hours by Fortune blest,
Thy *smiles* were all for me.
As then, our joys were only one,
Be now our woes the same;
With all of earth, save thee, I've done:
I'm wife in more than *name!*

THE DAMOSEL'S TALE.[1]

CHAPTER III.

The bringing up of the Damosel—and the playfellow given her by the Lord Gilbert.

In short space after these things fell out, a wonderful change had come over the Manor-place and all about it. House and court, garden and pleasance, were set in exact order; chamber, hall, and bower, freshly arrayed with fair hangings and moveables, though in such wise as was seemly and convenient, rather than rich and costly; barn and granary, larder and cellar, were all finished as became the discreet use of a worshipful household. Now also was there a goodly train of chamberers and yeomen, cooks and pages, foresters and verderers for the holts and commons, herd and hinds for the farm gear, all under the rule of a worthy man who had long held such office on the priory lands, and could buy and sell, and keep a reckoning with any steward in England. With him was joined, in all matters within doors, the old wife Muriel, who was well pleased with such charge, though she held it some disparagement of her Norman blood to serve the daughter of a churl and a usurer, and made herself amends by lording it over the serving folk as if she were mistress of all there, rating and chiding by the hour if any one forgot to call her "madam," or came into her presence without doing due reverence.

Gillian's sole business was, night and day, to tend and wait upon the little damosel Avis – a sweet service, for the poor young thing was so gentle and kindly tempered to all, and so loving to herself in particular, that it soon became dearer to her than life; nor could she desire greater happiness than to see it, now no longer shy or afraid at sight of strangers, but running merrily up and down the house and meadows, freely playing and sporting the summer day through. It was, indeed, a gracious, sprightly creature, whose fair conditions were marred but by one defect. Certes, this was a fault seldom laid to the charge of maid, wife, or widow—she was over chary of her speech, and whatever pains were bestowed on her teaching, not a word would she repeat after any there, save the name of her nurse Gille.

When this came to the ear of my lord prior, he cast about straightway for a remedy; and bethinking him that the child might haply prove less unapt and wilful in the tutelage of one of the same age, without more delay he sent over the boy John Ashtoft to the Manor-place, to abide there a while as playmate to the young Avis.

Hard were it to tell the joy of the little maiden on beholding again the first human face she had ever looked on without dread; nor less rejoiced the poor friendless lad, who had known little enough of play and pastime, to be taken a while from lauds and complines, and the austere presence of Sir James the schoolmaster, to dwell in that pleasant place, with free leave to roam about the fields and woods, and

[1] Continued from p. 139.

no worse company than that little gleeful maiden, and meek, tender-hearted Gillian, and dame Muriel, who honoured him as little less than a doctor or chanon already. A joyous time, in truth, was that they passed together, weaving garlands of poppies and corn-flowers, or hunting the copsewood for nuts and berries, day after day, until there had grown up between them so great affection, that they would hardly be parted for one half hour, from dawn to sunset, whilst, as the lord prior had foretold, the young Avis took so readily to repeating words after her playfellow, that in few weeks' space she had not only learned to talk as fast as a young pie, but abundantly proved to them all, both by her questions and answers, that it was through no lack of wit she had been before so sparing of her tongue.

But all too soon the season of flowers and sunshine passed away; and now dark days and long nights drew on apace, when the lord prior, perceiving that his end was fully attained, commanded home the lad, who straightway departed, with his wonted ready obedience, though with heavy heart. But the little damosel took his going so grievously, that she did naught but pine and weep, and at last was suddenly missing from home, and whilst they sought her high and low, was found outside the great gate at the priory, calling for John Ashtoft, nor would she be appeased without a promise from the Lord Gilbert, that the boy should journey daily over to visit her through the winter, and return and make abode with her for a while when spring-time and birds and flowers should come again.

Thus went matters for some years, with the same love and amity between these two children—the boy spending a part of his time at the Manor-place, and striving at all other hours right diligently to get his learning; so that, by the time he was fourteen years of age, a better clerk was hardly to be found; for, not to speak of French or Italian, both of which he knew as well as his mother tongue, he was well skilled in Greek and Latin, had read Seneca and Tullius, Boece, and Piers Alphonse; was indoctrinated in logic, philosophy, and divinity; whilst for his penmanship truly he might have served for a secretary, or a scrivener at the least. High commendations did he gain from the noble prelate his lord, as also from Dan James, the schoolmaster; but what rejoiced him even more was, that the damosel Avis grew bookish after his example, and would needs have him teach her whatsoever he learned; and as women's wits are deemed by some to be quicker than ours, though haply less stable and solid, so she took in knowledge of all sorts so readily, as enforced him to double diligence to keep his advantage. Not that she had either will or license to enter on all such studies as are taught to youth in a convent; but smaller and lighter reading she was never weary of, such as virtuous histories of old, lives of famous persons, or moral tragediès, both prose and verse, from the private study of the Lord Gilbert, who never begrudged lending them on her behalf; nor did he disdain to question her thereupon at such times as he rode over to the Manor-place. Indeed, he was in all things a most gentle and merciful lord, and despised not those beneath him, as did most of his degree, but pitied and sought to aid them with his utmost power. Neither had he left the world for a monkish life by reason of any crosses or troubles he had found there,

but out of a tenderness of nature that could ill bear to behold or to join in the oppressions and cruelties practised by the great on the poorer sort in those unquiet times; and being in his own state happily exempt from all such evils, he was but the more kind and pitiful therefore to others, and especially to children, whom he loved as entirely as if they had been in very truth his own.

Now, at the end of four years, the damosel Avis being of the age of ten, or more, this wise prelate, deeming it high time to provide for her some higher company than May Gille, who, though ever prudent and faithful in her own humble wise, was yet but a simple, untutored wench, determined to seek out some worthy ancient gentlewoman, to set over both her and her household—in which last dame Muriel's dignity and sharpness of tongue were wont not seldom to breed strife and confusion. And whilst he yet studied thereupon, there came, by good hap, into those parts the only sister of Daniel Forde's deceased wife, who being widowed and childless, and poor withal, had journeyed thither to beg for a living from her young niece, having no other kindred or friends to aid her. Whereupon the Lord Gilbert, finding her a grave, sober wife, and so near of blood beside to the little maiden, was right fain of her services, and, without more ado, gave to her charge both the damosel Avis and her house, alone forbidding her to meddle in aught that concerned May Gille, or the coming and going of John Ashtoft.

The stranger incontinently took up her abode at the Manor-place, and addressed herself to her new office. She was called "madam," (for she was not only herself of worthy lineage, but had been wife to an esquire, by name Joyce Pauncefort,) in stature middle-sized, with small freckled face, low forehead, and eyes and hair of a yellow colour. She was, moreover, wondrously soft-voiced and slow-spoken, and made great show of gentleness in look and behaviour, which dame Muriel, who liked not her coming, would persist to call craft and dissembling, and even my lord prior somewhat doubted if she were altogether as meek of heart as of face.

However that might be, she demeaned herself from the very first so as to leave no reasonable cause of complaint against her to any there—ruling and keeping all within the house so wisely, and with such notable skill and housewifery—living in all plenty and credit, yet wholly without waste and riot—and bearing her so civilly and courteously to the very knave-boys and serving-wenches, that she speedily gained the good-word of all, even of the Lord Gilbert himself. Only the old wife Muriel would not be won by her honey tongue, but nourished at heart a cruel despite against her, first, for having put her from the chief place in the household, and next, for gaining therein so much more credit than she had ever done, and was wont privately to declare to her friend Gauchet, that the new madam was no less a counterfeit in all other matters than in her speech, and, "God wot, no gentlewoman, but come o' the churl's kind of some nidderling Saxon franklin, that was fit mate to none save his own swine;" to which, as to all else she was please to say, Sir Gauchet, who found not now as often as before a cup of Bordeaux or wine of Spain in the spance, gave a ready assent when no others were in hearing.

With the young lady her niece Madam Joyce dealt in no less prudent a fashion than with the rest, striving by every means to gain her love—in which she laboured not in vain; for the poor child, who had never known other parent or kindred than her terrible sire, was right joyful at finding this new aunt, and speedily loved her only less than John Ashtoft and Gillian.

The former of these twain continued to spend well nigh the half of his time, through the fine season, at Malthorpe Manor, where he and the damosel Avis, with Gillian for company, would still wander together in the long summer days, through the meadows on the pleasance, or sit by the hour conning the same book in a fair green arbour, benched with fresh turf, that stood at one end of the garden—for whatever gave pleasure to the one was a joy and delight to the other.

It so befel, that in the Lord Gilbert's study there was a famous history of the old kings of England, written by one Geoffry, a monk, treating in particular of the renowned Prince Arthur and his knights of the round table, each and all the very mirror and glory of chivalry. This book, then, in evil hour, did John Ashtoft carry over to Malthorpe, for the amusement of the damosel, who had no sooner looked therein, than she was taken with so violent an admiration for deeds of arms, and so vehement a longing to hear more of them, that she would scarcely eat or sleep for reading it, nor, when she had finished, was her appetite even thus appeased, but she kept praying him so earnestly to bring her another, and another, and yet another such, that the silly lad, whose only joy it was to content her, complied to the uttermost of his power. So they read next the history of the wars of Troy, indited by Benoit de Saint Maur, setting forth the exploits of the oldest chivalry in the world; and then the book of the Emperor Charlemagne and his twelve Paladins; and then they had the legends of Saint George of Cappadoce, and Saint Martin of Tours; and after these the wars of later times, waged for the faith against the folk of Heathenesse, by King Richard the Lion-hearted, and others. And when all these failed, which was in no long time, since May Avis rather devoured than read them, they betook themselves to the Romaunt of Octavian Roy de Rome, and the tales of Chrétien de Troyes and Godefroy de Leigni, with here and there a Provençal lay or two. But this last lore being, as may be deemed, somewhat scarce in a convent, they came, ere long, to a full end of all, and of their daily reading therewith, since May Avis was now so wholly on fire with the love of arms and knighthood, that she would neither hear nor discourse of aught else.

Now, this her new phantasy was in no wise agreeable to her old playfellow, who being by four years the elder, and nurtured up after a more solid fashion, held wholly another opinion of this matter, and being withal too honest to dissemble, even for love of her, would oftimes boldly gainsay her judgment, stoutly affirming that war, unless in defence of faith and country, was both folly and sin, and that the great conquerors and famous men-at-arms on whom her heart was so set were one and all no better than so many robbers and homicides, and should have been hanged for such if they had gone about their misdeeds with a half-dozen of followers, in place of a great army,

until, at last, the damosel, who was little used to such contradiction, began to lose patience, and to hold him for a homely-witted lad, fit but to wear a cope, and sing lauds in a convent his life long.

By this time May Avis was growing towards woman's estate, for she was nigh fifteen years of age; she was likewise of womanly stature and aspect, somewhat short, but round and full-formed, with fresh rosy cheeks, a lively dark eye, and a merry, laughing countenance, set off by a fair dimple in her chin, so that few there were but thought her right comely of face and person, maugre her low forehead, and nose turning somewhat upward. But her chief perfection was her pleasant dulcet voice in speaking and singing; and though she knew not how to touch harp or lute, yet could she carol as sweetly and blithely as lark or linnet, and would sit under the broad shade of some old oak, or white-flowered hawthorn, and warble her simple country songs by the hour to Gille and John Ashtoft, who both loved better to listen to her than to the nightingale. She was still kind and courteous, sprightly and affectionate as she had ever been, but latterly she was become somewhat impatient and wilful, and less easily ruled, showing that she deemed the young lady of Malthorpe had good right to do as it pleased her, without leave asked of any—for which, in truth, her aunt, Madam Joyce, was most to blame, who, for her own private ends, had magnified to the simple child her wealth and degree, always calling her the Lady Avis, and the damosel Forde, and requiring all others to do the same, as if she had been daughter, not to a caitiff usurer, but to a knight or baron outright.

Madam Joyce, having first persuaded her niece to think overmuch of herself, next set about to disparage her playmate in her eyes; and this, certes, was no hard matter, since, whilst the maiden had grown fair, and womanly, and debonaire, he had continued through all those years ill-favoured and uncouth as ever, even to the fashion of his brown burnet hose and medley coat. With these last the crafty aunt began, as by way of laugh and jest, day by day, going on by degrees to his faults in features and gait, and lastly to his poverty and mean degree, on which she dwelt until May Avis began, at last, to doubt if she had not been much disparaged in such fellowship, though, when she thought of all his kindness to her, as also that his coming had been by appointment of the lord prior himself, she neither durst nor would grow strange to him—the rather, as out of doubt their lord would end their companionship ere long, by commanding his page to put on cope and hood, in which case, she inwardly resolved to choose him for their chaplain at the Manor-place. So he came and went as before, only that there was no more talk of study, for May Avis had gotten a new phantasy, which was to live wholly out of door—though no longer for the sake of the pleasant air, and the fragrant odours and sweet sounds it was filled with, but, in sooth, for love of the company and discourse of the varlet Gauchet.

Now the old man, having followed the wars in his youth, had seen battles and sieges, and passages of arms enow to furnish forth a chronicle; of all which he would relate tales and adventures without end, yea, and add too and adorn them for the nonce, in any fashion it

pleased him, the better to charm his listeners. And at this season was he careful, above all, to interweave in his discourses love-tales of divers kinds, and marvellous histories of ladies' beauty, and young knights' truth and constancy, such as the cunning knave deemed should best please a damosel of fifteen. These would he relate by the dozen to his young lady, as she sat between Gille and the boy on some gnarled and twisted root in the forest glade, evermore depicting in his stories the lady of rarest beauty, or who had the worthiest knight to her bachelor, with the very features and mien of May Avis, to which she, who was too little skilled in the world to discern truth from falsehood, listened with sovereign content, as did simple Gillian, who deemed too highly of her lady not to praise or blame as she did in such matters. Only John Ashtoft, who, truly, found nothing that might please or flatter himself in the varlet's glosing wherewith to blind his eyes, listened not so patiently, for it seemed to him that such theme, from the mouth of a rude old pikeman, who recked not overmuch of suitable words and phrases, was unseemly for the ear of a well-nurtured maiden.

"Now certes, Avis dear," he said at last, when weeks and months went by and she grew never a whit more reasonable—"much do I marvel you still affect the company of yonder prating varlet! Trust me it becometh not a gentle maiden, day by day, thus to hearken to his lying, ribald tales."

"By your leave, then, Master Ashtoft," sharply answered the damosel, "methinks it shall be no great sin for a lone maiden, who hath neither kinsman nor bachelor to watch and keep her, to take one of her own yeoman for guard, when she walks abroad—such an one, moreover, as was appointed to her service by her lawful lord, these halfscore years and more."

"Yea, but, sweet Avis," quoth the priory youth, ill enough pleased with some part of this speech, "I spoke not as of safety, for doubtless good right is yours to go attended even as it pleaseth you; and though it seemeth to me that I could now face bull or stag in your defence as stoutly as I did the wildcat that sprang on us in the hazel copse eight years agone; yet since you think otherwise, it is but reasonable to choose an older and abler guard. Only would I pray you, Avis, an it be but for your own sake, to use the varlet alone in his proper service, and not sit thus by the hour, listening to his idle tales, which in my judgment scarcely fit the ears of a well-taught damosel."

But here May Avis, whose head ran much on the reverence due to ladies' hests and likings, of which her books of chivalry had so oft made mention, became so incensed at his discourtesy, that she gave him a tart and taunting answer, to the effect that monks and clowns were no judges of such matters; and with that, she caught up her hood, and went out to walk, bidding Gillian call the varlet to attend upon her, and leaving her old friend with tears in his eyes at her unkindness.

Nevertheless, as he loved her credit even above her favour, he was not thus put to silence, but persisted to reprove her again and again, for her folly, though ever with as ill speed as at first; until seeing her only wax more and more stubborn and scornful, he at last grew angry

n his turn, and threatened to lay her misdoings before the Lord Gilbert.

This last device was the cause of his overthrow. The damosel could have been well content to leave him his own opinion, which was truly, she thought, no unmeet one for a cloisterer, so that he busied not himself in her affairs; but since he not only continued to vex her with his carpings and cavillings, but even strove to draw on her their lord's anger by his talebearing—as she believed—small marvel was it that she began to look on him as no less churlish than homely witted, and to dislike his company accordingly—a change he failed not to note, and to grieve over in secret. Had the simple lad but fulfilled his menace, by carrying his trouble in very deed to the ear of his lord, he had haply found both comfort and help under it; but when he came to this, his heart failed, nor could he bear to bring upon the wilful damosel so grievous a punishment, in his eyes, as the rebuke of the good prelate—whilst she, finding that no harm to herself came of his tales, readily concluded that the Lord Gilbert saw not with the same eyes as did his page, and thereupon, carried matters with a higher hand than before. So he had no remedy, save to hope for better times; and bear on, as he best might, in patience and silence.

CHAPTER IV.

A Christmas tale—and the effects thereof.

About this time fell sick and died, an aged monk of Charlewode, who had been chaplain and confessor at the Manor-place, ever since the lord prior had held sway there; and much lamentation was there made for him, both of the convent folk, and of damosel Avisa and her household—for the old man had been well-beloved of all. But since their grief could not avail to bring him back, they had but to choose another in his place.

It had come by some means to the knowledge of Madam Joyce, that there was in the priory cloister a young friar from the same parts with herself, and who, being akin to some of her gossips, had been known to her in time past. Him did she fix on for the new confessor, and prevailed with her niece to join her in praying his appointment of their lord; who, ever ready to please them in all innocent matters, granted their wish at once—and Sir Matthew, the chaplain, was forthwith established in his new office.

Now pity was it that noble prelate looked not more heedfully under the hood of this gentle-seeming monk; for truly more craft and treachery were there to be found, than under any other headpiece at the priory. Further, he was one of those unworthy few who privately envied the poor destitute lad his lord's favour, though all he had gained by it hitherto, over the rest in the house, was only his daily walk to Malthorpe; but there had run amongst them a rumour of late, that it was the Lord Gilbert's intent to provide for his page, not by means of cope and cloister, but by espousals with his ward, the rich heir of the Manor-place. And although his purpose, if such it were, could little import to those who were already fast bound in vows of holy church, yet did the bare thought thereof raise ill-will against the

youth in the breasts of the covetous and evil-natured, of whom there are no fewer in convents than in palaces; and especially of Dan Matthew, who had unwillingly betaken him to a religious life, for want of means to live otherwise, or diligence to earn them.

It chanced that the self-same suspicion of the lord prior's designs for John Ashtoft had come into the brain of Madam Pouncefort, who having already resolved, within herself, to dispose of the maiden and her wealth after another manner, had as good a will as any to hinder them; however, being too discreet openly to thwart the lord prior of Charlewode, she set herself to work by safer and secret means As folks seldom hold together in judgment without making discovery thereof, she was ere long aware of Dan Matthew's mind touching the lad, which she turned to her special profit; for the monk, who made it his business to inquire and spy out whatsoever concerned him, failed not to report to her all his unhandy ways and simple unworldly speeches, which she again would turn and twist, and bring to her niece's ear as opportunity served.

One point there was, nevertheless, whereon not all Sir Matthew's diligence could gain any light—namely, the parentage of the boy—the oldest in the house but knowing that he had been brought thither, while yet in his infancy, by an ancient dame, who, after a short audience of the lord prior, left him, and never came there after. Some deemed secretly that he must belong to the Lord Gilbert, or some of his kindred, by blood, if not by law; whilst others said, that in such case he had surely gotten more gentle training—they who could claim descent from the great in any fashion, being accounted of as gentlemen, and nurtured as such—and that he was truly sprung but from poor serfs and thralls, whose wretchedness had moved the pity of the gracious prelate. With this last opinion held Madam Joyce, and strove with might and main to possess her niece with the same belief—in which she sped only too surely.

December, with its howling blasts and driving rains, was passing away—and Christmas, with its feasting and mirth, its maskings and its mummings, its roaring fires and merry faces, was coming, to amend, by light and jollity within doors, the gloom and sadness without. The woodmen were all busied in cleaving and rolling Christmas log and ashen faggot—the young maidens in decking porch and chamber with holly and mistletoe bough—yeomen staggered under the weight of the good cheer, as they bore it from kitchen to hall—pantlers went tasting from cask to cask, to set the mellowest running for blithe Holy Eve. Meat and drink overflowed in every house, and high and low mingled together for that tide, alike joyful of mien and heart.

There was plenty, and welcome therewith, at this season, no less in Malthorpe Hall than elsewhere, yea, and mirth also. Only riot and revel were forbidden of the Lord Gilbert, who deemed such misrule ill-beseeming the lonely, maidenly estate of his ward—a command sorely displeasing to dame Muriel, who held eating and drinking little worth, unless she might have noise and wassail to boot. But since better was not to be had, she was forced to comfort herself by wasting, over her stews and sauces, her entremets and confections, as

much again as was needful of meats, and spices, and such like—prating the while without end of the feasting and revelry that wont to be in the hall in the days of Sir Thomas, brave, worthy gentleman!—"when the hearth ceased not to blaze, nor the ale-tap to flow, from Holy Eve to Epiphany-tide—and even midnight severed not good fellowship, since the morrow ever found the revellers where the even had left them."

Whilst the old wife was busied thus to her heart's wish, driving and ordering the household, who were wont humbly to look up to her at all seasons of pomp and festival, by reason of her better knowledge of former customs, the damosel Avis, in her parlour above, stood by the lattice idly watching the ceaseless pattering of the rain, and the darkening of a dreary even. In truth, such had been her sole pastime since morning, for the foul weather had kept her within doors, and neither story nor romaunt were to be had. John Ashtoft, too, whom neither flood nor tempest could keep wholly away, had yet tarried but a moment that day, being needed at Charlewode in his service; and the little he could say, had been but of the alms given and cheer provided of his lord for the poor, and the aged—folk, that in those her heedless days, May Avis loved better to give to than to talk of—so that he left her yet more melancholy than before. A weary toil it was to wear out the day, both to her and Madam Joyce, who was constrained to divert her, as she could, with old tales and legends of giants and monsters, such as nurses are wont to tell little children; but in midst of her histories, her niece would start up, run to the casement, and look out at the rain; then come and crouch down on the hearth until she was well nigh scorched; then hurry off to her chamber, and call Gille to try on her new hood for the tenth time—which she would as quickly fling off again, crying that it was set awry, and ill-fashioned, and became her not—until, weary of all this, she betook her in despair to the pastry, where rafters and walls rang with dame Muriel's clamour—now chiding and snubbing cooks and kitchen-boys—now loudly calling for canelle, clove-gilofre, honey, ginger, dates and licorice—and between whiles chanting snatches of songs, or telling of the games and jests in the old hall in the time of the "true lords."

"Give you good even, dame!" said May Avis, after standing a space at the elbow of the old wife, who was all too busy pounding meat for her mortrewes, to hear her—"by my life, you make blithe holiday cheer!"

> "Saint Stephen's day, that holy morn,
> Our abbot mass was saying;
> When hark, to whoop and hunting horn,
> And staghound loudly baying!"

sang the dame at the topmost pitch of her voice, ere she answered, "Eh, by my father-kin, damosel," (dame Muriel would never call her the Lady Avis, as her aunt desired,) "they that may not come by a swan, must even make merry as they can, with a capon. Aha! the swans, and the boarheads, and the knightly cheer and wassail, that I have seen here—the roast, and baked, and stewed, that wont to cum-

ber the meat-board—let alone the dainty dishes and rare devices—poudre marchand, and blancmanger, and half a score more o'the like. By Saint Hubert, the old Manor-place kept its state bravely in those times. Well-a-day!"

"Holy Mary, dame!" said the damosel, peevishly, "if times be changed, is the fault mine, I pray, that have God wot, as little pastime and pleasure as any? Truly, you may blame my lord, whose will it is that the season in this house shall lack the sports and jollity that come therewith to every other."

"Now God forbid that I should missay a noble gentleman and a Nevil of the north to boot!" quoth the crone. "Yea, truly, well know I that such state and living as beseem the house of a knight of worth and lineage, were all unmeet for a simple wench, dwelling alone with women this fashion. Hey!—dilly—dilly—down dilly.

"Then the abbot to his palfrey flew,
The chaplain to his mare;
And away they rode with a loud halloo,
The jolliest hunters there.

Certes, damosel, lords' pleasures should always be fulfilled, without grief or grudging."

"Then wherefore taunt you me in this wise?" answered the damosel, sharply. "Think you I would not gladly see the place as full of cheer and revel as it was aforetime?"

"Ay, and shall be again, dearling!—so hang care! it killed the cat. Saint Valentine to speed! and send us soon a gentle knight, to be lord of manor and lands! and then shall hearths smoke, and wine-cups go round as lustily as ever.

"There was joy at the thorpe, there was joy in the hall,
The feast on the meat-board, the lights on the wall;
Red wine for the yeoman, brown ale for the thrall,
When Sir William had wedded the lady of all."

Loudly sang the old wife again; but what came after reached not the ears of May Avis, who was slowly mounting the stair, to the chamber she had left; where, sorely sighing, she sat her down on a stool in the chimney-nook, and leaned her cheek on her hand, like one in sad and earnest meditation.

"Now, certes, honeysweet niece, you are ill at ease," said Madam Joyce, in her softest guise, when she had sat thus for a space. "Your hand, I pray!—truly, a hot, dry palm, Lady Avis, which calls for cooling drinks and medicines, without loss of time."

"Heaven shield us!" cried May Avis, tetchily snatching back her hand, "as if foul weather without, and lack of all play and pastime within, were not cause enow for a worse ailment than an overhot palm!"

"Now would to God and Saint Eloy, I had leave to amend thy lonely, joyless estate, sweet niece!—for much it grieveth me to see it. Nevertheless, my lord's pleasure must be done. And truly, well nigh could I have chided the churlish page this morning for his unmannerly haste to leave us, but that methinks it is with him as with silly Gillian—that the Lady Avis hath wholly outgrown their fellowship, though she may still use their services."

May Avis drew in her round, dimpled chin, and held her head in such stately fashion as she deemed fit for a damosel of high degree, ere she made answer, "By my sooth, I take no note of Master Ashtoft's comings or goings, save for love of the books he brings with him. But, alas! I would liefer than sunshine I had now one such, to wear away the hours until sleeping time."

"Nay, sweeting, might my prayers prevail, thou shouldst have yet sprightlier and better company, and soothly far more beseeming thine age and estate, than either my lord prior's books or knave page."

Of this last speech May Avis took no heed; for she had fallen into a second fit of musing, and sat for a space looking stedfastly into the fire; until at last she suddenly broke silence with, "Pray you, fair aunt, after what fashion are marriages made in these our times, amongst knights and gentles?"

"Nay, how mean you, sweet niece?" asked the aunt, desirous, ere she answered, to know somewhat more of the maiden's thoughts.

"Mean? why as I speak," cried May Avis, who cared not to tell all that was in her mind; "I say I would hear how damosels of gentle degree come by their bachelors, it not being the custom, I trow, for all to remain unwedded, save the great ladies that dwell at court, and sit about the lists at tourneys."

"Nay, surely, dear Avis, that were indeed too hard hap for so many young maidens. As I deem such weddings are made sometimes by treaty and accord of parents and friends; at others, yet more readily as well as happily, by good liking of the parties themselves, as chanced to a sister of mine, who, many long years since, was thus wooed and wed by a lusty young knight that came hawking and hunting into the parts where we dwelt."

"Why, ben'cité, good aunt, have you indeed another sister beside my late mother?" asked the damosel in amazement.

"Truly, niece mine, such an one had I once, an elder, and even a truer sister to me, being born of both mine own parents, whereas your late mother of happy memory was of my kindred but by the half-blood, the issue of our mother's second marriage."

"Holy Saint Bridget, aunt, why told you me never word of this before?" said May Avis, who began to hold herself as much aggrieved by Madam Joyce's secresy.

"In sooth, it was not that I lacked the will to do this, but that I somewhat feared, ladybird, such knowledge might cause you to desire further acquaintance of these your kinsfolk, and thereby call down on us both my lord prior's anger."

"What, and are there yet others?" cried May Avis, starting up, and clapping her hands in delight. "O dear aunt! sweet gentle aunt! beseech you, tell me of them all. O, you know not what joyful hearing it shall be to a poor girl like me, who dreamed not she had kith or kin, save yourself, in the wide world."

With that she ran and kissed her aunt, and sat down fondling on her knee, asking questions without end, of the name, the number, the estate and abode of these new kinsfolk, until Madam Pauncefort, seeming at length overcome by her importunity, complied.

"You are to know then, dear niece, that your grandame, God rest

her soul! was worthily espoused first to a gentleman of Norfolk, who, dying in no long time after, left her with two young maidens, of whom Alison, she we but now spoke of, was the elder, and myself the younger. Now this Alison, being fortunately wedded after the manner I told you, to this worshipful knight, by name Sir Roger de Bradeston, had little further knowledge of us, her two sisters, so that she living in the parts about London, and we on the far side of Bedfordshire, we ceased ere long to hear of her, neither knew I if she were living or dead, until I journeyed into Hertfordshire, two years agone last Hallowmas, as you may call to mind, to plead for restitution of some money that should have been my late husband's.

"Now will I tell you what there happened to me. Hard by where I was lodged at Ware, there abode a young and handsome squire, who was so fresh and pleasant of aspect, and sat his steed so fairly, and wore his short gown and low-heeled shoes of Cordovan leather with so gay a grace, that truly it was a joy to see him, nor could I refrain, as he passed me from day to day, from questioning those of the house who the youth might be. From whom I learned that it was an esquire belonging to a knight of the Duke of Lancaster's household, and you may think I was not displeased to hear further that he was called Piers Bradeston; and in truth, when I observed him more narrowly, he bore so plainly in his aspect the likeness of the Lady Bradeston, my sister, that I could not doubt him for her offspring.

"Upon this I made myself known to the young squire, and made inquiry touching his own people and their estate. Then he told me how that his lady-mother, my sister, had deceased five years before, as likewise the knight his father, and that Sir Roger, whose lands and living were but small, had well nigh dispended all in grand living at court, the little he left being freely yielded up by the son for the better support of his young sister, who had been reared in a nunnery not far off, himself trusting to lance and stirrup for his own future providing."

"'Twas a virtuous and noble deed!" cried May Avis with all her heart. "God grant him joy and guerdon thereof! Pray you, aunt, what further fortune befel this brave young squire?"

"In truth, sweet niece, little further know I thereof, save that in some short while after he sailed for Bourdeaux in Gascony, with the duke and his lord, who would by no means go without him, until wars and adventures growing scarce in those parts, he changed service, and went to Ireland with our lord the king, where doubtless he approved himself a good and able man-at-arms. But for his fair sister, her I saw and talked with often; for she was dwelling in those parts, having been waiting gentlewoman to a great lady who had there a stately house, from the time she left her nunnery. And certes, I found her so courteous and debonaire of behaviour, so pleasant and gracious of mien and aspect, that, in short, I could not choose but love her next after thyself, my pretty Avis, and the rather in that methought I could discern a cousinly resemblance between you, saving that the Lady Eglantine is taller by a head, and her hair yellow as amber, with eyes thereunto according, whilst your own are of a blackish brown."

"And her nose, and her lips, and her speech, good, dear aunt, tell me all you know of this sweet lady, an you love me. Eglantine! why the very name seems fresh and sweet as a well-trimmed garden at midsummer. Nay, by my fay, sweet aunt, it was too discreet thus long to hide from me such joyful tidings."

"Saint Eloy be my speed, fair niece, it was designed for the best, since it seemed to me that my lord prior, no doubt with some grave and fixed purpose, willed not that you should know friend or playmate beside his page, therefore it were but to cause you grief and annoy, to——"

"But this Lady Eglantine, sweet aunt," broke in May Avis, "and her look, and her features, and her talk. I would fain hear of one and all, so please you. My certes, but it is as pleasant hearing as any tale of knighthood I ever listened to."

"For the damosel's nose," said Madam Joyce, smiling, it might be, at her niece's simple ways; "it is somewhat high-arched and perfectly well shapen, as are her other features, and she is altogether fair and pleasant to see. But for her speech—in sooth it is not for me to pourtray the graces of her discourse—the sprightliness, attempered with discretion, whereby she winneth to herself the goodwill of all that come near her. No less skilled is she in all things befitting her gentle estate; and I would to our lady you could but hear her play on organ or lute, and sing therewith, even like an angel, or a chorister at Paul's; and although sweeter than your own merry throat can there be none, yet hath she a more perfect mastery over her voice, such as may be learnt in schools and nunneries, of folk who spend all their lives on these studies. Dance can she also, even as it were a sprite or an elf-queen—not with such uncouth hops and skips as country wenches use in their May-games, but with slow, measured steps, and stately carriage, as great ladies are wont to foot it at court revels."

"Now, alas and welaway, sweet aunt!" cried May Avis, almost weeping, "must I never so much as see this gentle damosel—and she, too, my own near kinswoman?—though doubtless she is a damosel no longer, but wedded long ago to some noble lord or knight, and become a great lady."

Nay, my niece, she is still the damosel de Bradeston; though truly she hath been sought of many; but the lady Swynford, her mistress, deemed none worthy of her whose state and lineage were not of the very highest; though, methinks, suitors of such degree shall not now be lacking, since that noble lady being newly wedded with my lord the Duke of Lancaster, our young kinswoman shall henceforward live wholly at the court, where she shall speedily find fitting espousals."

May Avis, poor silly maiden, who had never before heard so much as the name of dame Swynford, could scarcely refrain from dancing round the room for very joy, to think she had a near kinswoman at court, and of such account there, and incontinently was seized with as vehement a desire for the company of this cousin as she had formerly been for the reading of tales of chivalry, Madam Pauncefort, maugre her dread of angering the lord prior, no way discouraging her in the wish. But now arose an argument betwixt them after what fashion

this her wish should be accomplished; for the maiden, who had neither guile nor cunning, would needs go the straight way to work, by praying her lord's license to journey as far as Hertford, to inquire out and make herself known to her cousin—a course which Madam Joyce little liked, and therefore strove with all her might to hinder. The niece, who had been wont of late years mostly to follow her own pleasure, bore not with her over patiently.

"Holy Mary to speed, then!" she said at last, "since you are bent thus to carp and cavil at whatsoever device my wit can shape out, pray you find some better way yourself, or, by my fay, I will call Master Ashtoft to counsel, and beseech him, for old kindness' sake, to move my lord that I may go see my gentle cousin."

This menace wrought as the damosel would have it, for the aunt quickly answered,

"Nay, sweetest niece, afore you put your cause in such jeopardy, better were it you discover the matter yourself to my lord, and pray him, of all boons, to grant you here, for a space, the company of your kinswoman, whereunto he may more readily incline than to your setting forth to seek her amongst strangers."

"Why, deem you then, soothly, that a lady of her breeding, and of the court to boot, would deign to come and abide with us in this poor place, where none but hinds and yeomen are to be met with, from Whitsuntide round to Ascension, save Dan Matthew, our confessor, at mass and meal tides?"

"Then, niece, as I hope to be saved, the damosel de Bradeston is ready to do so much, and more, for your sake, having no less desire of your fellowship and acquaintance than you may have of hers, as indeed she oft told me that time we were together. My life for it, but she shall come both graciously and quickly, so soon as you have leave to bid her; and the rather, that I have heard, by good hap, she is yet so near us as Hertford, the household of my lady duchess not being as yet removed to Ely House."

Madam Joyce might further have told her niece, had it so pleased her, that even within the last two days this fair lady had sent fresh assurance of her readiness to visit them—but she was in all things in very deed a most discreet, wary woman.

"Yea, will she so, in truth, dear aunt?" quoth May Avis joyfully. "My certes, might that be, I would adventure at once on the request to my lord."

"By my fatherkin, then, niece, it is as I have said; only be ruled by me in this, that you name not to my lord the noble lady with whom our kinswoman is dwelling, since holy church is ever somewhat jealous over its goods, and were my lord prior but to know that the damosel hath friends or place at court, he should surely deny your suit, lest her company and discourse might give you a desire for pleasures he willeth you not to enjoy."

May Avis, who would gladly walk, in every case, by the plain road of truth, which both Gille and John Ashtoft had ever taught her to love and keep, long resisted even this small deceit; but Madam Joyce stubbornly maintaining that if she resolved not on this it were utterly bootless to ask at all, the fear of losing so great happiness at length

overcame her honesty, and she promised to speak of the damosel Bradeston as but lately come out of her nunnery at Ware, and tarrying for a space thereabout with an ancient lady, friend to her late mother, which verily, Madam Joyce declared, was true of the Duchess of Lancaster.

All fell out as May Avis herself would have had it, for shortly after noon of the next day came the lord prior, as was his gracious wont, to bid her God speed of that joyful season; for he loved the little orphan maiden, and knew well how to show her such countenance and favour, without disparagement to his own high dignity. With him came John Ashtoft, bringing, as was his custom, a new year's gift for damosel Avis, who blushed not a little at thought of her late scanted courtesies towards him, when he bashfully prayed her to wear, for old friendship's sake—not, as in former times, a knife, or a tissue girdle, or some such slight gift, but a brooch of gold, curiously wrought, and set with pearl and hyacinth stone. Assuredly it was the richest jewel she had yet beheld; and her conscience smiting her sorely at this fresh token of his kindness, for her hard thoughts and froward behaviour, she thanked him with such tearful earnestness as made the simple youth well nigh weep for joy. And thereupon taking encouragement from the well-pleased looks of the good prelate, she bent her knee, and entreated him, of his great condescension and goodness, to grant her for a while the company of her young kinswoman.

In truth she was more beholden to John Ashtoft's forbearance than she was aware of; for the lord prior, who knew not that strife or debate had ever been between them, was so well content with their affection, as he deemed it, that he was the more ready to grant the boon she prayed without overmuch inquiry.

"Nay, God forbid that I should say thee nay, my child, in any desire befitting thy sportive age and maidenly estate, far less the innocent solace of company of thy own years and kindred—though somewhat I marvel that, in so long a time, I knew not there were any thus near in blood to thee beside the worthy lady, Madam Pauncefort. Wherefore didst thou not tell me this before, maiden?"

"So please you, my lord," she made answer, "it was but yesterday that I first came to the knowledge of my cousin, and that by chance, and not wholly with the liking of my aunt, who feared your lordship might be ill pleased at her speaking to me of my kinswoman."

"In sooth, damosel, I see not wherefore; nevertheless, I have long known thine aunt for a right trusty and discreet gentlewoman, and may not doubt her intent hath been for the best. And now, where abideth thy young cousin? By my word, we will make thee amends for thy long tarriance without her fair company, by sending for her right anon."

May Avis, with so deep a blush on her cheek as had raised suspicion in the Lord Gilbert of any other than herself, here told as much as Madam Joyce had counselled of the damosel Bradeston's present estate, but she was fain to turn away her eyes for very shame when he graciously said,

"By the rule of St. Austin, a fair and virtuous fosterage! and out of doubt a sober, well-conditioned young maiden; truly, my child,

I am scarcely less joyful at her coming than thyself, for she may advantage thee in many things wherein thou hast hitherto lacked opportunity to learn. Commend me, then, to Madam Pauncefort, and pray her from me to send a trusty yeoman without delay to bid and bring the damosel hither."

The little maiden could hardly tarry, as beseemed her, the departure of the lord prior, so eager was she to hasten with this gracious message to her aunt, who was at heart as well pleased as herself, though she would by no means leave to page or yeoman the guidance of the damosel de Bradeston; but, despite the season, besought my lord prior's consent to her setting forward herself to Ware, affirming that the ancient lady who had charge of her kinswoman would not suffer her to make the journey in any worse company—all which yet more fully persuading that noble gentleman of the careful, orderly bringing up of the maiden, he gladly gave leave for her journey: and accordingly, tarrying but the end of Epiphany-tide, Madam Joyce made herself ready, and set out early one fine morning, riding a soft-stepping hackney, and followed by a grave yeoman of the household, promising her niece to return without fail by the fifth day after.

(To be continued.)

SONNET.—WANDERING THOUGHTS.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

My wandering thoughts a misery are to me—
They will not keep at home, but always stray
To scenes forbidden—passions, that display
Even on their foreheads, (as a wizard's tome
Is covered with dread emblems,) blushing shame,
And guilt that, unavowed, fills the racked frame
With cureless pangs! O that a spirit would come
To guide them back, those truant thoughts that flee
From the safe ark!—black ravens that will roam
To lands prohibited, where purity
Hath entrance never!—O that I could claim
A quiet rest—a tranquil course of thought—
Such as inspires and springs from virtue; bought
At no expense of wordly praise or blame!

MISS FINCH.[1]

"Il suffit quelque fois à un jeune homme de rencontrer une femme qui ne l'aime pas, ou qui l'aime trop, pour que toute sa vie en soit derangée."—H. De Balzac.

The morning broke:—how delicate was the morning!—a silvery gray, laced with pink stripes which extended themselves athwart the heavens, gradually merging into a flood of yellow light. One by one San Sebald and the Frauenkirche raised their heads in the clear ether; the Schonebrunnen threw its spray columns, scattering, into the air—birds were jargoning on the house-tops, reading deep lessons to who would listen and understand: it was a new world, shining forth with the new day; indeed, to him who looks upon it rightly, is not every day-dawn the opening of a new world, with fresh original phases of births, marriages, and other calamities, even deaths?

The morning broke: it was scarcely six o'clock when I looked out: the twilight loving stars had but just concluded their concert in the sky; the lark was yet swooping up and down betwixt earth and heaven, filling the air with his gushing notes; the people of the inn still slept; only a Bavarian boots, with a gold embroidered eagle in his cap, was stirring, who opened to me the gates of the yard. I went forth, my head and heart yet swimming with the intoxicating memory of the preceding night; yet not without a feeling of passive gratitude towards the Author of all the fair sights and sounds which compassed me about. It was market-day; the peasant women were crowding into the town with their flowers and their fruit: by the base of Albrecht Durer's statue did they throng. He, Albrecht, pupil of Wohlgemüth, father of the German school, poor mortal though great genius, lord of art, yet tormented and enslaved by a termagant wife, looking down complacently from his stone pedestal on the hurrying throng.

Passing these by, I wandered on—I knew not, and I cared not where—I had so little thought of the actual at that time. I had entered headlong, as it were, into a new ideal cycle, which had little to do with the reality of life. As I walked in a kind of dreamy elysium, the past and the future danced fantastic rounds within my brain—a dull leaden past, through which flitted electric flashes, as sudden as they were quickly blotted out; an overbranching rayless forest of deep-leaved trees, impervious to sun or moonlight, but on which the levin bolt had sometimes fallen, causing a conflagration and a crash; and for the future, a whirling chaos, a possibility of anything of bliss which made the heart faint in contemplating it; but mark, only a *possibility*, I say, and that possibility opposed by an immediate array of difficulties and doubts, wants, and all the palpable absurdities, which make man the puppet that he is.

I went back to the Rothe Ross—I ordered breakfast: in the saal was a bay window with a huge balcony overlooking the street; in it I stood, nursing my imagination, which teemed with unutterable births; presently a light step was behind; I felt it before it reached my ear: the blood rushed to my temples, and thence to my heart; a choking sensation was in my throat, as I looked steadily down into the street.

[1] Continued from p. 295.

"Good Heavens!" thought I, "am I a man? and to be the plaything of fancy in this fashion?" With a strong effort I stilled the tumult within, and turned towards the room. There stood Helena, calm, composed, and smiling; she spoke to me in German, as she quietly held out her hand; I touched it, and let it fall. She made some observation about the beauty of the day: Mrs. Finch came in; my plate and cup were at the opposite end of the table whereon their breakfast things were placed—I bade the waiter move them together—it was a sudden impertinent impulse, for which the next moment I blushed like a child; but Mrs. Finch showed no displeasure. The general made his appearance; we sate down together, and breakfasted as though we had lived together for a year; it was suggested that we should go forth to see the town. I proposed that we should go the burial-ground, which was agreed to; after a little while we set out.

The burial-ground of Nürnberg is the quaintest and most original, at the same time the most solemn city of the dead; a space of about four acres, standing on a rising ground, and all covered over with huge slabs, or rather blocks of stone, about seven feet long, by four or five wide; ornamented, as to their surface, by massive brass work escutcheons and heraldic bearings, sculptured in heavy bronze; intelligible hieroglyphs, making clear to the passer by the life and calling of the inhabitant below. A strange blending and admixture this, of the symbols of life with the realities of death. We have here no skulls or cross bones; no skeletons or scythes; but everyday emblems of everyday life; its professions and its trades. Here lies the baron by the side of the baker; the mason divided only by a narrow footway from the Hoch edelgeborne dame; each distinguished by the marks of his rank or calling, cast in perennial brass upon his tomb. The thane has his helmet and his sword; the baker his loaves and his knotted rolls; the mason his compass and his square; the tailor his sheers, and the smith his hammer; symbols of the daily pursuits of those who have passed away—whose bones have rotted these three hundred years—whose great great grandsons are now on their pilgrimage, working with the same tools, or carving their fortunes with the same sheers or sword; tending to the same resting-place when their work shall be done.

Not unmoved did we walk amid the tombs.

"Flat stones, and awry, grass potsherd and shard"

were beneath our feet; in many places the huge stones had crushed in the graves by their enormous weight, and were lying half buried—so probably the memory of their respective dead ones. Time, heavy-handed wayfarer, had weighed upon the heart of mourner after mourner, crushing out the trace of deeply implanted sorrow;*

* "Voyageur! voyageur! quelle est notre folie?
Qui sait combien de morts à chaque heure on oublie,
Des plus chers, des plus beaux?
Qui peut savoir combien toute douleur s'émousse,
Et combien sur la terre un jour d'herbe qui pousse
Efface de tombeaux?"

Victor Hugo. *Les Feuilles d'Automne.*

causing the grass tufts to spring up, and smother the name and recollection of the once honoured dead.

There are times and circumstances when strange fancies will come unbidden, filling the brain with quaint images and thoughts. Helena and I were leaning beside the tomb of Albrecht Durer: gazing around me, I began to muse upon the old doctrine of Pythagoras respecting the transmigration of souls. It was curious to think whether all these dead men might not be still alive, and walking about the streets of Nürnberg; even wandering far off; their clay garment alone being hidden in the ground: still more curious to speculate (if thus it might be) where were the former clay robes in which we ourselves had strutted, with more or less dignity, through our bygone lives. Before I knew what I was about, I had fallen to asking myself *who* Miss Finch had been. That she had borne the name of Helena through the world at some former time, adorning it and making it shine in the eyes of men, I could not doubt; but *which* Helena was it? She of Troy, the heartless beauty, shedder of men's blood, through vanity and wantonness of spirit? or to the low-born maiden* of Drepanum, raised to a throne by her beauty, sainted for her virtues, the discoverer of the true cross, the builder of the temple over the holy sepulchre, the mother and nurse of Christianity in troublous times? or, if neither—and possibly she had been neither of these—was she Shakspeare's Helena, who so loved Bertram? or Boccaccio's Elena, the beautiful story-teller of the gardens beyond Florence, at the period of the plague? or haply (for the modification of the name is but slight, both having the same root) Eleonora—the proud Eleonora d'Este, the mistress of Tasso—she who loved the poet, while she despised the man? But, curious as I was to know, I had no possible means of ascertaining. It is true, I put the question to her, but, after a little consideration, she replied, that although she fully believed she had been one or other of these persons, it was so very long ago, that she could not remember which.

Two delicious days did we spend at Nürnberg, walking about in all directions, visiting everything worth seeing—above all, strolling on those green ramparts which encircle the town, and in the Schloss Garten, beneath the linden tree, whose branches have there stretched themselves, and scented the air, ever since Luther was a child. On the third day the Finches left for Munich, and thence to Salzburg, and I was once more alone—and yet not quite alone, for memory dwelt with me, making her constantly present to my mind.

And yet, I staid two days—only two days; but those twice twenty-four hours had been to my life as the acorn is to the tree—the germ from which all was to spring—the cup containing leaves, branches, fibres, sap, all closely packed and folded one over another, yet ready to expand and bourgeon forth with time. O Time! how strange a thing art thou, and how ill do we measure thee! We mete thee with an ell wand, portioning such and such a length—ought we not rather to gauge thee according to what thou dost contain?—a shallow blank year containing nothing, and a deep half hour in which is comprised

* The Empress Helena.

life and death, hope, happiness, or despair? And yet, it is better as it is: it would lead to sundry inconveniences if every man meted with a measure of his own.

But now came a dilemma;—I had hardly any money left. For a time I was uncertain what to do. If I went on to Venice, I should probably be put in prison for debt, or should starve by the way-side; if I turned back—but that was out of the question—how was it possible for me to turn back? Helena's eyes were a loadstone drawing me on: if they had pointed the way to the most evident destruction, I should have followed blindly on the path to which they led.

I went to Salzburg; thence by Hallein, over the mountains to Werfen, on to Wilbadgastein. Here I was detained for a couple of days; the fact is, I was ill—knocked up by over-excitement and fatigue. On the second morning, as I sate in my room, gazing on the magnificent cascade which was thundering down the rocks, not twenty yards distant from my head, I pulled out my purse, and counted how much money I had left—twenty-two swanzigers, about eight-and-forty shillings—no more. I pondered for a while how I was to get to Venice, and I decided that I must walk. After my mind was made up, I did not hesitate an instant; I opened my portmanteau, and selected the few things which were indispensable to me; I made a present of the rest to the Kellner, bought a second-hand knapsack, packed it, and set off on foot a journey of three hundred miles.

It was an exquisite morning as I sped over the "Stand" on my way to Heiligenblut. My utter poverty did not cloy my spirits; I felt like a pilgrim, on his way to a land of milk and honey; I was at peace with all the world; I greeted every peasant whom I met, and had a kindly feeling towards the mountain goat which nibbled the long grass on the steep hill side. I remember that, just as I reached the summit of the pass, a heavy shower came on; I sheltered myself beneath a huge boulder which thrust its bald head through the green turf, and looked with admiration and love upon the rainbow which stretched itself below: it was a perfect arch; I could see the two ends where they appeared to rest upon the earth, forming a sort of heavenly portal, within which were seen farms and cottages, and clumps of trees, and waving grass fields, and moving things, which borrowed from their prismatic border a beauty not their own. Soon after I reached the summit of the mountain, and began descending on the other side. I came to a thick pine forest, which extended miles and miles away on the mountain side;—here, a curious freak of nature, which I had nowhere before seen, at the extremity of the twigs and branches were long tufts of fibrous substance, which floated and swayed in the breeze—probably the hair of the Hamadryades, which had suffered a forest change, but not ceased to be.

At nightfall I came to a village consisting of two cottages and a small, low-roofed church. The name of the place, I afterwards learnt, was Bucheben. I knocked at the door of one the houses, and was hospitably received. Ere long, I was seated before a smoking dish of kehbraten, flanked by a flask of kirsch, neither of which were by any means to be despised.

The priest of the village, if village it might be called, was taking

his supper at the inn. We drew towards each other, and soon became acquainted, and conversed for a considerable time. He was curious to know where I came from, and my motive for travelling. He had heard of England, nay, of London, and believed it was a long way off, and a very large town; he had once seen Salzburg;—was it larger than Salzburg?—if so, how many times? But he was an intelligent, not unamusing fellow withal, though his knowledge was chiefly confined to local things. We parted with a promise to meet on the morrow—a promise which, like ninety-nine out of a hundred promises, was not fulfilled.

Away, over the Tauern the next morning, floundering through the snow which reached sometimes to the knee, sometimes to the waist. I had taken a guide at Wörth, for without one no man could make his way across this sullen snow-heaped mountain. After five hours' toil we reached the saddle-shaped depression at the top, (called the Bock Thor, or Goats' pass,) and then half frozen, and nearly blinded with the snow glare, made our way down on the other side. I stopped a few hours at Heiligenblut, thence to Winklern. I am not writing a tour, or I might gladly expatiate upon the exquisite beauty of these Carinthian wilds—but I must hurry on—suffice it, that in seven days after leaving Wilbadgastein I arrived at Trent.

It was evening when I walked in—a dusty, tired, famished man—my coat threadbare, my shoes worn, my beard unshaven, my hat little better than a mere covering (no ornament) to my head. As I passed the outer gates, the white jacketed sentry looked at me with suspicion, and demanded my pasport; but I was quite *en regle*, so he bade me pass on. I looked about for some place where to sleep. I had a kind of hope of finding letters at Trent, some of which might contain remittances; but it was but faint, and the post-office hours were long since past. I had come to my last swanziger; it was therefore necessary that I should select some place which might befit my fortunes, dwindled as they were. As I went along I passed the "Rosa," a stately hotel; before the gate were several carriages; a man was washing one of them, which I knew instantly—it was the general's. I asked the servant if his master was stopping there—he looked at me, and scarcely condescended to answer; but I learnt from him that he was. My heart beat with a triumphant joy. I will go sup with them, thought I; I shall be near her—her chair will be close to mine—I shall hear her voice again—I shall look upon her eyes. Just then my eyes fell upon the sleeve of my coat, and my rapturous anticipations received something of a fall.

But I had not come so far, and borne with so much, to give it up all at once like a cowed child. I made up my mind, that at all events I would present myself and take my chance. I walked a little way farther, and coming to a narrow street turning on the left-hand, out the Contrada Lunga, I saw a house of entertainment which I thought might suit. I went in, and found an old woman, sitting eating peaches in the window. I asked her if I could have a lodging for the night. *Sicuro si*, she said. And what must I pay? She named a moderate sum; but I could not risk it. What if my letters should not arrive the next day? or what if they should arrive and

contain no money, as might very possibly be the case? So I walked out with a sigh—but a thought struck me--I asked her if she would let me leave my knapsack there till the morning? She kindly consented, and opened a little cupboard, where she told me I might put it, and where it would be very safe. Then I dusted my shoes, and made myself look as respectable as I could, and went forth to call on the Finches at the Rosa.

They were at home. The waiter showed me into a handsome sitting room, with the shields of the king of Sardinia, and of half a dozen royal dukes over the door. Dinner was on the table. After the first moment of surprise and exclamation, they asked me to join them. I had eaten a large bunch of grapes and three kreutzers' worth of bread that day. I was so devilish hungry that the offer of food appeared to me an utter charity, and I refused. Foolish pride! nay, wicked—but how could I do otherwise? In *her* presence could I beg, or even receive alms? Would I not rather have died? So there I sate, talking and listening, the devil, in the shape of famine, clutching at my heart the while, and yet feeling happy, inasmuch as her voice was in my ear, and that I saw, or deluded myself into thinking, that her smile had brightened since I had come into the room.

The general questioned me how I had come to Trent. I told him I had walked all the way; at which he laughed, treating it as the prank of a young man, with a superabundance of energy and life. "But," said he "you must be pretty nearly tired now; suppose you join us? We will take you on to Venice. Six weeks before, what a strange joy such a speech would have occasioned me!—but now—I looked at Helena; there was an hesitation in her countenance—a sort of hope—(Heaven forgive me if I lie or read it wrong)—but it was of no use:—how could I do it? I, who had not the worth of a guinea in the world, and only the remote chance of getting I know not how little the next day. The thing was too manifestly absurd—so I muttered some folly about the pleasure of a pedestrian treading over hill and plain. The general received my excuses with a good-humoured smile—I thought Mrs. Finch looked scrutinizingly at me. As for Helena, she had a nosegay of flowers before her, a thorn from one of which had penetrated her finger, and she was occupied in pulling it out. We sate till nearly eleven o'clock. I felt that it was time for me to go—but where was I going?—"Are you stopping in this house?" said Mrs. Finch. I smiled a courageous smile, and summed up as bold a face as if my courier had been waiting for me at the Europa. "No, I am not stopping here," said I. No one asked any further question. We parted cordially, I promising to breakfast with them the next day. The church clocks were striking eleven one after another as I went out. At that hour Trent is all alive. The heat of the day is gone by, and the night breeze comes soothingly from the water. Countless people come forth into the streets to make music, or to make love—to smoke and to eat ice. I wondered awhile amid the throng, but I was dead tired and hungry. I could not resist the temptation of food which I saw in the window of a caffé. I went in and seated myself in the midst of a number of Austrian soldiers who were playing cards. I called for an omelet, and ate it with delight; but to

pay for it in my present circumstances was a pang. Then I left the crowded streets, and walked towards the little bridge which spans the Adige nearly at the extremity of the town. I stood awhile upon that bridge listening to the voice of the multitude, as it died away in the far off space. I looked before and around me; the river was winding like a silver serpent, till it was lost in the gathering darkness: here and there a dark spot; perhaps a boat; a few red lights twinkling like inverted pyramids, as reflected in the bosom of the stream. I walked about a hundred yards beyond the bridge, and came to a ruined wall, over which the vines had trailed luxuriantly, forming a sort of rude bed. I tied a handkerchief lightly over my face to save it from the attacks of musquitoes, and having said a prayer or two, I lay down; and with the noise of the poppling water in my ears, and the thought of Helena passing like a shadow through my brain, I closed my eyes and slept.

(To be continued.)

THE MOTHER'S SMILE.

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

THERE are clouds that must o'ershade us,
  There are griefs that all must know,
There are sorrows that have made us
  Feel the tide of human woe;
But the deepest—darkest sorrow
  Though it sere the heart awhile,
Hope's cheering ray may borrow
  From a mother's welcome smile!

There are days in youth that greet us
  With a ray too bright to last,
There are cares of age to greet us
  When those sunny days are past;
But the past scenes hover o'er us
  And give back the heart awhile,
All that memory can restore us
  In a mother's welcome smile!

There are scenes and sunny places
  On which mem'ry loves to dwell,
There are many happy faces
  Who have known and loved us well;
But 'mid joy or 'mid dejection,
  There is nothing can beguile,
That can show the fond affection
  Of a mother's welcome smile!

Leamington Spa.

THE

METROPOLITAN.

MAY, 1842.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Softness; a Novel. By the Author of "Hardness."

This new novel, with its odd, quaint name, presents a fund of rich amusement to the reading world. Its precursor, "Hardness," possessed the germs of great merit—"Softness" displays the fruition of the same mind. It is seldom, indeed, that we meet with qualities so excellent and so opposite, as those which balance and redeem each other in these pages. A vein of fine sentiment contrasts with a spirit of most exquisite mirth, and a tone of pure morality with some of the most laughter-moving practical joking that we ever remember to have met with.

All imaginative writing is ennobled by a moral purpose: descriptions of men and manners have their value, but they are elevated above themselves by being made the means of displaying some worthy end. "Softness" has this honourable aim. Its hero is a young man, blessed with all the ingredients for happiness, yet wanting skill to mingle them in due proportions, so as to ensure the formation of that *summum bonum* of life. He has rank, influence, health, wealth, a competent understanding, personal courage, sufficient advantages of face and frame; he has a fine seat in the country, his name has honourable mention in the Bank of England books, and he not only possesses money, but he has also the spirit to spend it; he gives dinners, keeps a stud, owns a yacht—in fact, is himself one of the prizes in this world's lottery. According to the usual scandal upon all mammas, who are supposed to be anxious to get rid of the beings nearest and dearest to them as speedily as possible, to dispose of them to the first bidder, or even to throw them away entirely, Sir Thomas Champion is in great danger of being run away with altogether, or at

least to have a wife thrown at his head, whether he will or not: all the husband-hunters are of course in the field, he being so rich a prize; and then with his dinners, his stud, and his yacht, he has at least five hundred dear friends. Yet as every substance has its shadow, and every good its corresponding drawback, as gold itself is too ductile for use without an alloy to impart strength to its worth, so Sir Thomas Champion's good-nature degenerates into "Softness." His pliancy becomes weakness, and this quality, which is amalgamated with every other, incorporated in him, and influencing every action, proves well nigh the very blight of his whole life. The work opens with a spirited scene of the yacht at sea; the baronet and his friends enjoying themselves to the utmost at dinner; a gale springing up, a fog lowering, the skipper anxious to "put about," but his dear friends "hating to be leeward of the table," and anxious to "get through their claret as they were," Sir Thomas, being *soft*, countermands the order for another half hour, and that half hour throws them on a hidden rock with a startling suddenness. Here is one of the transitions in which this author is so powerful. The wine, the dinner, the song, the joke, the noisy mirth of their wine-bibbing conviviality, are all suddenly, startlingly, in the midst of a disjointed jest, suddenly broken in upon by the striking of the vessel upon a rock, and a shipwreck of fearful horror, in which there is a sad waste of life, and the survivors are only snatched from destruction at the hair's-breadth. This is finely as well as startlingly told, and the result skilfully arranged, for from it ensues the sowing of certain seeds of affection which afterwards materially influence the tone of the baronet's mind, though for the present his "Softness" proves too weak a soil for their vigorous germination. This opening incident of our history is followed on by others highly characteristic, all of them tending to elucidate the character of the hero, and work out the consummation of the tale. And here we must mark an inherent difference of nature in a class of men who might, even after long observation, appear to all but the most acute observer alike. It would be easy to take a couple of individuals, verifying the old proverb that like ever associates with like, uttering similar sentiments, associating in the same actions, influenced by the same taste, who go journeying on a portion of their life together, and who, it might naturally enough be supposed, would, under the influence of habit, only grow into more confirmed similitude. But it is not so: the one shall feel a growing contentedness in the slavery of habitude, the other a growing disaffection, and the issue at last is widely opposite: the spirit of the one grows weary and disgusted, and finally emancipates itself through the very process which rivets the chains of the other; and when we thus see individuals apparently of the same calibre, as evidenced by the same tastes and pursuits, we ought carefully to endeavour to discriminate, before we give them up as hopeless, whether or not traits of a higher character may not be incipient within them which may finally struggle through, and at once divide, the seemingly similar individuals with the broadest of all lines of demarcation. Our author has shown this discrimination. His hero is one of those men whose faults, instead of confirming, preach against themselves, and he thus furnishes a fine instance of mental renovation.

So far we have spoken of the hero, because he is himself the moral of the book, but the plot in which his affairs are mingled is one of extraordinary skill, spirit, and power. We will not detract from its novelty (we could not from its merit,) by entering into it. There is an admirable consistency in the character of the actors with their actions, which helps to endow the narrative with an air of reality, and very many touches of tact and truth, which art could never furnish to an author, and which nature can alone supply. Another and a rare characteristic prevails: it is the happy engrafting of the spirit of frolicking fun on the character of the true gentleman. Even whilst most rollicking this author's gentlemen are still gentlemen. The Waterford fancies never degrade the *fanciers* into natural vulgarism, however wild and senseless they may be; and this also results not only from the author being himself a gentleman, but one possessing that rare and nice quality, *tact*. But the richest portions of the work, those which in spite of the merit of all the rest, *will* and *must* be both best liked and most appreciated, are those in which Mike O'Donegain figures. This Americanised Irishman is a rare original, and infuses spirit into every page wherein he makes his welcome appearance. His sense, his nonsense; his acuteness, his obtuseness; his drunkenness, and his soberness; his honesty, and his roguery; all give zest to each other, while the important share which he takes in bringing about the happy *denouement* of the tale, entitles him at the least to be considered as the junior partner of the firm of heroes, for if Sir Thomas Champion is the first, certainly Mike O'Donegain is the second; and here we give a specimen of that redoubtable person indulging in soliloquy.

"'Here's your health, sir!—you're a mighty good masther, and I'd be very sorry to turn you off; but we're none of us perfect—it's a bit of consate o' yours thinkin' you can dhraw the wool over my eyes. You must get up a thrifle airlier in the mornin' afore you can come round me with your 'lysium dhramins.' Mike here gave the fire another stir, and, looking round the room, his eye lighted upon the portrait of Father Mathew that hung upon the wall, and having reached the speculative stage of inebriety, he began to moralize. 'I wonder what Father Mathew would say to this; it's rightin' the orphan, the fatherless, and the oppressed, by manes of whisky-punch, we are; it would puzzle him—it's makin' the inimy work our guns. What 'ud he say, at all, at all! Never mind; let him alone. The man that weaned the boys acrass the herrin'-pond from the cow that swallows her corn malted, wouldn't be long gettin' out of any scrape; he'd wriggle out of it like an eel, by analogy; I can see him this blessed instant, sittin' in that chair forninst me. 'Did ever you hear tell of St. Pathrick?' says he. 'Is it a haythen you take me for to ask sich a question?' says I. 'Well, maybe you did,' says he: 'but it hasn't done you much good, anyhow.' 'Here's your health, sir,' says I. 'Did ever you hear tell of the thrick he sarved the boys that thought they could puzzle him?' says he. 'It wouldn't be manners to say I did,' says I, 'for fear it would spoil your rivirince's story.' With that he'd be as mad as a hatter. 'By gosh,' says he, 'it wouldn't matter a ha'p'orth!—I'd tell you that story this blessed minnit, if you'd *invinted it yourself*, if I thought it would be good for your soul. There were some bad boys in the ould time, that thought they could sell St. Pathrick a bargain, just as you think you've got me in a fix, you reprobate! and they were standin' about on the road, and smokin' their dudeens, and discoursin'

about the price of potatoes. It was bethuxt Armagh and Dungannon, for that counthry was all in the thrue faith afore Cromwell's time, bad luck to him, when up comes St. Pathrick, and one of them (to thry if the saint was a judge of those little matters) lay down on the road and shammed dead, as if he had fell in a perplexity fit. 'He's just dead, my lard,' says they; 'you were in sight when he was taken—won't you be plased to give him absolution?' 'It's too late,' says the saint; 'he's as dead as a red herrin—he must take his chance;' and he tipped them a wink, as much as to say you've got the wrong end of the joke, my boys; and with that he walked away. And what do you think? sure enough, when the others thried to lift him, the boy was dead in earnest. The saint was up to the thrick, and he sthruck him as dead as mutton, in the twinklin' of an eye. That's what you get for thryin' to desave your clargy. Well, they carried him home, and then they laid him out, and some wanted to wake him regularly, and others said they daren't, for it wasn't right down dead he was, but only sthruck of a heap by the saint, and he'd maybe jump up with the fiddlin'. And there he lay, they didn't know what on airth to do with him, till the next day, when up comes St. Pathrick again: he was goin' about visitin' the poor, curin' the small-pox, cursin' the snakes and toads, and the like. 'The top o' the mornin' to yez, my children,' says he; 'is there any more of yez likely to be troubled with a fit this day?' and I guess they none of them wanted to thry that on again. There they were, standin' round the door, scratchin' their heads, but sorrow the much they found there that 'ud help them at a pinch; they were clean bothered, and at last one of them said, 'We must ask him pardon;' and with that they all sung out '*Pecavi! pecavi!*' like mad, beggin' him to let that poor boy off that wanst, and raise him from the dead. 'Is it singin' that tune you are to-day?' says the saint. 'Upon my conscience it's rather changed! Do you believe I can raise him from the dead?' 'Faith and troth we do,' says they. 'Well, since you have faith, there's no use in my doin' it,' says he; 'that's all right.' And with that he was goin' away, when they all got round him, schreechin', and beggin' and prayin'; and at last he said, 'Will yez swear upon your sowls—for, let me tell you, though you don't seem to know it, every mother's son among you has a sort of a sowl—that you'll never thry to desave a saint again?' 'Yes,' says they; 'we'll promise never to desave a saint again.' 'No more you did now,' says he, 'you scum of the airth.' 'Well, we'll never thry,' says they, 'or a sinner either.' 'O, I said nothin' about the sinner,' says he; let the divil look after his own; but now that I've brought you to your senses, I'll take compassion on him.' And with that he walks up to the boy, and gives him a kick on his hinder end that set him on his legs as lively as a young salmon, in half no time.'

"'Thank you, sir,' says I; 'that's a mighty pretty story over a glass of punch.'

"'Och, go along with your pretty story!' says he, 'do you think I'd tell you a story that hadn't a *moral* in it? Now, the *moral* of this story is this:—never think yourself wiser than your clargy, or sthrive to puzzle them; that boy a'most lost his life by doin' so, and it was well it was no worse; the church won't stand that sort of impudence, and I'll tell you what, Mr. O'Donegain, with regard to that whiskey-punch you're drinkin'—

"'I dhrink your health, sir,' says I.

"'Dhrink and be d—d!' says he; listen to what I'm goin' to say. There are circumstances under which a boy may lawfully dhrink spirits without breakin' the pledge,' says he, fixin' his eyes on me till I thought they'd have stuck to me like limpets.

"'Long life to you, sir,' says I.

"'You don't break the pledge if you dhrink sperits medicinally.'

"'That's thrue for you, sir,' says I.

"'Now,' says he, 'law and physic are twin professions—there's a pair of them, as Ould Nick said of his two legs; things that are equal to the same are equal to one another, that's jometry; therefore things that are lawful for the same are lawful for one another, that's equity—in the same manner as it is lawful to dhrink sperits when the doctor orders it for the good of your health, that is, *medicinally*, so, for the sake of cross-examinin' a boy, wormin' a saycret out of him, pumpin' him, and the like, it's lawful to dhrink sperits *judicially*.'

"'Well done, sir,' says I; 'more power to your elbow! Father Mathew, here's your health, sir, in *judicial* sperits.' And, to do due honour to the good priest, he emptied his tumbler, and then broke into a loud laugh, as he looked upon the empty chair in which his imagination had installed so venerable an occupant."

Greece Revisited and Sketches in Lower Egypt in 1840, *with Thirty-six Hours of a Campaign in Greece in* 1825. By EDGAR GARSTON, Knight of the R. M., Greek Order of the Saviour, etc.

Classic Greece must ever be a land of deep and even of intense interest to all the nations of the civilised world. The splendours of her poetically magnificent theology, the unapproachable perfection of her arts, the glories of her well-remembered conquests, the fair beauty of her land, and the sunny radiance of her sky,—her poetry cherished in every educated country, her sculpture all but adored, her warriors all but deified, her women almost both,—these are a few of the causes why Greece, as well for the sake of her old memories as her existing claims, takes, and will long retain, so strong a hold upon the imagination and the feelings of even the coldest amongst us. Had this fairest among nations laid supinely down to yield up her existence among struggling empires, we should have gazed upon her expiring beauty with sorrow and emotion, and thought her still lovely even in death; but when rousing from her crushed-down condition of inglorious submissiveness, she shakes off the dust of her oppressions, and lifts her head again amongst the nations, whilst vitality seems to run through her torpid members, and life to rally in her heart, there is so much of the wonders of a resurrection in her resuscitation, that when we combine the almost miracle with the well-remembered glories of her former existence, we feel an intense interest in her welfare, and ask ourselves whether the figure of Young Greece, rising, Phœnix-like, out of her ashes before our eyes, holds not as dominant a claim upon our sympathies as Ancient Greece in all her pristine classic glory.

Our interest in Greece must always be an existing one—not dependent upon political excitement or fresh conditions of affairs—not past or to come alone—but the present *now*; and this feeling will be highly gratified by the work under our notice. Rational, clear-headed, calm, and intelligent, Mr. Garston does not suffer enthusiasm to dazzle the sober eyes of his understanding, but looks on things sensibly and impartially, and therefore it is that we attach a far higher

value to his opinions. Much has been said on the degenerate condition of Greece, and men have gathered from that humiliation of her character motives why she should be left to groan under the despotism of her Moslem master, as if it were not rather a reason why they who glory in personal freedom should not the rather aid her to throw off her bonds. We confess that we have always looked upon this asserted debasement of the Greek as a cold-hearted reason why we should "pass by on the other side," and leave her to die of her wounds. It is a condition of our nature soon to sink into the mould of its condition; the slave accommodates himself to his chain, the prisoner to his cell, and the mind to its condition, whatever that condition may be. The spirit of the freeman can no more exist in the slave, than can that of the slave inhabit the breast of the freeman; and thus it is that from the very lowliness and degradation of an estate we ought to gather motives for putting the strength of our own shoulders to the wheel for its amendment. Sure too we are that the degeneracy of the Greeks has been overcharged, and our opinion has been confirmed by Mr. Garston's work; not that he is their undistinguishing eulogist, but that the tone of his narrative leaves upon us the impression of a certain manliness of nature, ready and fit for the reception of regenerated freedom. No work could have been more acceptable to the public than the one before us. It is, as its title implies, not only Greece visited, but Greece revisited. Mr. Garston has twice sojourned in the country—once taking an active share in its wild warfare, and then again traversing the land in peace. By means of this double visit Mr. Garston has been enabled to compare its present condition with that which led to it, and the result is highly favourable to the reader. The very simplicity of his descriptions invests them with a powerful reality. We seem to wander with him over fanes from whence the Godhead has departed—traverse temples from which the glory has flown, and yet not flown, for memory is a true hallower. The antiquities of Greece are not brought prominently forward, but they are spoken of with the interest with which they were beheld. The desecrations and pillagings of the temples of the gods, over which time has so carefully carried his twenty centuries, has been cruelly effected by the rough and outraging hand of war, and now, where the ancient Greek once adored his deities the modern Greek holds his festival. Mr. Garston gives us a pleasing picture of a picturesque pic-nic held in one of these sacred localities. It was the first day of Lent, which is strictly holden by the Greek church, and which yet strangely enough seems to have more the air of the beginning of a feast than a fast.

"About two P.M., accompanied by my friend K., I strolled out of the city in the direction of the temple of Jupiter Olympus, in the neighbourhood of which it is customary for the Athenians to congregate on this day, and to partake in public of their first Lenten meal. The spectacle which awaited us was of a most animated and interesting character, and distinguished by peculiarities which would in vain be sought for elsewhere than on Attic soil.

"The day was brilliantly clear, and the population of Athens had quitted the city, and was collected on the plain around the ruins of the

temple, along the banks of the Ilissus, on the Eleusinium, and on the rocky sides of the hills which rise abruptly beyond the bed of the river. Several thousands of people of both sexes, and all ages, were thus assembled in a sort of natural amphitheatre of about a third of a mile in diameter. Some, like ourselves, were there merely as spectators; but by far the greater number were active partakers in the occupations of the day, which were by no means those of a day of fasting.

"Here was to be seen a family group, seated in a circle on the turf, tranquilly discussing their bread and olives, and washing down with wine their otherwise abstemious fare; there was a more numerous band, already slightly exhilarated by the juice of the grape, linked hand-in-hand, and threading the mazes of the albanitika, their movements regulated by the simple notes of the mandolin, or not unfrequently by the cadences of their own voices; hard by a party of a more grave character stood listening to the song or recitation of some Homer of modern times; on the outskirts of the assembly were horsemen, both gentle and simple, in point-device European uniform, and in flowing Albanian camise and capote, skirring across the plain in quest of admiration; bright eyes glancing from many of the groups, and bestowing the desired meed; and a general air of joyousness and contentment pervading alike among actors and spectators: such was the character of the scenes of animated life, with which the distant view of the Egean and its isles, glowing in sunshine, but undimmed by the haze which accompanies intense heat, was in perfect harmony. Meanwhile the monuments of the Athens of other ages—the silent Stadium—the stately and palm-like columns of the Olympium—the Acropolis, severe in beauty—were thrown into bold relief by the contrast which their desolate aspects offered to the gay and brilliant groups which thronged in their vicinity."

This is a glowing and most interesting scene—the courts of Jupiter Olympus, thronged with happy Athenian faces, rejoicing in the exhilarating effects of the sweet draught of newly-tasted liberty. Unhappily the sites of these festive gatherings have diminished under the hands of war, avarice, aggression, and spoliation. We grieve that so many of the vestiges of this time-honoured land should have been so recklessly swept away. Our author, speaking of these desecrations, says,

"It is also notorious that it was customary to break up the marble for the fabrication of lime so recently as in the year 1825: in one of the islands of the Archipelago, (I think Naxos,) I saw columns of Parian marble broken up for calcination. They were the remains of a temple, from which, twenty or thirty years previously, many perfect columns had been carried off to be used in adorning an adjoining monastery. Used as a quarry by successive governments, and by private individuals for a series of ages, it is not surprising that these remains should at length have disappeared. Many others have no doubt undergone the same fate, and, under such circumstances, it becomes almost a matter of surprise, that in the vicinity of populous towns any should have been preserved. The Greeks themselves, in the demolition of the monuments of their progenitors, appear to have been, for a time, not less "barbarous" than their oppressors; and their church, in more senses than one, may have been built on the ruins of paganism. But an European traveller has borne away the palm from all competitors in the work of wanton destruction, as is recorded on a tablet, deposited, together with a defaced inscription, at the foot of the Propylæa. It is recorded, also, by the "barbarian" himself, who in his correspondence with the *savans* of his age, (reign of Louis XV.,) boasts not only of having destroyed inscriptions, but of

having effaced the remains of several ancient towns, Sparta, Hermione, Træzane, &c., 'Je les ai fait non pas raser mais abattre de fond en comble.' The reason assigned is, 'Je n'avais que ce moyen la pour rendri illustre mon voyage.' Both Turkish and Romaic barbarism sink into insignificance when compared with that of him who sought thus to render himself 'illustrious'—M. l'Abbé Fourmont."

All countries have agreed in rendering honour to the departed greatness of their heroes. In Greece there is an appropriateness in her present rites with her ancient ceremonial that breathes of identity through its modified change.

"On our way back to the capital we visited the monument erected to the memory of Karaiskaki, on the spot where he received his death-wound. He was mortally stricken in a skirmish a few days previous to the battle of Athens, which was fought the 6th of May, 1827, and breathed his last in Salamis. His bones were brought over from that island soon after the arrival of King Otho in Greece, and are deposited in a small cell formed in the base of the monument. On one side of it is an inscription to his honour, and on the other are the names of his most distinguished companions in arms, who fell in the same skirmish, and in the subsequent battle. The slaughter of the Greeks at the battle of Athens was very great, the irregular infantry having been brought down into the open plain, and exposed to the attacks of the Turkish horse in an ineffectual attempt to relieve the Acropolis. Close by the monument is a small enclosure, surrounded by a wall, in which are collected the bones of those who fell on that fatal day. So to collect them was an act of religious duty on the part of their surviving countrymen, or of the government; but, alas! the feeling which dictated it appears to have been but transitory, for the earth with which they were then covered having been in part washed away by the winter rains, the bones are now permitted to bleach in the wind and sun.

"The day on which the remains of Karaiskaki were deposited in their present resting-place was distinguished by a ceremony which will not easily be effaced from the memory of those who took part in it. The king and court, accompanied by the garrison, attended in state at the Piræus, to receive the *convoi*, which was landed under a salute from all the vessels in the harbour, and, escorted by the sovereign and the military to the receptacle prepared for it. In the plain around were assembled, as spectators, the entire population of Athens, and of the surrounding district, together with a host of visiters from distant parts of Greece, and from the islands of the Egean. A funeral oration was pronounced by the minister of the interior, and the daughters of the deceased warrior were declared to be adopted by the country. The daughters were present, veiled and in deep mourning, and their sobs told of heartfelt emotions which found an echo in the bosom of every true Greek who stood around.

"Crowns of laurel were thrown over the tomb; the Grand Cross of the order of the Saviour was deposited upon it, and declared to be an heir-loom in the family of the deceased, and the artillery and musketry rolled forth their incense to his manes.

"In our Northern lands some of the accessories of the ceremony would appear a little theatrical, but in this land of susceptibility and sunshine no such impression would be conveyed, more especially as on the very spot where the funeral honours were thus rendered, he to whom they were offered had fallen fighting the battles of his country; and among the spectators were many who had fought by his side on the day he fell, and shared his perils in a hundred former fights.

"The name of Karaiskaki may be interpreted 'Iska, the Black,' the

concluding 'ki' being a diminutive. Kara is in Turkish 'black,' either physically or morally, and is usually added to the name of such as are placed under the ban of the Porte. Thus Ali Pacha of Jannina was at one time styled Kara Ali. Kara Iska's parentage was, I believe, unknown except on the side of the mother, who was or had been a nun. His uncertain extraction, his gallant exploits, and high reputation as a soldier of the revolution—his influence over his companions in arms, and over a beautiful woman, who was one of the most constant of them, being ever at his side, offer food for romantic story."

There can be little doubt that the habits and temper of a people to a great degree spring out of their climate, and when we compare the dense and foggy atmosphere with which we are so often begirt at home, with the pure ether that floats around the sons of sunny Greece, we need the less wonder at the contrariety of our customs. That which might appear a vaunting ceremonial in the one is but a natural ebullition of feeling in the other. Vision in Greece is a much more far-sighted thing than vision in England, as the following, which at the same time displays an interesting custom, will prove.

"We ascended by a sort of half streets, half staircases, to the highest point of the Castro, which is one of the stations whence the pilots look out for vessels entering the Archipelago. There are various other stations around the town, from which a constant look-out is kept by them; and when any one of them observes a vessel, he makes all haste to arrive the first at a certain stone in a central part of the Castro; if he set his foot thereon, and announce the appearance of the vessel before any other of the brotherhood has done so, he is entitled to serve on board her as pilot, if she require one. Such at least was the report we received as to their internal regulations from the pilot whom we found on the look-out, and from whom we made inquiries in the subject. From this station the eye has an immense range, embracing the shores of the Morea and the island of Cerigo to the west, Candia to the south, and Argentiere, Serpho, Siphanto, Thermia, and Syra, besides other islands, to the east and north-east, and commanding in detail the bays, headlands, and harbour of Milo itself. With the aid of a glass we could distinguish villages, and even isolated houses, on islands which we were informed by the pilot are forty miles distant."

We have hitherto been held by our feeling of strong interest to the first volume of this work, and it is with reluctance that we feel that we cannot pause as long over the second, since its claims upon us are to the full as strong. The "Sketches in Lower Egypt" are full of life and discrimination, observation and power. In fact the interest of the work goes on increasing to the end. Our extracts might be taken at hazard, for every page teems with interest. Greece is brought before us, as she is rising out of the ruins of her own greatness, with all the claims of novelty, and yet with the stronger hold of powerful memories, while the land of the Pharaohs hath a twin influence over us. Mr. Garston's views of the conditions of these countries are statesmanlike and enlarged. His consideration of the career of Mehemet Ali is at once clear and profound: but perhaps the extract from his own journal of thirty-six campaigning hours in Greece in 1825, when he too fought side by side with her heroes in the cause of her national liberty, abounds the most with personal interest, and

we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of transferring one grateful trait of the Greek character to our own pages.

"After the fatigues of the night and the morning, and exposed as we were to the rays of an unclouded and powerful sun, all suffered greatly from thirst, which was rather irritated than alleviated by the contents of a few goatskins of water, brought up from a well which lay on the declivity of the mountain between our position and the hostile cavalry, not accessible to them, but exposed to the fire of their carbines, and also to that of a neighbouring Egyptian redoubt, from which a heavy salute of musketry was poured upon those with whom the feeling of thirst was more powerful than the sense of the danger, at the expense of which it must be alleviated. I mention this to introduce an anecdote which happened to myself, which may, perhaps, weigh against some of those which are brought forward to disparage the Greek character. I was walking round our defences, observing with deep interest the movements of the hostile forces, when I fell in with a band of pallekars who were fraternally sharing the contents of a skin of water, which one of them had brought, at the hazard of his life, from the well in question. I was myself suffering from intense thirst, and doubtless, though I spoke not, my desire to assuage it was depicted in my countenance. The captain of the band, stepping up to me with the *vase* on his arm, 'Affendi,' said he, 'it were shame for a Greek to drink, whilst the friend who fights by his side and for his country thirsts.' His comrades warmly applauded his address, and offering me also the contents of the raki flasks, which hung at the girdles of some of them, swore that 'their blood, as the water, should be at the service of their English comrade.' Yet the sentimental lauders of the Epaminondas and Themistocles of past ages, represent these men to be destitute of every generous feeling!"

We must, however, close our notice; our unwillingness to do so being the strongest proof which we can give of our interest in this work. Full of animation, of acute observation, of able powers of description, and all employed on a subject worthy of their best exercise, "Greece Revisited" will be most extensively read. He who hazarded his life in her fair cause could not be a cold narrator whilst she was his theme, and he has proved himself as fair an advocate for her with his pen as he had before been an able champion with his sword. That the sons of the soil appreciated the worth of their brother-in-arms, will be manifested from his receiving the silver national cross of merit through the office of the minister of marine; this cross being conferred on those only who had seen actual service during the war of independence, and on that account held in high consideration. There being three descriptions or grades of this cross, iron, bronze, and silver, the latter is considered a mark of the highest honour, and as such was bestowed upon our author.

We ought not to omit to notice the illustrations which so agreeably realize various of the descriptions of this work. They are valuable as well as ornamental additions, and greatly enhance its other merits. Amongst these we have been much struck with the graceful and picturesque drawing of a Suliote Pallekar, with which the first volume opens, and which displays the costume to great advantage.

Journal of a Tour to Waterloo and Paris, in company with Sir Walter Scott in 1815. By the late JOHN SCOTT, Esq.

If ever the world took a common interest in one thing, it certainly has been in all that appertained to Sir Walter Scott. Such an atmosphere of enjoyment lingered about him whilst living, and so perfumes his memory when dead, that a feeling of favouritism follows his most trivial actions. Perhaps it is that genius is generally a moody thing, and when we find it in rare combination with good-humour and kindliness of heart, and the social desire both to receive and impart enjoyment, it assumes a loveableness of aspect, which, in addition to its own lofty claims, invests it with a twofold sovereignty over us. The effect of great genius and great amiability conjoined has so seldom been tried, that heretofore we have scarcely known the result of the experiment; and in the case before us we find a splendid exception rather than the rule. Whether, however, or not owing to this junction, Sir Walter Scott's popularity has been almost unprecedented, and all that appertains to him matter of undiminished interest. Had the little work before us no other claim than that of introducing us once more into his company, it would be warmly welcomed. The tour, of which we have here a straightforward truth-telling journal, was undertaken whilst the Field of Waterloo was yet strewn with the vestiges of that memorable contest which has given the humble agricultural field a name to rank with Agincourt and Cressy. It was therefore an era of strong interest, attractive to the mind of the Great Romancer, who not only desired to look upon the sod which had been died with the blood of so many nations, and drink in inspiration for his projected poem on the precise spot where its actions were performed, but also to visit Paris, where so many of the actors of the heroic drama were then congregated. His companions in this tour were Mr. Alexander Pringle the younger, Mr. Robert Bruce, and our author, now unhappily himself no more, summoned hence whilst preparing these pages for, and superintending their progress through, the press, a circumstance that must at once disarm criticism of all disposition to censure, even if opportunity could be found. But, on the contrary, something of the same absence of pretension, and simplicity of purpose, characterize the journalist as distinguished his illustrious friend. The recital interests more from its unpretendingness, its chattiness, its friendly openness, than it could have done under more high-sounding claims. The style is admirably fitted to its narrative; its easy unaffectedness suits well with the description of ordinary events. This species of friendly journalizing is infinitely more interesting than the grandiloquent, written expressly to catch the attention of the world. Day by day this quartette of friends journeyed on over scenes of extraordinary interest, our author keeping his diary as he went, for pleasure rather than profit, and least of all for book-making; and thus we have fresh feelings and intelligent remarks, interspersed with amusing anecdotes and lively descriptions every step of the road, and that too taken in such conspicuous company. In traversing the scenes of recent warfare it was to be expected that everything would assume a new

aspect, and be imbued with a new spirit, and so it was. Society was necessarily thrown into fresh associations, and assumed a higher degree of novelty, even where before it might have proved new. Thus it is amusing to note the odd approximations which ensued during our tourist's travels, and in the little anecdote which follows there is a *naiveté* particularly edifying.

"On the 13th of August we travelled for a short time in company with a detachment of the 3rd dragoon guards, with some of whom we conversed in passing. We were amused with 'a good bluff quarter-master,' who, as Sir Walter observes, 'complained of the discomforts his regiment had experienced, owing to the miserable condition to which the country had been reduced by the Prussians.' It was clear from the tone of his expressions, that his complaint was directed against his predecessors, not so much for having indulged in plundering the French, as for having left nothing to their faithful allies, who were to follow. 'Pillaged everything, sir, in the most shameful manner—nothing left for *us*.'"

The following is a scene of lively interest:—

"I received, through the kindness of Col. ——, an invitation to the grand ball given by the Duke of Wellington, on the occasion of the order of the Bath being bestowed on Blucher, the Duke of Wirtemberg, Schwartzenberg, Wrede, Barclay de Tolly, and other foreign officers whose services in the campaign entitled them to that honour. The British officers, also, who had received corresponding marks of distinction from Austria, Russia, and Prussia, then for the first time appeared with their decorations.

"After considerable labour in arranging the crosses and ribands according to rule, (care being taken that the riband and cross of Maria Teresa should be sufficiently conspicuous, as being the order most prized by the wearers,) I accompanied Col. ——, and his party to the Duke's hotel.

"This mansion was excellently adapted for the reception of such a party. The rooms did not indeed appear to me remarkably spacious, but were numerous and well-arranged. Several of them entered through each other, as usual in Parisian houses, and opened on the gardens, which extend from the back of the hotel to the Champs Elysées. The coup d'œil was indeed superb. We were received in an anteroom by Sir Colin Campbell and other officers, and then passed on to an apartment, in which several of the more distinguished visitors were assembled. Among them was the Prince of Orange, with whose manners and appearance I was much taken, while he addressed a few words to my companion in English, as perfect as that of a native.

"We came up shortly after with Scott and Sir John Malcolm, with whom Baron Humboldt was in conversation, and as I was the bearer of a letter of recommendation to the Baron, I had the honour of being presented to him. With the appearance of this celebrated traveller I was somewhat surprised. In figure he rather reminded me of the learned professor to whom I owed my introduction, but his richly-laced dress, probably the uniform of the Prussian court, certainly gave him more the appearance of a general officer than a man of science. He conversed in English correctly, at least, if not with readiness.

"The apartments soon filled with company, chiefly in military dresses; and the eye was dazzled by the variety and splendour which met the view on every side.

"One of the most striking figures was the venerable Blucher, who, when I first had a glimpse of him through the crowd, seemed to be in the highest spirits, talking with much glee to several ladies by whom he was

surrounded. He was dressed in blue, and wore a splendid diamond cross suspended round his neck. His fine commanding forehead and white hairs, his large grey eyebrows and mustachios, formed, altogether, one of the finest subjects for a portrait I have ever seen.

"His master, the King of Prussia, passed frequently, accompanied by his sons, and one or two attendants. His majesty was very plainly dressed in a blue coat and riband, and when I saw him, always retained the same grave expression of countenance which may be observed in the pictures of the day.

"When I was standing near Sir John Malcolm, the Duke himself entered the apartment. He came up to Sir John, and spoke a few words to him, so that I had a good opportunity of seeing 'the observed of all observers.' He was attired in a field-marshal's uniform, the breast of which was covered with stars; though in other respects his dress was rather plain. Among the various costumes, I was struck with the elegance of that of the Hungarian officers, with one of whom I happened to have some conversation; his dress was of dark green, embroidered with lace and fur, somewhat like that of the rifle-corps in form, as well as colour; and round the neck was suspended a rich collar of filigree work, ornamented with turquoises, which had a beautiful effect.

"In the course of the evening I met with Sir Walter, who asked me to walk with him through the rooms, to look for a celebrated portrait of Napoleon, which had been recently executed for the Duke of Abrantes, the owner of the mansion. 'A singular errand indeed for us travellers,' said he, as he took my arm, and made his way through the crowd; 'who could have imagined that we should ever, by any possibility, have been engaged in looking out for a picture of Buonaparte in the hotel of one of his marshals, while occupied by the Duke of Wellington?'

"In passing through one of the saloons, we observed the Duke, in company with some ladies, standing at a window of a room towards the court of the hotel, listening to a military band. In this apartment several round tables were laid out for the banquet. One of the ladies advanced towards Sir Walter, and invited him to sup at the Duke's table, which was next the window where the band was stationed.

"The company shortly after arrived to partake of the feast, and I had the satisfaction to see my distinguished friend seated in the place of honor, and evidently affording that pleasure to his illustrious entertainer and his friends, which his conversation never failed to impart, and which, I may add, he was always desirous that it should impart, whatever might be the rank or situation of those with whom he was in company.

"I then continued my search for the portrait of Napoleon, which I found placed so near the floor as to afford an opportunity of examining the countenance very closely. It was a kit-cat, or three quarter's picture, painted by Gerard, the dress green, with white facings, and the usual decorations worn by the original:—the colour of the countenance was of a pale hue, and the remarkable expression of the eye delineated with much force. It was, I believe, reckoned the best likeness that had ever been taken of Napoleon.

"I then walked into the gardens, which were splendidly illuminated. Never was a more beautiful night.

> "The floor of heaven was thick inlaid
> With patines of bright gold,"

and the air balmy and delightful.

"There were several tents and awnings spread at different points of the pleasure-ground. In one was stationed a conjuror, who astonished the public with his feats of legerdemain. In another was the Grimacier, a favourite artist in Paris, whose business it is to amaze the spectators

with a succession of grins and contortions of the face and figure, accompanied with strange and uncouth sounds, and aided occasionally with a huge snout or trumpet, in order to increase the power of his grunting recitative.

"Under several of the awnings were disposed tables covered with refreshments, at one of which I was invited by some military friends to partake of the 'noble fare' of our illustrious host. Altogether, this entertainment must be considered as one of the most interesting and magnificent of the present day. In the preceding summer a very brilliant ball was given, in honour of the foreign potentates then resident in London, by the members of White's Club, at which nearly the same party was assembled as at the Hotel Reyniere. Among the guests, indeed, might be enumerated one or two more of kingly dignity, and, of course, more of the beauty and nobility of England, for whose absence it is impossible to compensate. Wellington, however, was not one of the group. On the present occasion, the illustrious warrior was himself the giver of the fête; and this, too, in the city of Paris, after having scarcely two months before achieved—in conjunction with many of those who were assembled under his roof—one of the most glorious and important victories of ancient or modern times."

But it is not in France alone that the scenes which render this little work so interesting are all acted out. Kindred spirits congregate together, and celebrated men feel the same power of attraction. Some of the most amusing pages are those which relate to that homeward portion of travel from our own shores when, after landing, the party fell in with the comedian Mathews. The spirits of fun and frolic ran loose after this junction, and the wit, the humour, and the practical jokes of Mathews did more than 'set the table in a roar;' even postilions, chamber-maids, and other inn-retainers sharing in the merriment. But we refer our readers to the volume itself, lest, in transcribing further, we diminish something of its interest.

Some Loose Leaves from my Portfolio.

The loose leaves of our poet's portfolio are of a varied character: they pass from "grave to gay, from lively to severe," so that the whole possesses the ever new charm of variety. The volume is opened by some modest yet eloquent lines, in which the author bespeaks favour for his work, likening himself to a merchant sending forth his freighted vessel to sea, knowing the dangers and mischances to which she shall be exposed, and touchingly wishing her a fair passage through all her perils, and safely again in haven. From this he passes on to a poem of considerable power, of far loftier character: one that carries him

> "Up on the wings imagination lends
> Beyond the clouds, beyond the bounds of day,
> Afar, past where the earth's attraction ends,
> Or elemental winds soft eddying play;
> Ascends where sweeps the sun's bright golden ray,
> Gemming the void with God's created light,
> Through boundless space, where wand'ring comets stray
> And myriad stars thick strew the crown of night,
> Or night, or day, unchanging nature's boundless sight."

From this opening some idea may be formed of the elevated character of the first poem, which is one of purely metaphysical conception, one in which the mind and the imagination have taken wing to luxuriate together in scenes altogether beyond the ken of those creatures in their "mortal coil" who are ungifted with the poet's far-sighted ken, whose "eye in a fine frenzy rolling" discerns spiritual scenes which are altogether beyond the scope of vision of vulgar-minded men. From this really elevated view Mr. Cooper passes on to a series of twelve sonnets, entitled "The Bard's Inheritance," which are full of comprehension and beauty. The Bard's Inheritance is, indeed, an almost unlimited and most princely legacy, and our author has shown that he estimates his own right, title, and privileges in the vast domain. He claims all nature for the poet's heritage; all that makes earth lovely and fair: the blossoms of a thousand brilliant dies, which make her festival robe of summer so surpassingly gay; the grandeur of her mountain fastnesses, lifting their heads to the purple sky; the stars that gem the blue vault of heaven to the uttermost of a single ray; the universe of mental empire which the undying dead have laboured to unite, and to extend province to province; the realms of shadowy evening's imaginativeness; the costly and splendid mysteries of sacerdotal office; the thoughts and the feelings of the indwelling spirit in the temple of man; the profundity of ocean's wonders; and all—vast and unspeakable—of the empire of the Past, the possessions of the Present, and that which the Future holds from us—the *whole* and *sole* of Eternity. To all these our poet puts in his claim. It will at once be seen, that the mind which can embrace so vast an empire must indeed be comprehensive, and that in the very conception he has established his lineage in the high-born line. "The Funeral of Napoleon" is another subject worthy of the highest powers, for the destiny of the Emperor and the Exile is one full of such effective opposition, that it is more than enough "to point a moral or adorn a tale." A poem then follows, in which some of the seemingly strange dispensations in the lot of man are deeply investigated: in this there is a quaintness and simplicity, assumed doubtless for the purpose of infusing into it a more effective energy, helping, at the same time, to impart diversity to its neighbour poems. It would, however, be out of our power to particularize all the contents of this somewhat copious volume. We therefore pass to the two more important productions at the end, which ought in truth to be called historical poems, and which in interest, expression, and feeling, are superior to all the rest. We wish our limits would allow us to transcribe a scene from "Margaret of Anjou in Sanctuary at Eccles Hall," which is finely pourtrayed. The haughty and unhappy queen lies sleeping the disturbed sleep wherein dreams mock the troubled soul with the semblance of reality—on a pile of cushions on the very altar-steps—the bishop keeps vigil by her side—a priest in his cope and stole spends the live-long night before the altar praying for her soul—the wearied knights and pages who formed the unhappy queen's retreating train lie strewn around, worn out with toil, and "sleeping the sleep that knows no breaking;" the mellow light of the moon streams in through the richly-painted window over the costly furniture of the

jewelled shrine upon the scene below, rendering complete one of the finest and most effective scenes that even a poet could have chosen to pourtray. The conclusion of this piece brings us also to the conclusion of the volume, if we except a few deprecatory verses which Mr. Cooper has addressed as parting words to a public that he treats as a friend. We learn from them that he has attained that date of life in which the hoary head is a crown of glory, and we cannot but congratulate him that his well-earned leisure should be spent in that poetical devotion which at one and the same time bespeaks refinement of mind and purity of purpose. We can only tell him that the poetic feeling which devotes itself to the honouring right-minded and holy things, finds in itself, like virtue and religion, its own reward, and that he who is entitled to the "Bard's Inheritance" may well look down upon all meaner things.

We ought to add, that some very pleasing illustrations greatly enhance the interest of this work, and worthily fall in with the agreeable fashion of the times, which is all in favour of pictorial embellishments.

The Language of Flowers with Illustrative Poetry; to which are now added the Calendar of Flowers and the Dial of Flowers. Eighth Edition. Revised by the Editor of the "Forget Me Not."

The merit and success of this truly elegant little work have gone hand in hand on their way, justifying each other—for the merit warrants the success, and the success avouches the merit. Flowers are assuredly the embroideries upon the robe of our earth, the adornment with which Deity has condescended to enrich our dwelling-place. Were we called upon to select a sign from the stores of Divine Bounty by which to symbol out his benevolence to man, we should most certainly lay our hand upon the nearest flower, and say, "Behold the token of his love!—sent neither for food nor raiment, but to gladden us with beauty and fragrance." Need we, then, wonder at the hold upon our taste and feelings which the floral world possesses, since to deny its claim would be to prove ourselves at once heartless and soulless both. It is therefore that the love of flowers is inherent in us, and there is little wonder that, in the sunny climes where they most abound, the sentiments which they symbol have become so incorporated into their existences as to convey their meanings with more than the certainty of words. Every flower has its own peculiar character, expressing some passion or sentiment, some quality or emotion, and thus a *bouquet*, which, at the first glance, and to an uninstructed eye, seems nothing but a sweet confusion, may all the while be carrying distinct meanings of poetry, of eloquence, and of passion.

In the East, flowers are a common language: by it lovers woo, and maids are won. China, Turkey, India, and many other countries, use the same odoriferous language. The little volume which we have now before us is a perfect Dictionary of the Language of Flowers. Its talented editor has accumulated more information on the subject than we had thought extant. Every flower is accompanied with its cor-

responding emotion and sentiment. Thus, the Honeysuckle expresses generous and devoted affection, the Sunflower tells of false riches, the Amaranth speaks of immortality, the Mistletoe declares that all difficulties shall be surmounted, the Broom avows humility, the Pink pure love, and so on in a vocabulary of language at once copious and poetical. Neither does the editor stop here; he has enriched the volume with some sweet illustrations in the soft bright hues of nature, in which he has congregated together certain of those fairy flowers so as to form phrases and sentences. Sweet letter-writers these are; and when we thus note the attractiveness of this work, we are at no loss to account for its popularity. The book is a perfect gem, and extraordinarily well fitted to be an elegant token of affection. By its means the pleasures of the country will be in no small degree enhanced, for those who choose to possess themselves of it may wander through the shrubby copse or the flowery meadow, and, referring to its pages, read meanings in every bud and blossom as they pass along. And so, too, in the cultivated garden: instead of beholding a mere wilderness of sweets, the student of this floral language may read whole pages of poetry, of preaching, of warning, or of passion, in every expanding blossom. Under the heads of the various flowers, the book abounds with research and information: many curious statements and amusing anecdotes are interspersed throughout, while one of its most prominent features, to which we have not hitherto referred, deserves peculiar commendation. The poets have been ransacked to enrich the volume. All that was most worthy in their best works have been transplanted to grace its pages. The illustrations are delicately beautiful, the silken binding elegant, and both externally and internally it is all that good taste could wish.

We present our readers with a pretty little extract, which offers us the origin of the Corinthian order of architecture:—

"The Acanthus delights in hot climates by the side of great rivers. It thrives, nevertheless, in temperate climates. The tasteful ancients adorned their furniture, their vases, and their costly dresses, with its elegant leaves. Virgil says that the robe of Helen was embroidered with a wreath of Acanthus.

"This charming model of the Arts has thus become their emblem, as it might also be of the genius which causes its possessor to excel in them. When any obstacle obstructs the growth of the Acanthus, it puts forth fresh force, and grows with additional vigour. Thus genius is strengthened and exalted by the very obstacles which it cannot overcome.

"It is related of Callimachus the architect, that, as he was passing near the tomb of a young female, who died a few days before her intended marriage, touched with pity, he approached to throw flowers on it. An offering had preceded his: the nurse of the bride had collected the flowers and veil which were to have adorned her on her wedding-day, placed them in a little basket near the tomb, on an Acanthus plant, and covered it with a large tile. The following spring the leaves of the Acanthus surrounded the basket, but, impeded by the tile, they turned back, and bent round gracefully towards their extremities. Callimachus, astonished at this rural decoration, which looked like a work of the weeping Graces, made it the capital of the Corinthian order—a charming ornament, that we still imitate and admire."

The Handbook of Turning: containing instructions in Concentric, Elliptic, and Eccentric Turning; also various Plates of Chucks, Tools, and Instruments; and Directions for using the Eccentric Cutter, Drill, Vertical Cutter, and Circular Rest. With Patterns and Instructions for working them.

The beautiful and ingenious art of turning, which must be recognized and admired almost every time that we cast our eyes around us, in the formation and decoration of so many of the various articles which adorn our dwellings and minister to our comfort, is here placed before us in a light of stronger interest than that in which we had been accustomed to behold it: we are almost tempted, from the impressions which we receive from these pages, to instal Turning among the fine arts—so beautiful, so various, so creative, and so productive are its powers. The author of this book is assuredly no vulgar workman, who looks no farther than the attainment of delicacy of manipulation. He has evidently an artist's mind, and brings to his subject that perception of its capabilities, and that desire to enlarge them which belong almost exclusively to persons of superior intelligence. He opens his little volume by putting in the claims of this beautiful art to the pre-eminency which he believes should fairly appertain to it, and that on lofty grounds. He reminds us that it was practised by the Greeks and Romans, some of whose exquisite performances are still extant; that by its means their much-admired urns and vases were produced, that some of the treasures of Herculaneum and Pompeii owe their beauty to the potter's wheel, as the ancients designated the lathe; that its present capabilities are most extensive, being available to the production of brooches, ear-rings, and studs, of worked and raised flowers; that chess-men, in imitation of carving, are produced, and ornamented vases full of detached flowers; together with fluted and spiral columns, delicate mouldings, fanciful beadings, the exceedingly intricate and beautiful patterns, invented for the prevention of forgery, for banker's cheques, are amongst the most important of the production of the lathe, and the execution of portraits and landscapes for printing amongst the most curious. There are in the illustrations of the little work now before us many most intricately curious; but what must certainly be most of all so is the portrait of the author as a frontispiece, executed in the lathe—a performance that we imagine to be as extraordinary as it is ingenious. There are two classes of persons to whom this work will be highly valuable—the mechanic and the *amateur*. It abounds with clear and perspicuous directions and receipts, by the aid of which proficiency might well be attained, and the book has certainly convinced us that as an amusement for the country its claims are quite as strong as those of modelling, casting, electrotyping, and other of the occupations of elegant leisure, to which those resort who are dissatisfied with the unproductiveness of billiards and bagatelle. We do not class it with painting and music, because these afford no exercise for the body, and we are not sure that stagnant blood may not more often than we imagine produce a stagnant mind: it is therefore that we are always ready to recommend occupations which involve some degree

of animal animation, and amongst them we think this truly elegant art stands high, if not highest. By means of its conjunction with electrotype most curious and costly articles may be produced, as our author well suggests. We cannot close without assuring our readers that such of them who are in lack of occupation will find the art of Turning a pleasant recreation, for we have sometimes watched the lathe ourselves with lively interest, and that in making for themselves a new amusement this work will prove a most able coadjutor. To the workmen its practical skill is shown in the embellishments and their descriptions, which are amply sufficient to prove its superior utility, and to both these classes we strongly recommend it.

We cannot close our notice without a remark on the superior elegance of the getting up of this little volume. It is extremely well printed, pleasingly illustrated, and tastefully and even elegantly bound.

Solitude, a Poem. With other Poems. By George Wingfield, Esq.

In perusing this poetry we have more than once been reminded of Milton, to be associated in any communion of thought with whom is certainly taking a place in no secondary class. Dignity and simplicity of style distinguish Mr. Wingfield, and they likewise suit his pure and lofty choice of subjects. "Solitude" is a poem of sterling value, in which every thought, taking a beautiful line from its own stanzas,

> "Breathes the calm moral of sublime *Repose*."

The tone is one eminently well calculated to elevate the mind; to raise it above the turmoil of passion, or the petty strife for worldly toys, the aggrandisements of pride, or the longings for wealth. The poet recognizes no forms of superiority but those of morality, intellectuality, or religion, and these he lauds with the zeal of a worshipper, and advocates with the spirit of a devotee. It would be impossible to read these pages without *feeling* the beauty of what is *good*. Every line is calculated to elevate the affections and to raise the understanding to the highest dignity of its own attainable power. This is using poetry for its own legitimate end. The Muses were never meant to be degraded into mere domestic drudges, and still less were they designed to become debasers of the mind. The good and the beautiful ought ever to be associated together, reciprocating their own loveliness and purity, and we give a few lines from the principal poem, "Solitude," in which this feeling strongly breathes.

> "Parent of Light and Love! apart from Thee,
> What were this phantom-race of Misery?
> Where Force is borne triumphant, and on high
> Wave the dark banners of idolatry!
> Thy Love unheeded! and Thine *awful* Word
> Shadow'd a monster by the Idol-herd
> Clouding Thy nameless Image, which should be
> Our very self—our True Reality!

Thee, Father! *Thee* I sing—be ne'er Thy Praise
Disjoined from the tenor of my Lays.
All phantom-forms, all idols I exclude,
And contemplate Thy *Word*, O GOD, in Solitude!"

The minor poems breathe a like spirit, and all evidence the same simple but elevated taste. The subjects are chosen from the loftiest class, and in their very selection prove a mind of highly cultivated judgment, and most poetical aspirations. We close with a stanza from a poem entitled "Hope," which will fully justify our commendations, and, as we think, warrant our readers in placing this little volume on the safe shelf with the highest of our religious and moral poets.

"Then o'er the Mind the gentle Memories glide
Of earlier Youth, ere yet the Heart was tried
With the coarse traffic of the World's dull stage,
Ere lowlier objects did our thoughts engage.
And those bright visions that we deem'd were flown,
Once more within our wearied breasts have shone;
Bright Memories are they, and seem as One
With all Thy Voice within us would inspire,
As they were echoes of the self-same Lyre,
Prophets of that bright Land *which is to be*
When we have won the Shore that bounds the troubled Sea!"

Poems from Eastern Sources: the Steadfast Prince; and other Poems. By Richard Chenevix Trench.

We have been most agreeably surprised in the perusal of this little volume of poetry. So many of similar external form pass through our hands, leaving no remembrance but one of toil behind them, that we have gradually grown to expect but little from these poetic tomes, and open them rather as a task than a pleasure, and therefore has this volume proved a pleasant disappointment to us. We had scarcely read to the end of a page before we felt and recognized that genuine feeling, the presence of which can never be imitated, or the absence of which dispensed with in the poet which is indeed his vitality, and as little to be copied as life itself. Mr. Trench is unquestionably not merely a versifier, but a poet; and he has devoted his labours worthily. The Muses, who ought indeed, from their very birthright, to be the handmaids of Truth, Purity, Sublimity, and Holiness, are now so often debased into the slaves of maudlin sentiment or sensuality, that we have at length come to expect them in no other condition, and even scarcely to recognize them when they are restored to their sanctity as ministering to holy things. There is a healthiness in the tone, a choiceness in the selection, and a carefulness in the illustration, of all the material of this work which deserve the highest commendation.

Zaida: a Tale of Granada; and Minor Poems. By Lewis Evans, Author of "Pleasures of Benevolence."

The fable of this poem is interesting, the succession of its events dramatic, and involving the excitement of most of the passions.

These are excellent materials for poetry, and so far has the author shown his judgment and his creative power; but after this we find a discrepancy between the subject and the style, which ought ever to be in harmony with each other. The philosophic tone of the author's mind has prevented him from throwing passion into his recital, and while placing his chief personages in situations where all the soul must be excited, he describes what they do and suffer with a calmness which goes far to quench that glow of sympathy which ought to respond to the exigencies of heroes and heroines, and which has been their meed from time immemorial. We object to this listlessness, because in it we feel that the author is as unjust to himself as to his subject, for he frequently manifests poetic power, and as we commenced by saying, his plot is a succession of eventful eras, well worthy of a spirited developement. Granada was surely built as an inheritance for the poets, and the Moor and the Spaniard born for their serfs and liegemen. The tale opens with the capture of a Spanish knight and his lady fair, whose lot dooms them to either slavery or Moslemism; and after many struggles and temptations, for the sake of an infant, who else would inherit his bonds, the high-born Spanish captive chooses the latter. The struggles between conscience and expediency in the heart yearning after the objects of its old affections, its faith, and its home, was a position to call up all the fire and spirit of the poet—so too are those which succeed it—we might say all—for the incidents are really poetically imagined, and the tale skilfully concocted. The son of this unhappy pair grows up with the turban on his brow, but the cross on his heart, the object of Moslem admiration as well as hate, for in addition to his country's odium, the father had killed, in the battle which left him a captive in the Moorish hands, the son of its noble leader, and thus the son inherits the detestation which the parent had earned. The mother, after a while, shares the alien grave of her lord, leaving her dying injunction on her son to seek his father's land, and follow his father's faith;—but love stands in the way—love, according to all contradictory wont, for the child of that man whose son his father had slain. Here again lie the elements of poetry. So Ali, according to his Moslem name, loves and lingers on, while Granada is gradually begirt with Spanish foes, until famine possesses and hope forsakes the citadel. And then he urges flight to the Christian army as the only way of securing his Zaida, and restoring him to the land of his fathers, and flight she at last unwillingly accedes to. The appointed hour arrives, they meet in the hope of no more parting, when suddenly the sabre of the old Moor flashes between them, and, in an instinct of self-defence, Ali plunges his sword in the old man's heart. All this is powerful; so also is that which follows. The youth is hurried to a dungeon, the maiden left with her maidens, but at sunrise she is conducted to a turret's pinnacle, from whence she is shown, as she supposes, the decapitated person of her lover: madness ensues, and thus raving she is thrust forth from her parental home. But kind hearts and tender hands care for and tend her, and she is restored to reason in time to cast herself at the feet of the Spanish monarchs when they first assume the throne of Boabdil. Her beauty and her sufferings bespeak

their favour, and she is apportioned a lot among the high-born Spanish maidens who surround the person of the queen. Meanwhile, the cells of countless captives have been ransacked, and their unhappy inmates brought forth to meet the light of day and the presence of the conquering potentates. One attenuated youth, doomed to the horrors of a death of starvation, and that, too, nearly consummated, is brought before the royal court, and Zaida rushes into the arms of Ali. From henceforth the course of true love runs smoothly enough, and Alphonso and Isabella, their Christian appellatives, are transplanted to a Spanish home. This tissue of events is well calculated for the exercise of the minstrel's art, and we make but one objection to it—the author ought not to have stained the hand of his hero with the blood of the father of his betrothed, if he meant his tale to have a happy ending. It is a sin against poetic justice, or, indeed, justice of any sort, whether in prose or rhyme. We have before said that this narrative called for a more passionate recital, but, after this drawback, we must admit that its tone is well sustained, never sinking into weakness, and that it is every here and there distinguished by thoughts of real originality and sterling poetry. Among the minor poems, the one entitled "Love" is really well deserving.

The Cyclopædia of Popular Medicine, intended for domestic use, with numerous Illustrations. The work comprises an Account of the Causes, Symptoms, and Method of Curing Diseases, together with the Diseases of Women and Children, and those incident to Warm Climates, with a plain Description of the Medicines in common use; to which is added a complete Treatise on Diet, and Directions for the Treatment of Fractures of the Limbs. Illustrated by several Plates. By KEITH IMRAY, M.D. Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians of Edinburgh, and Licentiate of the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh.

The time is gone by when it was an universally received opinion that "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing." The poet may still be allowed his sense of the sentiment, but in common life it is now pretty generally acknowledged, as Dr. Imray well observes in the work before us, that a little knowledge on most subjects is far better than no knowledge at all. Hence we have so many Manuals, Guides, and Hand-books, as to leave ignorance fairly without excuse. On no subject does it appear more desirable that information should be possessed by all, than on that in which all are concerned, the means of preserving and restoring health. Dr. Imray has done the world good service in the publication of this Medical Cyclopædia. We have heard it objected that such works tend to withdraw from their proper channels those rewards of an honourable profession, which, perhaps more than any other, requires the constant application of an untiring assiduity; but there is no fear of that: let serious illness but once arise, and the aid of the physician's practised eye and hand will be felt to be as valuable as ever, notwithstanding all the guides or manuals on such subjects that ever have been or ever will be written. We

like the plan of this work; it is more clear and level to the common understanding than most of those we have seen, yet there is such an amount of science in it as to do great credit to the author. Dr. Imray's practice appears to have been varied and extensive, and in these pages he gives his reader the full benefit of his observations and experience. Had we space we would show this by extracts. We must, however, content ourselves by recommending this "Cyclopædia of Popular Medicine" to be in the possession of every invalid and of every family.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Captain's Wife. A Novel. By the author of "Cavendish." 3 vols. post 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.*
The Ward of Thorpe-Combe. By Mrs. Trollope. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.*
Turf Remembrancer for 1842, being Vol. XXII. 18mo. 2*s.*
Sketches of a Youthful Circle. By Mrs. Gilbert. 18mo. 4*s.* 6*d.*
Incidents of Travel in Central America. By J. L. Stephens. 2 vols. 8vo. 32*s.*
Ireland, its Scenery, Character, &c. By Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall. Vol. II., 8vo. 25*s.*
The Herberts. By the author of "Elphinstone." 3 vols. post 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.*
Creoleana. By J. W. Orderson. 1 vol. fcap. 6*s.*
Abdiel. A Tale. 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*
Life of William of Wykeham. 18mo. 2*s.*
The Sea-Pie. Illustrated by A. Crowquill. No. I., royal 8vo. 1*s.*
Travels in Europe and the East. By Valentine Mott, M.D. Royal 8vo. 15*s.*
The History and Antiquities of the Town of Cirencester. 12mo. 5*s.*
A Voice in Ramah; or, Lament of the Poor African: a Poem. By A. Steinmetz. Fcap. 7*s.* 6*d.*
Our Home Population: an Essay. 13mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*
Slight Sketches and Scattered Thoughts. 12mo. 3*s.*
Miss Julia Corner's History of Holland and Belgium. Fcap. 2*s.* 6*d.*
Britannia after the Romans. Vol. II. 4to. 21*s.*
Works of the Hon. and Rev. W. Herbert. 2 vols. 8vo. 21*s.*
Liberty Tree. By N. Hawthorne. 32mo. 1*s.* 6*d.*
War and Peace: the Evils of the First, and a Plan for preserving the Last. By W. Jay. 12mo. 4*s.*
A. W. Bradford on American Antiquities. 8vo. 12*s.*
The Sentiment of Flowers; or, Language of Flora. Enlarged Edition. Post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*
Elphinstone's (Hon. M.) Account of Caubul and its Dependencies. 2 vols. 8vo. 28*s.*
Wordsworth's (W.) Poems, chiefly of Early and Late Years. 12mo. 9*s.*
The Child's Treasury, &c., with coloured plates. 4to. 6*s.*
Tytler's History of Scotland. Vol. VII., post 8vo. 6*s.*
Wighton on Bees. 12mo. 3*s.*
Campbell's Sketches of Life and Character. Fcap. 5*s.*
Descriptive Account of Assam. By W. Robinson. 8vo. 24*s.*
The Bishop's Daughter. 12mo. 7*s.*
Reynold's (Sir J.) Discourses to the Students of the Royal Academy, with Explanatory Notes and 12 plates, by John Burnett. Imperial 8vo. 2*l.* 2*s.*
The School, the Field, and the Fireside. 3 vols. 18mo. each 2*s.* 6*d.*
Sequel to Little Henry, or the Last Days of Boosey the Bearer. By Mrs. Sherwood. 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*
Chronicles of England, a Metrical History. By G. Raymond, 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*
Mackenzie's (R. S.) Narrative of the Second Campaign in China, post 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*
Greece Revisited, and Sketches in Lower Egypt in 1840. By Edgar Garston. 2 vols. 8vo. 28*s.*
Masterman Ready. By Capt. Marryat, Vol. II., fcap. 7*s.* 6*d.*
Gray's Messiad, post 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*
Library of Anglo-Catholic Theology, Bramhall's Works, Vol. I. 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

LITERARY NEWS—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

Mr. JAMES has nearly ready a new novel, entitled MORLEY ERNSTEIN, or THE TENANTS OF THE HEART, which is to appear in a very few days. We hear it spoken of as one of the most interesting of his very popular productions.

Sir E. L. BULWER has in the press a volume of his beautiful Poetry. This will doubtless be welcome intelligence to the admirers of his productions both at home and abroad.

The Viscountess St. Jean has commenced the printing of her TRAVELLING JOURNAL, in which she intends to introduce a number of her very beautiful sketches. The work will present some very delightful scenes both from the pen and pencil.

The volume of POEMS which we recently mentioned from the pen of MR. COOPER is now on the eve of publication; it is embellished with some very beautiful engravings by Greatbach.

A very interesting LIFE OF LORD NELSON'S CHAPLAIN, THE LATE REV. DR. JOHN SCOTT, has just been committed to the press. Our readers may with us anticipate great pleasure from its perusal.

A TRIP HOME WITH SOME HOME-SPUN YARNS is the title of the volume which we lately announced, and which we have now the pleasure to state is nearly ready for publication.

THE HAND-BOOK OF TURNING is now ready, and a very elegant little volume it appears.

An illustrated edition of Mr. ADDISON'S KNIGHTS-TEMPLARS, greatly enlarged, is in the press, and will be published at the commencement of the present month.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

The demand for foreign wheat has not been great, though the arrivals have been large during the month. After the third reading of the Corn Importation Bill, the market lost its animation. In Tea the demand has been dull, but the prices steady. In Coffee the market has been stagnant, speculative demand having subsided. Buyers for the home trade have become cautious. Of the better Mocha there were but few lots, and of West India sorts the quantity but small. In Sugars the market has been but scantily supplied with West India produce, the amount being small, and though the demand was not lively, the supply proved inadequate. In Cottons the buyers have been steady, and the prices sustained. In Wool a fair business has been done at tolerably well-kept-up prices. In Rochdale Flannels the business done has been limited. The Huddersfield market has been dull, and the prices depressed. In fact there cannot be expected any very decided change to appear in our commercial interests until the country feels somewhat more settled in the proposed plans of the Tariff.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Wednesday, 27th of April.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 167 one-half.—Consols, 92 one-half—Consols, for account, 92 five-eighths.—Three and a Half per Cent. 101 one-fourth.—Exchequer Bills, 1000*l.*, 2½*d.*, 38*s.* 40*s.* pr.—India Bonds, 19*s.* 21*s.* pr.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Portugnese Three per Cents. Acct., 22 three-fourths.—Dutchs Two and a Half per Cent., 53 one-eighth.—Spanish, 21 one-fourth.—Dutch 5 per Cents. 101 one-half.—Mexican Acct., 35 one-fourth.

MONEY MARKET.—A decrease in paper currency has been apparent during the last month; and notwithstanding the floating unemployed capital, it has been remarked that the unfunded debt has deteriorated in value, a circumstance which is supposed to have arisen from a rumour which was in circulation that Sir Robert Peel might possibly, after all, abandon the proposed Income Tax, and raise four or five millions of money by an issue of Exchequer Bills. In fact, money is now so abundant, with so few eligible occupations for it, that 2½ per centage only can be obtained for Loans, and therefore the 3½ per centage of the Funds is not only a safer, but more lucrative investment. The returns show the circulation in a prosperous state. Exchequer Bills, in consequence of this floating rumour, have proved more marketable.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37′ 32″ N. Longitude 3′ 51″ West of Greenwich.

The mode of keeping these registries is as follows:—At Edmonton the warmth of the day is observed by means of a thermometer exposed to the north in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by a horizontal self-registering thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the barometer and thermometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1842.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather.
April					
3	44-29	29,92-29,70	N.		Generally clear, a shower of hail about 7 A.M.
4	46-34	30,21-29,97	N.		Evening clear, otherwise cloudy.
5	45-22	30,24-30,20	N.E.		Generally clear.
6	50-22	30,09-29,92	N.E.		Clear.
7	52-32	29,83-29,76	N.		Cloudy morning and evening, afternoon fine.
8	51-31	30,11-29,94	N.E.		Morning overcast, otherwise clear.
9	48-34	30,20-30,19	N.E.		Generally clear.
10	51-28	30,26-30,19	E.		Cloudy, very dark evening.
11	47-35	30,15-30,11	N.E.		Generally clear, a shower of rain about 12 P.M.
12	44-29	30,07-30,01	N.E.		General overcast, hail fell in the afternoon.
13	45-28	29,97-29,93	N.E.		Overcast, raining during the day, hail in after.
14	46-29	30,01-29,90	E.		Fine afternoon, otherwise cloudy.
15	47-34	30,04-30,02	N.E.		Evening clear, otherwise cloudy.
16	48-30	30,11-30,07	N.E.		Clear.
17	47-32	30,14-30,11	N.E.		General cloud, rain in the evening.
18	47-36	30,14-30,13	N.		General cloud.
19	52-35	30,13-30,11	N.E.		Clear, except the morning.
20	55-27	30,11-30,09	N.E.		A very pleasant day.
21	55-29	30,10-30,07	N.		Clear.
22	61-38	29,97-29,93	E.		Morning overcast, otherwise clear.

Rain fallen one inch and twenty-three hundredths of an inch from the 17th ult. to the 22nd inst.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

BANKRUPTS.

From March 22, 1842, to April 15, 1842, inclusive.

March 22.—J. W. Nevill, Bread-street, Cheapside, Manchester warehouseman.—W. Cannabee, Camberwell-green, bookseller.—J. Gale, sen., and J. Gale, jun., Love-lane, Shadwell, ropemakers.—J. H. Arnold and W. H. Woollett, Clement's-lane, ship and insurance agents.—R. Brownlow, White-street, Finsbury, silkdresser.—J. East, Kingsthorpe, Northamptonshire, carpenter.—J. Woodhead, Duckmanton, Derbyshire, cattle dealer.—E. Steele, Manchester, grocer.—E. J. King, Oxford, manufacturer of artificial teeth.—J. Warren, Bristol, merchant.—J. D. Gorely, Bristol, toyman.—A. Buckley, Newton-moor, Chester, grocer.—J. Barlow, Lichfield, ironmonger.—J. Thornton, Leicester, builder.—T. Little, Kingston-upon-Hull, tobacco manufacturer.—J. Lockley, Bilston, Staffordshire, painter.—W. Morris, St. Clears, Carmarthenshire, general shopkeeper.—R. Bill, Birmingham, japanner.—J. Webb, Birmingham, tailor.—F. and C. Sandars, Derby, corn merchants.—T. Charnley, Preston, innkeeper.—T. Walker, Monk Wearmouth Shore, brewer.

March 25.—D. Nutt, Stratford-green, Essex, merchant.—D. S. Walker, Great St. Helen's, India rubber manufacturer.—C. Graydon, St. Anns'-place, Limehouse, shipchandler.—R. Turvill, Kingston-upon-Thames, baker.—P. Lowe, Norley, Cheshire, shoemaker.—T. Thomas, Leintwardine, Herefordshire, miller.—E. Young, Birchington, Kent, blacksmith.—H. Wickham, Bristol, linen draper.—J. Bennett, Manchester, calico printer.—R. Turner, Manchester, flour dealer.—J. Cunard and J. Ingram, New Bond-street, merchants.—W. Darlington, Liverpool, wine merchant.—J. A. Wood, Broomsgrove, Worcestershire, chemist.

March 29.—S. P. Gladstone, Crisp-street, East India-road, Poplar, shipwright.—C. J. Williams and E. Nevill, Birmingham, factors.—T. Scott, Barnwood, Gloucestershire, innkeeper.—J. Crowe, Sunderland, innkeeper.—H. Duckett, Ramsgate, carpenter.—J. Kilsby, Roade, Northamptonshire, shoe manufacturer.—S. Wild, Manchester, coal dealer.—J. Darbyshire and S. Pope, Manchester, calico printers.—E. Smith, Southampton, grocer.—E. Frankland, Reading, innkeeper.—E. Till, Worcester, Butcher.—R. Martin, Beccles, carpenter.—S. Magnus, Dover, slopseller.

April 1.—A. Jarrett, Castle-street, Southwark, hat manufacturer.—F. K. Fowell and E. T. Craufurd, Boulogne-sur-Mer, wine merchants.—S. Garcia, Brydges-street, Coventgarden, shell fishmonger.—J. Blake, Bridge-street, Westminster, wine merchant.—J. Wright, Wolverhampton, tailor.—T. Winder, Lancaster, ironmonger.—R. Terry, Cheltenham, brewer.—J. Nutter, Cambridge, miller.—W. Vickers, Manchester, ironfounder.—C. Jackson, Clitheroe, joiner.—G. Morrison, Nottingham, lace manufacturer.—W. and J. C. Carr, Sunderland, merchants.—B. Hillyard, Bristol, freestone merchant.—E. Linstead, Liverpool, pawnbroker.—S. Wagstaff, Saddleworth, Yorkshire, grocer.

April 5.—J. Bedford, Westminster-road, ironmonger.—H. Heward, Waltham-cross, Hertfordshire, ginnkeeper.—T. Plowman, Yeovil, Somersetshire, saddler.—W. R. Rayne, Haughton, Northumberland, paper manufacturer.—W. Bushel, Evesham, Worcestershire, innkeeper.—J. H. Jones, Manchester, spirit merchant.—J. Flintiffe, Rastrick, Yorkshire, innkeeper.—T. Firth, Elland, Yorkshire, maltster.—G. Reach, Bardwell, Suffolk, miller.—J. Bridle, Shepton Mallett, Somersetshire, grocer.

April 8.—H. Ricket, Henry-street, Pentonville, dealer in wine and beer.—J. Owen, Church-hill, Woolwich, cowkeeper.—F. Carey, Nottingham, hatter.—G. Carrington, Albion-street, Hyde Park, livery-stable keeper.—W. Filmer and W. S. Gooding, Osborne-street, Whitechapel, brewers.—W. Gough, Penscomb, Herefordshire, dealer.—S. C. Sneade, Wavertree, near Liverpool, timber merchant.—J. Bonny, Liverpool, tailor.—J. Johnson, Leeds, tow spinner.—J. Cole, Kettering, Northamptonshire, woolstapler.—J. and R. Clarke, Leeds, music sellers.—W. H. Hopkins, Worcester, currier.—F. Chapman, late of Fenchurch-street, but now of Mansell-street, wine merchant.—W. R. Webb, Knightsbridge-terrace, Knightsbridge, wine merchant.—A. Crossfield, Whitechapel-road, and Highland's Farm, Comp, Kent, hop planter.—R. Palliser, Moorgate-street, saddler and harness maker.—D. Bolton, Kingston-upon-Hull, corn merchant.

April 12.—E. A. Dickinson, Pall-mall, money scrivener.—J. and W. Dawson, Tonbridge, Kent, builders.—W. Payne, Hand-court, Holborn, victualler.—H. Till, Moulsham, Essex, draper.—R. Stringer, Great Yarmouth, wine merchant.—H. Edlin, Brighton, tavern keeper.—T. Smith and T. Taylor, Worcester, retailers of boots and shoes.—J. Pickering, Loughborough, wine merchant.—R. Nuth, Frome Selwood, maltster.—E. Minty, Warminster, maltster.—J. Chaloner, Chester, currier.—R. and G. Dransfield, Lees, Lancashire, cotton spinners.—J. Buckton, Darlington, grocer.—W. Halliday, Liverpool, innkeeper.—D. Cook, Liverpool, rope maker.—J. Nutter and W. Elliston, Cambridge, brewers.

April 15.—T. Bull, Minories, grocer.—W. Stewart, Belfast, muslin manufacturer.—C. Long, Palace-row, New-road, glass merchant.—R. Duffell, Bow-common, tar distiller.—G. Booth, Princes-street, limeburner.—W. Hooper, Reading, tobacco manufacturer.—M. Willis, Egham, stage coach proprietor.—C. Crook, George-yard, Long-acre, livery stable keeper.—W. Morrison, Globe-street, Wapping, cooper.—W. Burrell, of Chingford, farmer.—T. and J. Thompson, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, builders.—J. and T. Wallworth, Manchester, corn dealers.—Mary Redfern, W. Redfern, and J. Redfern, Ecclesfield, Yorkshire, file manufacturers.—J. Abbott, Blackburn, cotton manufacturer.—J. Henshall, Witton, Cheshire, ironmonger.—G. Stokes, Bristol, innkeeper.—T. Kearsley, Tyldesley, Lancashire, cotton spinner.—I. Hooley, Nottingham, miller.—J. Smith, Nottingham, joiner.—G. Stephenson, Beverley, Yorkshire, grocer.—G. J. Green, Birmingham, glass manufacturer.—J. Bird, Coventry, fringe manufacturer.—C. Goodman, Northampton, cutler.—C. O'Reilly, Newport, Monmouthshire, timber and wood merchant.—J. Porter, Nantwich, tailor.—W. Howorth, Swaffham, wine and liquor merchant.

NEW PATENTS.

W. Newton, of Chancery Lane, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in regulating the flow of air and gaseous fluids. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. Feb. 25th, 6 months.

O. Reynolds, of Belfast, Ireland, Clerk, for certain improvements in covering streets, roads, and other ways with wood, and also in the means of enabling horses and other animals to pass over such roads and other slippery surfaces with greater safety than heretofore. Feb. 25th, 6 months.

J. Birkby, of Upper Rawfold, York, Card Manufacturer, for improvements in the manufacture of wire-cards. Jan. 25th, 6 months.

W. Saunders, of Brighton, Gentleman, for improvements in apparatus employed in roasting and baking animal food. Feb. 25th, 6 months.

S. Morand, of Manchester, Merchant, for improvements in machinery or apparatus for stretching fabrics. Feb. 26th, 6 months.

M. La Riviere, of London Fields, Hackney, Gentleman, for certain improvements in the machinery for figure weaving in silk and other fabrics. March 1st, 6 months.

T. Smith, of Northampton, Plumber, for an improvement or improvements in water-closets. March 1st, 6 months.

G. C. Haseler, of Birmingham, Jeweller and Toy Maker, for improvements in tops of scent-bottles. March 3rd, 6 months.

E. Slaughter, of Bristol, Engineer, for improvements in the construction of iron wheels for railway and other carriages. March 4th, 6 months.

J. Clements, of Liverpool, Manufacturer of Toys, for improvements in composition for ornamenting glass and picture-frames, and articles for interior and other decorations, also for the manufacture of toys and other fancy articles. March 4th, 6 months.

W. Palmer, of Sutton Street, Clerkenwell, Manufacturer, for improvements in the construction of candle-lamps. March 4th, 6 months.

W. Palmer, of Sutton Street, Clerkenwell, Manufacturer, for improvements in vessels for making infusions or decoctions, and for culinary purposes, and in apparatus for measuring or supplying from vessels. March 4th, 6 months.

J. Green, Junior, of Newtown, Worcester, Farmer, for certain improvements in apparatus or machinery for cutting or reducing turnips, mangel wurzel, carrots, and other roots, for food for horned cattle, horses, and other animals. March 7th, 6 months.

J. G. Bodmer, of Manchester, Engineer, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for cleaning, carding, roving, and spinning, cotton and other fibrous substances. March 7th, 6 months.

J. Readman, of Islington, Gentleman, for a certain improvement or improvements in the barometer. March 7th, 6 months.

J. Duncan, of Great George Street, Westminster, Gentleman, for improvements in machinery for excavating soil. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. March 7th, 6 months.

J. Warwick, of Lawrence Pountney Lane, London, Merchant, for an apparatus called a gasoscope, and intended to show the presence of bi-carburetted hydrogen gas (the gas used for lighting) in mines, wells, houses, buildings, rooms, or vaults, and, consequently, to prevent the explosions and accidents liable to be produced by the said gas. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. March 7th, 2 months.

F. Cane, of Cumberland Street, Middlesex Hospital, Mechanic, for improvements in the construction of fastenings for the parts of bedsteads and other frames. March 7th, 6 months.

Sir F. Dessanges, of Upper Seymour Street, Portman Square, Knight, and A. H. A. Durant, of Long Castle, Shropshire, Esquire, for improvements in apparatus for sweeping and cleansing chimnies or flues, and extinguishing fires therein, which they intend to call "Romoneur." March 7th, 6 months.

R. Frampton, of Cleveland Street, Fitzroy Square, Coach Maker, for improvements in the construction of hinges. March 7th, 6 months.

H. B. Rodway, of Birmingham, Warwick, Wine Merchant, for improvements in the manufacture of horse-shoes. March 7th, 6 months.

T. H. Russell, of Wednesbury, Stafford, Iron Tube Manufacturer, and C. Whitehouse, of the same place, for improvements in the manufacture of welded iron tubing. March 7th, 6 months.

W. Newton, of Chancery Lane, Civil Engineer, for an improved machine or apparatus for weighing various kinds of articles or goods. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. March 7th, 6 months.

T. Hedley, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Gentleman, and C. Rodham, of Gateshead, Durham, Millwright, for an improved apparatus for purifying the smoke, gases, and other noxious vapours, arising from certain fires, stoves, and furnaces. March 7th, 6 months.

W. Cutford, of Chard, in the county of Somerset, Mechanic, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for making or manufacturing lace or other netted fabrics. March 8th, 6 months.

H. Smith, of Liverpool, Engineer, for improvements in the construction of wheels and breaks for carriages. March 10th, 6 months.

R. Beard, of Earl Street, Blackfriars, Gentleman, for improvements in the means of obtaining likenesses and representations of nature, and of other objects. March 10th, 6 months.

W. E. Newton, of Chancery Lane, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in boilers, furnaces, and steam-engines. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. March 10th, 6 months.

C. W. Firchild, of Wooley Park, Northfield, Worcester, Farmer, for an improved propelling apparatus for marine and other purposes. March 14th, 6 months.

R. Partridge, of Cowper Street, Finsbury, Engineer, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for splitting and shaping wood and splints for the manufacture of matches, and other similar forms. March 14th, 6 months.

A. Green, of Sheffield, Surgical Instrument Maker, for certain improvements in trusses or surgical bandages. March 14th, 6 months.

E. W. Trent, of Old Ford, Bow, Rope Maker, for an improved mode of preparing oakum, and other fibrous substances for caulking ships and other vessels. March 21st, 6 months.

S. Jessop, of Sheffield, Merchant, for an improved mode of preparing wrought iron intended for wheel-tires, rails, and certain other articles. March 21st, 6 months.

Z. Parks, of Birmingham, Manufacturer, for certain improvements in apparatus for grinding and dressing wheat and other grain. March 21st, 6 months.

W. Hancock, the Younger, of Amwell Street, Gentleman, for certain improvements in combs and brushes. March 21st, 6 months.

J. Clay, of Cottingham, York, Gentleman, and F. Rosenborg, of Seulcoates, Gentleman, for improvements in arranging and setting up types for printing. March 21st, 6 months.

E. J. Dent, of 82, Strand, Chronometer Maker, for certain improvements in chronometers and other time-keepers. March 21st, 6 months.

W. Brokedon, of Queen Square, Gentleman, for improvements in manufacturing fibrous materials for the cores of stoppers to be coated with India rubber, and used for stopping bottles and other vessels. March 21st, 6 months.

J. Houghton, of Liverpool, Clerk, for improvements in the method of affixing certain labels. March 21st, 6 months.

W. Palmer, of Sutton Street, Clerkenwell, Manufacturer, for improvements in the manufacture and preparation of pills, and some other articles of a medicinal or remediate nature. March 21st, 6 months.

M. Freeman, of Sutton Common, Surrey, Gentleman, for improvements in the construction of inkstands. March 21st, 6 months.

R. Hazard, of Clifton, Somerset, Confectioner, for improvements in apparatus for heating public and private buildings. March 21st, 6 months.

M. S. Beach, of Norfolk Street, Strand, Printer, for improvements in machinery used for printing with type, and in the construction of type for printing. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. March 23rd, 6 months.

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

House of Lords, April 7.—The House re-assembled after the Easter vacation. The bills on the table were each advanced a stage.

April 8.—The Corn Importation Bill was brought up from the Commons, read a first time, and appointed to have a second reading on Friday. The Bills for Ecclesiastical Leases and Corporation Leases each went through a committee.

April 11.—Lord Campbell moved the second reading of three Bills—to make a permanent office of the chief judge in the Court of Chancery—to reform the appellate jurisdiction of the House of Lords—and to transfer to the House of Lords the power at present vested in the Privy Council of hearing appeals. This motion was opposed by the Duke of Wellington, the Lord Chancellor, and Lord Brougham, and lost.

April 12.—After some observations by Lords Brougham and Monteagle, the Forged Exchequer Bill was read a second time.

April 13.—No House.

April 14.—Several petitions received.

April 15.—Petitions received. The Forged Exchequer Bills' Bill was read a third time, an additional clause, proposed by Lord Brougham, being incorporated in it, to the effect that the commissioners should have power to grant certificates to any witnesses whom they might examine, which certificates would exempt them from any penal consequences of the evidence they had given.

April 16.—No House.

April 18.—Numerous petitions presented. The House went into a discussion on the Corn Importation Bill, during which Lord Stanhope proposed that it should be read that day six months, and Lord Brougham that the Corn Laws should be wholly repealed; both propositions being negatived, the Bill was read a second time, and ordered to be committed.

April 19.—The Public Works Bill and the Indemnity Bill were each read a third time and passed. The House then again entered on the Corn Law question. Lord Melbourne proposed a fixed duty, on which the House divided, and returned a majority against the principle of a fixed duty of 207. Lord Brougham proposed the following resolutions: That no duty ought to be imposed on the importation of foreign corn for the purpose of protecting the agriculturist, by taxing the introduction of food. That no duty ought to be imposed on the importation of foreign corn for the purpose of regulating the trade, by taxing the introduction of food. That no duty ought to be imposed on the importation of foreign corn for the purpose of raising the revenue, by taxing the introduction of food. The majority against Lord Brougham's first resolution was 87; against the second, 81.

April 20.—No House.

April 21.—The Mutiny Bill, and the Marine Mutiny Bill, were each read a third time and passed. Several petitions received. The House went into committee on the Corn Importation Bill. The preamble having been proposed, and the eleven first clauses agreed to without objection, the twelfth clause was put by the Earl of Shaftesbury, as Chairman of the Committee, being that requiring the Lord Mayor of London to appoint an inspector of corn returns for the city of London, and, after some discussion, passed; so also were the 13th, 14th, 15th, and 16th. On the 17th, requiring that dealers in corn shall make returns to corn inspectors, the committee divided, when there appeared for the clause 80, against it 12, leaving a majority of 68. On the 26th clause, Lord Stanhope proposed as an amendment that the books of average returns should be open to the public, but this, with the remaining clauses, were agreed to. The question was then put whether the schedule should stand as part of the bill, which was negatived. Lord Stanhope proposed, that instead of the new the old scale of duty for foreign oats and barley should be retained, upon which their Lordships divided, when there was a majority of 43 against the amendment, and the original scale was agreed upon.

April 22.—The Royal Assent was given by commission to the following bills: the Mutiny Bill, the Marine Mutiny Bill, the Bill for advancing Public Works, the Indemnity Bill, the Midland Counties Railway Bill, the South Eastern Counties

Railway Bill. The Duke of Wellington then moved the order of the day for the third reading of the Irish Spirit Duties Bill, which meeting with considerable objection, the Duke agreed to withdraw the motion for its third reading until Monday, in order that the inequalities complained of might, if practicable, be removed. The Earl of Ripon then moved the third reading of the Corn Importation Bill, which after some discussion was read the third time. The Bill for the Amendment of the Law of Merchants' Act was also read a third time, and the Queen's Prison Bill a second.

House of Commons.—April 4.—The House re-assembled after the Easter vacation. Lord John Russell demanded the amended tariff. Sir Robert Peel promised that the amended tariff should be laid before the House on the following Monday. On the motion of Sir Robert Peel, the House resolved itself into committee on the Exchequer Bills' Bill. Sir T. Wilde moved that the holders of the forgeries should be intitled to be heard before the commissioners either by their attorneys, counsel, or personally. The motion discussed and lost. For it, 64, against it, 77. Sir R. Peel moved that the House should go into a committee of ways and means. Mr. Blewitt objected that the whole country regarded the proposed income-tax with execration, and that the House should not go into committee until the improvement of the tariff was ascertained. Sir Robert replied on the contrary side, after which Mr. Blewitt withdrew his motion, and the House went into committee. The first resolution was proposed by Mr. Greene, and carried, before many of the members of the Opposition were aware of the circumstance, it having been their intention to divide upon it, and a very animated discussion arose in consequence; Sir R. Peel admitting that it would be unfair to assume that the resolution had passed without opposition. It would, however, be a dangerous precedent to retrace their steps by resuming the discussion of the resolution, there would be several opportunities hereafter of dividing upon it. Replying to an observation made by Mr. M. Gibson, he said that he could not concur in any modification of the income-tax, and that if any such were carried he would resign. Much discussion took place. The remaining resolutions were then agreed to, the House resumed, and the report was ordered to be received on Thursday.

April 5.—An amendment was moved by Mr. R. Palmer on the Southwark Improvement Bill of Lord John Manners, which was postponed in consequence. For the original motion, 5; for the amendment, 36. Mr. M. Sutton asked leave to bring in a bill, to continue for a limited term, Local Turnpike Acts, and to provide for the better regulation of turnpike trusts in England and Wales.—Leave obtained.—The House then went into Committee on the Corn Importation Bill, on the 27th clause of which Lord Worsley proposed an amendment, extending the period from which the averages were to be taken from six weeks to ten, which, on a division, was rejected by 242 to 37.—Mr. Childers proposed an amendment on the twenty-ninth clause for postponing the operation of the additional number of towns on the averages for one year, which, on division, was rejected by 202 to 69. The remaining clauses were proceeded with after some discussion, during which Colonel Sibthorpe proposed an amendment, that the duties on foreign corn should be paid at the time of importation instead of when taken out of bond; this was negatived without division.—The amended schedule was then agreed to, and the report ordered to be brought up next day.

April 6.—Lord John Russell wished to know whether in the revenue accounts made up for the quarter ending the 5th inst. any sum was included of the money received by us from the Chinese for the evacuation of Canton.—Sir R. Peel said that the revenue did, he believed, include a return of 340,000*l*.—The House went into Committee on the Copyright Bill, in the third section of which Lord Mahon, its originator, proposed the extension of the term to the author's life, and twenty-five years beyond it. Much discussion took place upon this. Two divisions arose—the first on Lord Mahon's proposition of the term being twenty-five years after the author's death, which was lost by 68 to 56; and the second on the proposition that the blank should be filled up with the word *seven*, which was carried by 91 to 53. A third division took place on a proposition of Mr. Macauley to make the term forty-two years, which was carried by 101 to 22. The result was the adoption of Mr. Macauley's proposal, that the term of protection should be either for forty-two years certain, or for the author's life, whichever should prove the longest, with an

amendment of Sir R. Peel, that seven years should be added after the author's death, should he have outlived the term of forty-two years from the publication of his work. The next clause, providing for the reversion of existing copyrights in the possession of parties not related to authors, led to a discussion and division; it was however retained by 69 to 26.

April 7.—Some conversation arose respecting the Chinese ransom money and the proposed tariff.—Mr. Duncombe proposed a motion that the rule of the House precluding the presentation of petitions against measures while under the consideration of the House should be rescinded. On a division the motion was rejected by 167 to 136—The motion for the Corn Importation Bill's third reading, after much opposition, was carried by 229 to 90, and the bill at length passed its final stage.

April 8.—Petitions presented against the proposed Tariff.—A lengthy conversation took place respecting the expediency of receiving petitions against taxes after they had been proposed to the House for the service of the year.—A warm and long discussion was carried on respecting the proposed income-tax.

April 9.—No House.

April 11.—The report of the Wigan Election Committee, which was brought up by Mr. Hawes, declared that Mr. Greenall was duly elected, that Mr. Crosse was not duly elected, and that Mr. Charles Standish ought to have been returned.—On the part of the Great Marlow Election Committee, Sir J. Y. Buller brought up the report, which declared that Sir William Clayton was not duly elected, and that Mr. Wynn Hampden was duly elected and ought to have been returned.—The question of whether or not petitions should be received against pending measures of taxation was again resumed, and after some animated discussion the House divided upon the reception of the petition from Finsbury against the income-tax brought up by Mr. Duncombe, against which there were 222, and for which 221.—Renewed discussion respecting the income-tax.

April 12.—More and lengthy discussion of the income-tax.

April 13.—After some preliminary business the debate on the income-tax was resumed, and Lord John Russel brought forward some resolutions intended for its negation, upon which the House divided, when there were for ministers 308, against them 202.—Sir R. Peel named the following Monday as the time proposed for the first reading of his bill for the income-tax, and the following Friday for its second reading, after which, if it were satisfactorily disposed of, he should proceed as expeditiously as possible with the Tariff. He also declared that if he were defeated on the Tariff he should feel it his duty to resign as much as if it were upon the income-tax.

April 14.—Mr. Redington brought up the report of the Sudbury Election Committee, declaring that Mr. F. Villiers and Mr. Sombré were not duly elected, and that the last election was void.—Mr. Redington moved that a new writ should not be issued for the borough of Sudbury until the 7th of May, which was agreed to.—Lord F. Egerton moved some resolutions relative to the presentation of petitions; his object was twofold: he wished in the first place to open the doors of the House to the petitions of the people, and in the next place he was desirous that it should be done under such regulations as would prevent undue interference with the control of public business in that house. After some discussion the motion was carried.—Captain Polhill obtained leave to bring in a bill to enable coroners to admit to bail in cases of manslaughter.—Captain Pechell moved for a return of those unions in which the Poor Law Commissioners had not prohibited out-door relief to able-bodied paupers, which was acceded to.—Sir A. Campbell obtained leave to bring in a bill regulating the exercise of church patronage in Scotland.

April 15.—Petitions were presented, and some trivial business transacted.—Sir H. Hardinge moved the order of the day for the third reading of the Mutiny Bill, and, after some discussion on a clause proposed by Captain Bernal to prohibit flogging in the army during peace, excepting on a march or in case of theft, which was negatived, the bill was passed.—The House went into Committee on the West India and North American Colonies Customs Duties Bill.

April 16.—No House.

April 18.—Viscount Ashley, as chairman of the Longford County Election Committee, reported that Luke White, Esq., was not duly elected, and that Anthony Lefroy, Esq., ought to have been the returned member.—Mr. Hayter, as chairman of the Cardigan Election Committee, reported that Pryse Pryse, Esq., was duly elected.—Sir Robert Peel declared his wish that the operation of the income-tax should commence on the 5th of April, and proposed that the bill should be read the

first time.—Lord John Russell proposed that it should be read that day six months, on which the House divided, when there appeared for his lordship's amendment 188, against it 285, and the bill was read for the first time, its second reading being appointed for Friday.—The House then went into a Committee of Supply. The Municipal Corporation Bill also passed through Committee, *pro forma*.

April 19.—Mr. P. Pryse took the oaths and his seat as member for Cardigan.—Mr. A Lefroy took the oaths and his seat as member for the county of Longford.—Sir R. Peel, in reply to a question from Dr. Bowring, said that it was the intention of the Turkish government to remove Omar Pacha from the government of Syria.—Mr. Ferrand, at the end of a long, earnest speech, proposed the following resolutions—"That this House considers as highly criminal the conduct of any person or persons who may attempt to induce others to give false evidence before a committee of this House, and will inflict condign punishment on all such persons, and will also direct them to be prosecuted. That this House will protect and bear harmless every working man who gives true evidence before any committee which may be appointed to inquire into the frauds committed by manufacturers and others, to the injury of the trade of this country, and of the labouring classes; select committees, to inquire into the existence of frauds in the various manufactures of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and the persons employed by them; and also by workers of mines, collieries, and railways, upon the labourers in their employment."—Sir J. Graham moved as an amendment to this motion, that a select committee should be appointed to inquire into the operation of the law which prohibits the payment of wages of labour in goods, or any otherwise than in the current coin of the realm, and that the inquiry should also extend into all cases of alleged violations of the existing laws in respect to that subject; and the amendment was adopted. — The Solicitor-General for Ireland obtained leave to bring in a bill to assimilate the law of Ireland as to the punishment of death with that of the law of England, and to abolish the punishment of death in certain cases in Ireland, substituting some other in its stead.—The Ireland Civil Bill Decrees Bill was read a first time.

April 20.—Sir W. Heathcote moved the third reading of the Kingsclere Inclosure Bill, which, after some discussion and opposition, took place.—The House then went into committee upon the Licensed Lunatic Asylums Bill, in which Mr. Wakley advocated the desirability of medical men being appointed as Commissioners, instead of barristers, for lunatic asylums, but, meeting opposition, desired that the choice between them might be left open to the Lord Chancellor, to which modification the House assented.—The Copyright Bill then went through committee.—The Public House Regulation Bill was read a second time.—The second reading of the Irish Barristers' Bill was negatived.

April 21.—Lord Newport took the oaths and his seat as member for Salop, in the stead of the Earl of Darlington, now Duke of Cleveland.—Mr. H. H. Drummond reported, on the part of the Wakefield Election Committee, that J. Holdsworth, Esq., had not been duly elected, and that the Hon. W. S. Lascelles had been duly elected.—The Birmingham and Derby Junction Railway Bill, Bassen's Naturalization Bill, the Ormsby Inclosure Bill, the St. Austell Market Bill, (No. 2,) and the Gilbert Naturalization Bill, were each read a third time and passed.—A motion was made by Mr. S. Crawford for the extension of the suffrage, which was negatived by 226 to 67.

April 22.—The Hon. W. S. Lascelles took the oaths and his seat for the borough of Wakefield.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer moved the second reading of the Income Tax Bill.—Mr. C. Buller moved that the second reading of the bill be postponed till that day six months. Long discussion ensued, after which the House divided, and there appeared for the bill 155, for the amendment 76, leaving thus a majority for the bill of 79, and the bill was then read a second time.—The Railways Bill was brought up for further consideration by Mr. Gladstone. Discussion took place on the 11th clause, providing that gates, where there was a right of way over railways, should be kept properly secured. It was rejected on the ground of hardship on the owners of land being compelled to take care of the gates, by a majority of 104 against 103.

April 23.—No House.